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BADEN-POWELL

To
The Millions of
Men and Women, Boys and Girls,
who called him
'CHIEF'

BADEN-POWELL

A Biography of

LORD BADEN-POWELL *of GILWELL*
O.M., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

by

E. E. REYNOLDS



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P R E F A C E

THE writing of this book was undertaken at the request of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association; that is the only sense in which the result can be termed an official biography, for I have been allowed full liberty in the choice and interpretation of the wealth of material put at my disposal.

It is difficult adequately to acknowledge all the help I have received, for so many have sent me letters and other documents as well as notes of personal reminiscences, that the list of names alone would take up much space. But some particular kinds of help must be mentioned briefly.

The Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, kindly gave permission for the use of such private papers as were accessible. Some documents have been safely stored and a few, unhappily, destroyed, but Mrs. E. K. Wade, for so many years B.-P.'s private secretary, has generously allowed me to use extracts which she had made from the stored papers. These if available would doubtless have added some details, but the material I have examined is so full that I do not think further documentation would make any great difference to the picture.

Colonel H. G. Kennard, C.B.E., who served in India when B.-P. commanded the 5th Dragoon Guards, has kindly read through the pages referring to that period; General Sir Alexander Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., the Major Godley of Mafeking and subsequently B.-P.'s Staff Officer, has been good enough to read the section dealing with the siege and the following campaign, while Brig.-General R. Harvey Kearsley, C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., who served in the South African Constabulary and was A.D.C. to B.-P. when Inspector-General of Cavalry, has done a similar service for the accounts I have written of the S.A.C. and of the Cavalry. I am greatly indebted to these officers for their valuable comments, but I alone must accept responsibility for what is printed in the following pages.

To Sir Percy Everett, the present Deputy Chief Scout, I would express my gratitude, for he gave me full access to his own personal records, and has put at my disposal his unique knowledge of the growth of the Scout and Guide Movements, in both of which he has taken an important part since the beginning.

Many former officers and men, a great number of Scouters and Guiders of all ranks, have contributed valuable information, and many have patiently answered my queries; to all these I would offer my warmest thanks. If I have in some degree been able to draw the portrait of the

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man we all followed so happily, it is in a great measure due to their help.

The first part of the biography is in chronological order, but it seemed more convenient in the later chapters to group the information by topics; this second part is not a history of the Scout and Guide Movements, and readers who are familiar with that story must not be surprised if well-known personalities and events do not receive much or any attention. It was indeed a difficult task to select just those matters which would give the best account of the man. It should also be understood that much referring to Scouts equally describes the methods and principles of the Guide Movement.

A note on the name 'Baden-Powell' will be of interest. It was not until 1902 that by Royal Licence the additional surname and arms of Baden were assumed. Up to that date 'Baden' was used as a Christian name, and B.-P.'s father was always known as the Revd., or Professor, Baden Powell. In this book I have not used the hyphen when referring to him, but have done so for all other members of the family, since the use of the hyphen was gradually adopted some years before the beginning of this century.

As there is some dispute about the correct pronunciation, the matter can be settled by the following rhyme composed by B.-P.

Man, matron, maiden,
Please call it Baden,
Further for Powell,
Rhyme it with Noel.

I wish to acknowledge the courtesy of those who have permitted me to make use of copyright material.

The extract from *The Letters of Queen Victoria* (published by John Murray) is quoted by permission.

The Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald has allowed me to print a letter written by his father, the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, and Mr. W. A. Lansbury has similarly permitted the use of a letter from his father, the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury.

C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., have given permission for extracts from *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life* and other books by B.-P. of which they are publishers.

Methuen & Co., Ltd., have permitted quotations from *The Downfall*

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of Prempeh and *The Matabele Campaign*, and Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., from *Indian Memories*.

It has not been possible to trace the copyrights of some of the illustrations, but I trust that the difficulties of the times may excuse any failures.

Finally, thanks are due to my friend, Mr. J. F. Colquhoun, Deputy Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association, for his care in reading the proofs.

E. E. REYNOLDS

*Boy Scouts Imperial Headquarters
25 Buckingham Palace Road
London, S.W.1 2 March 1942*

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*The line illustrations and the Mafeking plan (back end-paper)
are from originals by B.-P.*

Part One

THE ARMY

I. BOYHOOD

IN Hawstead Church, Suffolk, there is a memorial window to John Powell who died in 1725. His second son, David, was apprenticed to a Salter of London. When this son married, his father wrote to him, 'Let us know when you have hired a house that we may send something to fill the cupboard, for you will find it chargeable as our old say is, to buy salt for the cat, likewise soap and candles must be had. Afterwards it is to be hoped a cradle. I pray God to bless you both, and continue so that you may say at 33 years' end, as your mother and I can, that we have lived in peace and plenty which must be imputed to the great God's blessing'. His other letters to David show a similar mingling of the practical and the pious. One passage was selected by his descendants for the inscription beneath the memorial window.

I conclude all with hearty prayer for God Almighty's Blessings on you all and good wishes for your good success in all your undertakings, which Good God, if you take care to serve in your family and elsewhere as you ought, you need not fear His care for you, and it will entail His Blessings on all your posterity which still I heartily pray for.

This John Powell was descended from William Powell who was settled at Mildenhall, Suffolk, in the fifteenth century. The name suggests a Welsh origin, but of this nothing certain can be said.

David Powell married Susanna the granddaughter of Andrew Baden of New Sarum (Salisbury) and so the name Baden came into the family. He prospered as a merchant of Old Broad Street, and retired to his native county where he bought the manor of Wattenfield. A grandson, Baden, became possessed of the manor of Langton and Speldhurst, near Tunbridge Wells, Kent. His son, Baden, born in 1796, after taking a first-class degree at Oxford was ordained and became Vicar of Plumstead in 1821.

The Revd. H. G. Baden Powell, the father of B.-P., was a scientist of note. He was an authority on optics and radiation and worked with Herschel on these subjects. In addition he had a wide knowledge of

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natural history. In 1824 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1827 Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. His standing in the University may be judged by his appointment as one of its representatives on the Royal Commission of 1850. He was a pioneer in advocating that Natural Science should be given a recognized place in University studies. In theology he was a Broad-Churchman and in the unreal but bitter conflict between religion and science, he took his place with those who held that there was nothing in the progress of knowledge incompatible with a sincere and practical Christianity. With Jowett, Mark Pattison and Temple, he contributed to that volume of *Essays and Reviews* which caused such a storm in 1860. His own essay set out to show that the truth of Christianity did not depend on a belief in miracles. Had he not died shortly after the volume was published, he would undoubtedly have been prosecuted as a heretic as were two of his colleagues. The verdict against them was, however, reversed by the Privy Council — an action irreverently described at the time as 'dismissing eternal punishment with costs'.

He must not be pictured as a strong controversialist; he disliked violence in print as much as in speech while remaining firm in his own opinions. In private life he was the kindest of men. The words written in a letter by his most famous son in 1915, echoed the opinion of many contemporaries.

'I have only recently', wrote B.-P., 'owing to the death of my mother, come into possession of my father's diaries, etc. But these and his sketch books show he was in practice what we try to teach the Scouts to be — a God-loving (not "fearing") man: manly, and very honest in his convictions; full of humour, an ardent nature-student, full of kindness for others, fond of his family, always cheery, eager to help to raise the tone, moral and material, of the Nation.'

Professor Baden Powell was married three times. His first wife died without issue. By his second wife, he had two daughters and a son: the latter, Henry Baden (1841-1901) became a judge of the Chief Court, Lahore, and wrote an authoritative book on the *Land Systems of British India*. His mother died in 1844. Two years later, Professor Baden Powell married Henrietta Grace, one of the daughters of Admiral William Smyth (1788-1865) the son of a loyalist who refused to fight against England in the War of American Independence. He lost considerable estates in New Jersey. The Smyths claimed descent from the family of Captain John Smith, the Elizabethan adventurer who was one of the colonizers of Virginia.

The future Admiral's work in charting the Mediterranean earned him

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the nickname of 'Mediterranean Smyth'. His researches, particularly in astronomy, brought him a Fellowship of the Royal Society and other honours. He was a founder of the Royal Geographical Society, and of



The Admiral and little me on the "Quarterdeck".

Admiral Smyth with his grandson. The Quarterdeck was the terrace of the Admiral's house

the United Service Institution. His somewhat spartan way of living is illustrated by his belief that no man needed more than five hours' sleep a day. He was a prolific writer and as soon as they were old enough his children earned pocket-money by proof-reading at the rate of a penny for every four errors detected. The mother was an accomplished artist and the children inherited her talent as well as the scientific interests of the father. The eldest son, Warington, was knighted for his work as a geologist, and another son became Astronomer Royal of Scotland. One daughter married William Henry Flower who was knighted for his services as Director of the Natural History Museum.

When Henrietta Smyth married Professor Baden Powell, her eldest stepdaughter was eight years old, the youngest was three, and Henry was five. She became the mother of ten children. Three did not survive infancy. The eldest was Henry Warington Smyth (all the children were christened Smyth, but not Baden) born in February 1847. He early showed a passion for the sea, and after a *Conway* training he entered the merchant service, but later he changed to the law and became an Admiralty barrister and a King's Counsel. He died in 1921. The second son, George, was born in December 1847. He became interested in colonial affairs and for

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his work as a Member of Parliament and on many Commissions he was knighted. He died in 1898. A third son, Augustus, was born in May 1849 and died at the age of thirteen. Frank, the fourth son, was born in July 1850. He became a barrister, but he also made a name for himself as an artist, exhibiting paintings and sculpture at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon. He died in 1933. Robert Stephenson Smyth, the subject of this biography, was born on the 22nd February 1857 at his parents' home, 6 Stanhope Gardens, London. A daughter Agnes was born in December 1858. The last child, Baden Fletcher, was born in May 1860. One month later Professor Baden Powell died.

The task which faced Mrs. Baden-Powell might easily have daunted a less able woman. On moderate means she had to bring up a family of seven children of whom the eldest, Warington, was thirteen years, and the youngest one month, old. There were also the three stepchildren, the eldest of whom was twenty-two. She was something more than a good manager; she inherited her mother's skill as an artist. Evidence of this can be seen in the Cardiff Public Library which possesses a number of her water-colour and other drawings of Cardiff done about 1840 when Admiral Smyth lived in that city as adviser to Lord Bute on the construction of the first dock. She must also have been a woman of attractive personality, for amongst her friends were such men as Jowett, Dean Stanley, Ruskin, Browning, Thackeray and Tyndall. Nor did she allow her family cares to absorb all her goodwill, for she found time to help the hospitals in the poorer districts of London, and she worked with Miss Shirreff and her sister Mrs. Grey for the better education of girls. She was a member of the Central Committee of the Women's Education Union, which in 1872 founded the Girls' Public Day School Company.

B.-P. was known in the family as 'Ste' — a shortened form of his second name, Stephenson, which was from his godfather, Robert Stephenson, the bridge-builder and engineer, and Professor Baden Powell's greatest friend. His earliest schooling came from his mother who was doubtless following the methods used by her husband with the older children, for he would take them out into the country and talk to them about the animals and the plants, and at home they were allowed to amuse themselves in his study with his books of natural history or his specimens; even when he was busy writing, they could interrupt him with questions. With such an example, and the added encouragement of her father the Admiral (who died when B.-P. was eight), and of her brothers and brother-in-law, all of whom were expertly interested in natural science, it is not surprising that the early education of the children was more concerned with the observation of outdoor life than with the reading of books;

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that this was not purely superficial may be judged from a sentence B.-P. wrote in a letter to his mother during the Matabele war of 1896. He was referring to his association with the famous American Scout, Burnham, and said, 'We got on well together, and he much approved of the results of your early development in me of the art of inductive reasoning — in fact, before we had examined and worried out many little indications in the course of our ride, he had nicknamed me *Sherlock Holmes*'.

The moral atmosphere of the home can be gauged by the following 'Laws for me when I grow old' written down by B.-P. just after his eighth birthday:

I will have the poor people to be as rich as we are, and they ought by rights to be happy as we are, and all who go across the crossings shall give the poor crossing sweeper some money and you ought to thank God for what He has given us and He made the poor people to be poor and the rich people to be rich and I can tell you how to be good. Now I will tell you. You must pray to God whenever you can but you cannot be good with only praying but you must try very hard to be good

by
R. S. S. POWELL,
Feb. 26, 1865.

Robert Stephenson Smyth Powell.

His grandfather, the Admiral, who died a few months later, said this was rather like Jack Cade's wish to make 'the rich and poor share alike in purse'. He reminded his grandson of Jack Cade's fate.

The chief interest, however, in these 'Laws' lies in their revelation of the mother's teaching, and the outlook of the home. Admiral Smyth may have thought them a bit socialistic, but the attitude towards others was of the age of Charles Kingsley. B.-P. remained true to part of that teaching, for no man has more vehemently held that 'you cannot be good with only praying'.

One of the virtues of the large Victorian family was that no individual member could receive special consideration unless the parents deliberately favoured one at the expense of the others; and while there often was strict discipline of the kind not approved to-day, the very number of the children made for the rough-and-tumble freedom of a happy family life. Such certainly was the experience of the Baden-Powells.

Out of doors they were encouraged to satisfy their curiosity about all forms of Nature, and indoors to keep themselves busy with whatever interests their abilities suggested.

A glimpse of this home-life is given in an incident connected with one

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of John Ruskin's visits. He was taken upstairs to see what the children were doing. One boy was busy with a book about stars; B.-P. was painting. This naturally interested the great art critic. He looked at the boy's work and then gave him a lesson on how to use his box of colours. Using the top of his tall hat as a desk, he sketched and coloured a small vase. Mrs. Baden-Powell was a little worried because the boy seemed to use either hand with equal skill. She asked Ruskin's advice. His answer was reassuring, 'Let him draw as he will, madam'. So B.-P. developed his ambidexterity, and could draw the outline with one hand, and shade in with the other; and as a parlour-trick could even do two drawings at the same time.

A meeting with another famous man was perhaps B.-P.'s first association with Charterhouse, for W. M. Thackeray was a famous Carthusian. At dinner one evening the creator of Colonel Newcome noticed that 'Ste' had slipped in amongst the company. He quietly bribed the child with a shilling to go off to bed again before his mother noticed him. A Dame's School in Kensington Square provided B.-P. with his first formal schooling, but in 1868 he went to the Rose Hill School, Tunbridge Wells. Nearly sixty years earlier his father had attended the same school, as it was near his home at Speldhurst. B.-P.'s visits there took him through Shadwell Woods and so added to his outdoor experiences and knowledge.

In 1869 he gained scholarships at both Fettes and Charterhouse Schools, and it was decided that he should go to the more ancient foundation. This decision was probably made on the obvious grounds that Charterhouse was in London and Fettes in Edinburgh, and the Baden-Powells had no Scottish connection of any kind. But it was to prove of great importance in the boy's development, for he came under the influence of that remarkable man Dr. William Haig Brown — an influence all the more powerful since B.-P. had lost his father ten years previously.

Charterhouse School was still in London in 1870 when B.-P. joined the school as a Gownboy Foundationer. A contemporary described him at this period as 'a boy of medium size, curly red hair, decidedly freckled, with a pair of twinkling eyes that soon won friends for him'. Three years previously an Act of Parliament permitted removal, and Dr. Haig Brown had chosen a site at Godalming where the first sod was turned on Founder's Day (1 December) 1869. It was not until 1872 that the new buildings were occupied. B.-P. therefore had the benefit of two years in the ancient London buildings with all that they meant in tradition; there famous Carthusians such as Steele and Addison, John Wesley and Thackeray had been educated. In *The Newcomes* the last immortalized the

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pensioners or ‘Old Codds’ who shared with the boys the benefits of Thomas Sutton’s foundation. Those last two years in the old buildings (now bombed to ruins) must have had all the stimulus of any period of transition. The figure of Haig Brown – well called the second Founder of Charterhouse – dominated all.

He had a genius for governing boys and something of his methods remained indelibly impressed on the mind of the observant new Gownboy. The boys were given an unusual measure of independence and responsibility, for he was no lover of rules and regulations. He relied on a thorough personal knowledge of each boy for guidance, not on any preconceived theory of education; each boy was a personality to be respected as such. His teaching in his sermons was direct and simple, and the most memorable were studies of Old Testament characters. He did not encourage intellectual difficulties, but felt that during boyhood plain directions for decent living were more important as a foundation for after life. With this was linked a quickness of wit which has become legendary. His repartees were famous. To one parent who said he wished his son ‘interred’ at the school, he promptly replied that he would be glad to ‘undertake’ the boy. And a lady who asked him if all the boys were the sons of gentlemen was informed that ‘we do not include the education of the parents’.

One incident may be given as typical of his relationships with the boys. B.-P. in after years used to describe this as his first lesson in tactics. An intermittent traditional war was waged between the Charterhouse boys and the butcher boys of Smithfield. On this occasion the school wall divided the combatants who were hurling stones and brickbats at each other. Suddenly ‘Old Bill’ – Dr. Haig Brown – arrived on the scene, and after watching the progress of the battle he remarked to some boys who were not big enough to be active combatants, ‘If you boys go through that door in the side wall you could outflank them’. B.-P. was one of these smaller boys. They pointed out that the door was locked. The Doctor at once produced the key from his pocket, and the enemy was soon routed. When B.-P. related this incident at the dinner given to him by Carthusians after the Boer War, Haig Brown recalled the names of the boys of the outflanking party.

When the school removed to Godalming in June 1872, there were about a hundred and twenty boys – still a small enough number for the Head Master to know each one. In London, the Gownboys had been housed separately, and life had not been too easy, but in the new school they were distributed, and B.-P. became a member of Mr. Girdlestone’s House, and so another friendship was formed. It is noteworthy that as

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a schoolboy B.-P. had no close boy friend: he was very reserved and seems to have preferred when possible to talk with the masters rather than with boys. Not that he was unpopular — far from it; but he did not fit into the few types recognized by boys; his equable temper and exuberant spirits, and his readiness to take part in any activity, brought him recognition as a good fellow, but a bit odd. Haig Brown said that at the period of removal from London to Godalming, 'he proved most useful. He showed remarkable intelligence and liberality of feeling — most boys are so conservative by nature — helping to smooth over the difficulties involved in the change'.

He was not an outstanding scholar nor a brilliant athlete. The Head Master remarked on one of his reports that his 'ability was greater than would appear by the results of his form work'. He took his part in games, but football was his favourite, and his prowess as a goal-keeper is frequently praised in the pages of the school magazine. On one occasion at least he played out of goal. The report of a match in 1875, the Seven *v.* the Eleven, says, 'Powell by a good run down and lively shot obtained the first goal for the Eleven', but it unkindly adds, 'chiefly because the Seven had no goal-keeper'. At moments of great excitement he would let out a great war-whoop of his own.

Haig Brown encouraged all kinds of societies in the school, and B.-P. took part in most of them, and he was on the committees of the boat club, the museum, Sports Day, and the hockey club. He took part in debates and seems usually to have opposed whatever motion was put forward, whether it was 'That Thackeray is a greater writer than Dickens', or 'That Cremation is a barbarous and unchristian practice'. He was a member of the rifle club and was in the school team, but here again he was not an outstanding member; his skill was above the average but never great enough to bring him to the highest position. He thus escaped the perils of being worshipped by his fellows as the leading sportsman.

Not content with these many organized interests he formed with a few Girdlestoneites a private society known as the Druids Club. This lasted from 1873 to 1876. Each member had a special name: there was Captain Perriwinkle and Professor Sheepskin, while he himself was Lord Bathing Towel. The Minute Book is still preserved; it contains the rules, such as 'Any brother not producing a song or speech (within a minute after being called on) the latter in length not less than 5 minutes, or one yard, shall be fined a bottle of lemonade', and the proceedings are decorated with those comic sketches with which B.-P. delighted his schoolfellows.

But he found his greatest pleasure in theatricals and concerts. At home his powers of mimicry and his ability to reproduce the cries and calls of

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animals had been a family pleasure. At school he was to develop considerable powers as an actor and entertainer. Haig Brown was a great believer in the value of theatricals and his own numerous family and the masters and their wives all joined with the boys in producing plays, musical entertainments and improvised concerts. B.-P. was a singer and a passable performer on the fiddle as well as an actor, so his services were in constant demand. He took such parts as Cox in *Box and Cox*, Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Mrs. Bundle in *The Waterman*. As an impromptu entertainer he won his greatest popularity. A typical incident was related by Haig Brown in after years.

On one occasion when a school entertainment was in progress, a performer scratched at the last moment. The boys were beginning to get somewhat impatient at the long pause, so I said to Baden-Powell, who was sitting next to me, 'We must do something. Cannot you fill the gap?' He immediately consented, and, rushing on to the platform, gave them a bit of his school experiences. Fortunately, the French master was not present, for he described a lesson in French with perfect mimicry. It was inimitable. It kept the boys in perfect roars of laughter.

There was another, almost secret, side of Charterhouse life, which played an important part in the boy's development. The country round the school was wilder than it is now; an expanse of woodland, known as 'The Copse', stretched up the hill-side beyond the school playing-fields, and was out-of-bounds. To any boy with a love for the wild it offered a strong temptation which could not be resisted by one who by nature was a lone hunter. B.-P. soon discovered the delights of this woodland, and it was there he taught himself some of the elements of scouting. When the school was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its removal from London, he contributed to the pages of *The Greyfriar* an account of his escapades.

Why, man, it was only the other day — it can't be fifty years ago — that I was learning to snare rabbits in the copse at the 'new' Charterhouse, and to cook them, for secrecy, over the diminutive fire of a bushman. I learned, too, how to use an axe, how to walk across a gully on a felled tree-trunk, how to move silently through the bush so that one became a comrade rather than an interloper among the birds and animals that lived there. I knew how to hide my tracks, how to climb a tree and 'freeze' up there while authorities passed below forgetting that they were *anthropoi* — being capable of looking up (or was it perhaps that they were real *men* who refrained from looking up knowing that they would discover one?).

And the birds, the stoats, the watervoles that I watched and knew!

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Those things stand out as if they were of yesterday. Cricket? Football? Athletics? Yes, I enjoyed them too; but they died long ago, they are only a memory, like much that I learnt at school. It was in the copse that I gained most of what helped me on in after life to find the joy of living.

Holidays with his brothers provided other and more exacting kinds of training. The eldest, Warington, was 23 years old when B.-P. went to Charterhouse, George was 22, Frank 20 and Baden was 10. The three older brothers had gone to St. Paul's School, and two, George and Frank, had gone on to Balliol College, Oxford. Baden was to follow his brother to Charterhouse. Warington's passion for ships and the sea meant that holidays were spent on the water in yachts of his own design. His brothers formed the crew under strict discipline. One of their earliest exploits, however, was in a collapsible boat. Their mother had taken a house for the holidays near Llandogo on the Wye; Warington decided that the crew should go by water. They went up the Thames, portaged across the hills, crossed the seven miles of the Severn, and so up the Wye. But Warington's yachts were to provide greater excitements. A 5-tonner was the first of several and was the training ground for the crew. Warington found his young brother 'most dependable', but as the junior member he had to do many of the chores, and on one occasion when his efforts to cook a stew ended in a mess, he was ordered to 'eat this muck yourself', an order which was enforced to the last spoonful.

A 10-tonner, the *Koh-i-noor*, gave more scope. The brothers cruised round the coasts of Scotland and England and across to Norway and at times got into, and out of, dangers. One experience might well have ended in disaster. They were off Torquay when a gale came up from the southwest. At first they tried to make Dartmouth, but the sea and wind were too strong; Warington decided that they must wear ship and run before the gale for Weymouth. Night was coming on and the storm showed no signs of abating. Accustomed as the boys were to the sea, they all, except the skipper, turned sick. They were lashed with sufficient length of rope to get to their jobs and Warington kept to the helm and shouted his orders against the noise of wind and towering seas. Through the night and following day they battled on, but at last found refuge under the lee of Portland Bill.

In describing these days, B.-P. wrote:

Much as I liked these boating expeditions, I liked tramping ones just as much. In the holidays we used to walk through countries like Wales and Scotland, each of us carrying a bag on his back and sleeping out at night wherever we might happen to be.

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Generally we would call at a farm and buy some milk, eggs, butter, and bread, and ask leave to sleep in a hay-loft if it was bad weather. Otherwise, in summer time, it was very nice to sleep in the open alongside a hedge or a haystack, using hay or straw or old newspapers as blankets if it was cold. In this way we got round a lot of splendid country, where we could see all sorts of animals and birds and strange flowers and plants, of which we took notes in our log; and we had to make our way by the map which we carried, and at night we used to learn to find our way in the dark by using different sets of stars as our guide. We made sketches of any old castles, abbeys or other buildings that we saw and read up or got someone to tell us their history.

When we got to any big town we used to ask leave to go over one of the factories to see what they made there and how they made it, and we found it awfully interesting to see, for instance, how cloth is made from the sheep's wool, how paper is made from logs of wood, iron from lumps of stone, china from bones and flints powdered up and mixed in a paste and then turned on a potter's wheel, how furniture is made, how engines work, how electricity is used and so on.

In this way we got to know something about most trades and learnt to do some of them ourselves in a small way, which has often come in useful to us since.

By 1876, at the age of 19, B.-P. was in the VI Form and second Monitor of his House. The question of career must by then have been considered. He does not seem himself to have had any strong inclinations — merely a vaguely felt longing for eastern travel. There was no family tradition to help: the Powells for centuries had been small landowners, merchants, lawyers or bankers, with occasional clergymen and army and naval officers. He was sent up to Oxford to be interviewed by his father's old friend, Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol. George Baden-Powell had that year won the Chancellor's prize, and Frank was also at Balliol. Jowett decided that B.-P. was 'not quite up to Balliol form'; Haig Brown remarked, 'This opinion shook my faith in Jowett's judgement of men'. Dean Liddell of Christ Church was more favourably impressed. But before any decision could be taken, the question of B.-P.'s future was otherwise determined.

He had sat for an open examination for an army commission; his school records did not suggest any brilliant success, and his expectations were not high. When the results were published he was spending a holiday on the yacht of another of his father's old friends — Dr. Acland. Amongst the other guests was Dean Liddell who one morning remarked to B.-P. that a namesake of his had done remarkably well in the Army

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Examination. So B.-P. learned of his own success — the result, as Haig Brown suggested, of his mother wit. Out of 700 candidates he had taken second place for cavalry and fourth for infantry. By a curious rule, the first six on the list were excused training at Sandhurst and their commissions were antedated two years.

On the 11th September 1876 B.-P. was gazetted a sub-lieutenant in the 13th Hussars. The regiment was then stationed in India, and on the 30th October the new subaltern boarded the *Serapis* at Portsmouth, and landed at Bombay on the 6th December.

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ON the voyage to India B.-P. began that practice described by him in a letter to his mother printed as the Preface to *The Matabele Campaign*.

It has always been an understood thing between us, that when I went on any trip abroad, I kept an illustrated diary for your particular diversion. So I have kept one again this time, though I can't say that I'm very proud of the result. It is a bit sketchy and incomplete, when you come to look at it. But the keeping of it has had its good uses for me.

Firstly, because the pleasures of new impressions are doubled if they are shared with some appreciative friend (and you are always more than appreciative).

Secondly, because it has served as a kind of short talk with you every day.

Thirdly, because it has filled up idle moments in which goodness knows what amount of mischief Satan might not have been finding for mine idle hands to do!

The diary-letters he wrote from India were afterwards used as the basis of his book *Indian Memories* which gives a picture of a type of soldiering which is almost as remote from us now as that of the bow-and-arrow period. It was a time of 'small' frontier and punitive wars in which the general public showed little concern except when some disaster such as the defeat at Maiwand in 1880 occurred, or a spectacular achievement such as the march under Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar in the same year was considered to wipe out the previous disgrace.

The Indian Mutiny of 1857—the year of B.-P.'s birth—had shown up many weaknesses in the defence of India, not the least of which was that there were two armies in control: John Company had its own troops, and there were also regular regiments under the Crown. By the time B.-P. landed at Bombay, the command was unified, but there was much to be done in improving conditions of army life. The soldier still marched in full regimentals under the Indian sun, and he was regarded more as an automaton than as an individual. The canteen was his sole relaxation and beer his chief solace. It was one of the achievements of Lord Roberts that he did so much during his forty-two years in India to raise the status of the private and to give him a greater measure of self-respect. In this work B.-P. was to have his share, for he was never able to regard men as machines; to him each soldier was an individual who became more

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interesting and efficient the more he developed his personal abilities and characteristics.

The officers formed a rigid class; although the purchase of commissions had been abolished, they were usually men with private means to whom the army offered a not too strenuous career. The pay of a subaltern was £120 a year — a quite inadequate sum if the officer wished to ‘cut a figure’ in social life. B.-P. was determined to avoid calling on his mother’s small resources, and he set himself at once to live within his means. Thus he wrote home: ‘I have altogether given up smoking . . . It saves a big item in the mess bill . . . I am keeping my mess bills very low by drinking very little and taking no extras in the way of fruit, etc. Then by staying in the mess during the day I don’t have to employ punkah coolies, etc., in my bungalow, which is a saving of about 20 rupees a month. Last month mine was the lowest mess bill, being 175 rupees.’ The next lowest was 275 rupees!

This self-discipline might easily have made another man somewhat unpopular. But this was far from being so. His batman of those days, William Henry Wood, recalled in his 87th year the impression B.-P. made on the regiment.

I remember young Mr. Baden-Powell’s arrival very well and his selection of me as officer’s servant. My recollection of him is that he was full of good humour and lively spirits, just as, apparently, he was all through his life. It was a pleasure to work for him. Nothing stand-offish about him at all. He was a general favourite, and he brightened up the life of the regiment considerably.

Another glimpse of him is given in the following memory written down by a friend more than sixty years afterwards:

I first remember B.-P. in the early part of 1877 when he joined the 13th Hussars in Lucknow.

My elder sister and I always ‘inspected’ the new young officers who came out from England, and in the evening of his arrival we walked up the drive to the bungalow where he was to live with two or three others, and found them all reclining in their long chairs in the verandah. We immediately demanded the new subaltern’s name.

‘Charlie,’ he said, laughing at the two funny little girls with their bushy brown hair and inquisitive eyes. And ‘Charlie’ he has been to us ever since.

He was a great pal to us in those days, as he has probably been to many children since, for he was undoubtedly fond of children. When my father told him not to be bothered with us, his only answer was, ‘Oh, they are the pudding after the meat!’, and most evenings when his work was done he would come over to our bungalow with his

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ocarina, and with one child hanging on each side of him, he would take us out into the quieter roads, playing tunes to us and teaching us to be observant. He sometimes had to be reprimanded for waking my small sister up with his cat-calls and jackal noises. On wet evenings we would sit in his room and he would draw, paint or sing for us.

It was not long before his varied talents were being used in theatricals and concerts. He began as a scene painter, but soon came to be regarded as an indispensable actor and performer, and in times of emergency he was always able to fill a gap with some form of improvisation.

But behind this lightheartedness was a serious devotion to his chosen career. An old soldier who was an instructor in horsemanship when B.-P. arrived in India, put the matter to me in these words, 'On parade he was ON PARADE, but off parade, he was up to all kinds of devilment'.

On joining the regiment he went through an eight months' garrison training at Lucknow in place of the Sandhurst course which he had been excused. He did this as thoroughly as he did everything else to which he put his hand, whether work or pastime, and at the subsequent tests he passed in the first class with a special certificate in surveying; in consequence his commission as lieutenant was antedated two years. The hard study had been enlivened by the compilation of a mock record of the course written by a fellow subaltern with caricatures of the instructors by B.-P. Unfortunately the sketches for these had been delivered in error by a native messenger to the officer in charge of the course who lodged a complaint with the commanding officer. The culprits were called before him and reprimanded. Some years later this officer showed B.-P. a scrap-book in which were collected a number of such caricatures picked up in the lecture-room. Fortunately the commanding officer had a sense of humour but he warned B.-P. of the dangers of ridiculing one's superiors — a warning which was not taken too seriously.

It was at this period that he had his first meeting with Roberts, for whom he came to have a deep respect and affection. He described the meeting in these words, 'It was very many years ago that I first got to know him. It was at Simla, in India. I had just joined the Army, and was enjoying myself in all the glory of my new uniform at a ball. I had gone to the refreshment-room to get something for my partner, but I could not make the native waiter understand what I wanted, as I had not at that time learnt any Hindustani.'

'A very small but very polite officer alongside me kindly explained to the servant what I wanted. Then he said to me that if I wanted to enjoy India I ought to learn the language as soon as possible — I should get much

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more fun out of the country if I could talk to the natives. And he asked me my name and where I was staying.

'After thanking him, I thought no more about the matter till next day, when there arrived at my house a native teacher of languages, who said that Sir Frederick Roberts had sent him to give me some lessons!'

Two forms of sport, polo and pigsticking, soon captured the enthusiasm of the young Hussar; their attraction lay mainly in the skilled horsemanship involved, for he was first and foremost a cavalryman. 'In India, I possessed no better friends than the horses I owned and rode.' He could not afford to buy trained ponies. 'Part of the pleasure attaching to polo', he wrote, 'was that involved in getting a raw pony and training it for the game. It was a real satisfaction to a poor man to pick up ponies in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, such as country villages, fairs, etc., and then to break them in, make them handy, balance them, and educate them into playing the game. This training was not only a pastime of itself but incidentally an education to the rider as well. We felt almost inclined to pity the millionaire who bought his ready-made polo ponies, since he could not know the satisfaction of using the instruments made by his own hand for the purpose.'

Soldiering, sport and theatricals did not exhaust his interests. That love of observing nature which had been fostered in him as a child was not deadened by his new enthusiasms. On the voyage out he had noted in his letter-diary such observations as the following:

17th November.—Have you ever heard of the blue waters of the Mediterranean? If you don't believe it just come here and you will see a blue there is no mistaking. A robin and a wagtail were on board, i.e. flying about and settling on the rigging. They had come with us from Malta. Where they get food I don't know. Talking about birds, tell G. to notice this fact in his handbook, when we started from Portsmouth two sparrows accompanied us to the Land's End where they left us. When we left Queenstown a robin, a lark and a starling came out with us. The starling soon went back again, but the robin and lark came with us till we were out of sight of land, but were not to be seen next morning.

Of his early days in India he wrote:

I liked to sit in the verandah of my bungalow, watching all that went on in my garden. There was a squirrel just in front, three of them had made their nests in the verandah roof; a bulbul bird whose horn made him look as if his mouth were wide open; then there was a hoopoe with his handsome crest who had a nest in the thatched roof of the house. There were also a crow and a hawk, always on the look-out to pick up something — you could not drop a piece of paper

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without one being there at once to take it. There was also a fly-catching bird, who looked something like a big swallow. In the garden were five mongoose, living in different holes and corners. A



great friend of mine was a cheeky little black and white robin. In the corners of the verandah were two doves' nests. There were a cheeky sort of bullfinch and a mina, a big kind of starling or blackbird. He is as common as a sparrow in India and full of jabber. There was also a little blue bird, like a humming-bird, who sat with his head turned up, chattering to himself all day, and a green parrot who came to steal the plums from our tree — he had to be shot. Finally there was a beastly old white hawk with a yellow bald head, in character much the same as the brown hawk.

Those first years in the army were strenuous ones; he had an intensive training in the rudiments of his new profession, and the fresh activities which attracted him made considerable demands on his physique as well as on his time. It is not surprising therefore that his health suffered; he had bouts of fever which he treated in his own fashion.

During my first year in India it seemed to me that I was being plugged full of medicine almost every day, sometimes for liver, sometimes for fever, and sometimes for my inside. When I had fever I would proceed to treat it in a way that will make many smile. My way was at dinner to eat very little, drink some good champagne, and

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before going to bed to have for twenty minutes a boiling hot bath with a cold stream on one's head, then a dose of castor oil and then to bed in flannel clothes. Next day I would lie down and take quinine and then the fever went. But my old liver hurt sometimes, especially after jogging about on duty or in the riding-school, and I became so wretchedly thin that I had to have my pantaloons taken in and I could put three fingers between my legs and my top boots, which once were quite tight.

He was ordered home on sick leave and he sailed on the *Serapis* in December 1878, exactly two years after the same ship had brought him to India.

As was always his custom on returning home, he immediately visited his many relatives and was particularly attentive to those of the older generation. He had a strong clan feeling, and when away he would pen many short letters which kept him in touch with them all. He was not a writer of long and intimate letters; if he wrote on business he set down his ideas without any waste of words, but to his numerous friends he sent notes which though brief were personal enough to maintain a warm association. I have seen many of these, and to the end of his long life he kept this contact with some of his earliest acquaintances, though as the years went by the number of friends grew to vast proportions. Old soldiers — some surviving from those first years in India — have shown me their treasured collections of notes received from him over the course of many years. He must have spent many hours writing these short letters, but his habit of using every waking moment made it possible to carry on this practice, which endeared him to all who came into that wide circle of friendliness.

His first leave was extended so that he could take the musketry course at Hythe, which he passed first class with an 'extra' certificate. He also seized the opportunity to add to his repertoire of songs and to his knowledge of plays and light operas. Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore* was first performed in 1878, and *The Pirates of Penzance* followed two years later. Here was a new source of delight, and the garrisons in India were later to get the benefit. He made sketches of costumes and scenery for future use, and on his return to Lucknow at the end of 1880, he played Dick Deadeye in *H.M.S. Pinafore* as well as painting scenery and providing designs for the costumes.

Much had happened in Afghanistan during his two years' absence. In May 1879 the British Resident and his staff at Kabul had been massacred; Roberts defeated the Afghans at Charasia in the following October, and it looked as though peace might come, but in July 1880 a 'holy' war

broke out and the British were defeated at Maiwand. This was the occasion of Roberts's famed march of over 300 miles from Kabul to Kandahar in August 1880, after which agreement was reached for the gradual withdrawal of the British troops.

When B.-P. returned to Lucknow he found that the regiment had left for Afghanistan and he was ordered to join it at Kokoran. One of the small girls of Lucknow records how they took the news.

He immediately collected us to go to help him to pack, and my sister and I sat and watched the operation with tears and smiles, B.-P. singing most of the time, 'Oh, yes, I must away, I can no longer stay'. Before we said goodnight, we kissed his sword and laid it under his pillow for luck, and he left early the next day to catch the others up. It was a long journey in those far-away days, but gradually we got letters from him, one of them wishing we would cut off our hair and send it to him to stuff his pillow with as it was so hard!

He hoped to catch up the regiment at Quetta and the last 50 miles of the journey he did by horse in two days, but the regiment had already left. Still, 'It was great fun, that ride by myself — twenty miles of it across sandy desert.' He wrote home his opinion of the country.

I do not know what is the good of keeping this country; it is nearly all a howling desert, with a little cultivation along the few river banks. However, personally, I do not mind how long they keep it, it is a jolly climate. These Afghans are awful-looking sportsmen, fine big fellows with great hooked noses and long hair, in loose white clothing, and very murderous. Since we have been here six of our native servants have disappeared and have never been seen again. One of them was the head cook of our mess; we suspected a village nearby of murdering him, for he went to buy eggs, so we sent a squadron out there with the political officer and they searched the place, but of course found no signs of the old boy.

He was given one important task when at last he joined the regiment at Kokoran; he surveyed the site of the battle of Maiwand, and the maps he drew were used in the subsequent court-martial; one was sent to Wolseley, and this was the beginning of an important connection. Although he was to get no first-hand experience of fighting during this expedition, he was working under active service conditions. His skill in reconnaissance was quickly recognized. 'We succeeded in getting a great deal of experience, as we were constantly expecting attacks, and the long and bitterly cold nights on outpost duty hardened us thoroughly.' Occasional opportunities came for him to use those powers of observation which he had been encouraged to train since his childhood. Thus one

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night the horses broke loose in a storm; all but one were recaptured without much difficulty.

I was very anxious to find this horse, so I took a long ride round on 'Dick' to see if I could find its tracks anywhere. I had long practised the art of tracking and was now able to put it to some use: also I had taught 'Dick' among other circus tricks to stand alone when I left him and wait till I returned. These two accomplishments came in useful on this occasion. After some searching I came across the trail of a horse galloping away from the camp. I followed this up for two or three miles until it struck up into the mountains over such steep rugged ground that I left 'Dick' standing where he was and clambered on foot after the runaway. After a time I spied him outlined against the sky, right on the top of the mountain, and after a long time I got to the place and found him standing there shivering with cold, apparently dazed and very badly cut about the legs with the iron tent peg which was still hanging on to his head rope. It was an awful job to get him down the mountain side, but at last I managed it, and was very pleased when I got him safely back to camp.

Inevitably there were regimental concerts while the regiment waited at Kokoran for more active work. At one of these B.-P. carried out a typical bit of foolery which under some commanding officers might have led to serious trouble, but as we shall see, Colonel Baker Russell was an exceptional man. During the concert, there was a disturbance at the back of the hall on the unexpected entry of a visiting General. The Colonel welcomed him, but was rather surprised when his guest offered to perform: he mounted the platform and sang the Major-General's song from the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera *The Pirates of Penzance*. Then it was realized that the performer was B.-P. himself! He had previously ascertained that his Colonel had never met a General who was stationed at Kandahar, and had borrowed a uniform from an A.D.C.

At last the orders to withdraw were given.

The 13th was ordered to form the rear-guard and to parade at a certain hour so as to move off from Kokoran immediately in the rear of the infantry, but the Colonel had told me to find out the best road to follow, and I found that by one particular short cut we could save at least two hours' marching. So he ordered the regiment to delay its departure accordingly. The General heard of this and asked his reason. When the Colonel gave it the General said that his staff officers knew the country perfectly well and would not have given the order for parade for that hour had it been possible to economize time as he suggested. The Colonel replied more politely but generally to the effect that he did not care what the staff officers' ideas of the country

were, he knew better and proposed to rest his men and horses until the last moment: and he used my short cut accordingly, and we were exactly at the right time at the appointed place. I mention this little incident because it was from it that I date my ultimate promotion at the hands of Sir Baker Russell.

On the day we were to march from Kokoran our mounted sentries were relieved by those of the Afghan army of Abdurrahman, and it was an amusing contrast to see the Hussars, who for this occasion were dressed in full kit, relieved by rough-looking 'catch-'em-alive-o' warriors who while on duty carried umbrellas to protect themselves from the sun. After we had marched out some distance I suddenly recollect that we had left in our mess a coloured print from the *Graphic* of Millais's 'Cherry Ripe'. I somehow did not want it to fall into the hands of the Afghans, so I rode back and fetched it away with me, and for a long time afterwards it decorated my tent and bungalow; so, accidentally, I was the last Britisher to leave Kandahar.

It was during this withdrawal that B.-P. accidentally shot himself in the leg: he convalesced in the gardens of the Residency at Quetta. Here he was attacked by a so-called tame leopard; the animal was afterwards chained to a nearby tree, and B.-P. characteristically recorded, 'I used to watch it by the hour and try to sketch it in its beautiful, graceful movements and positions. I was genuinely sorry when some weeks later it got its chain caught up in the tree and so hanged itself'.

He was fortunate in his commanding officer at this period and he always acknowledged very fully the debt he owed to the training he received under a somewhat unconventional soldier. Baker Creed Russell, who became Lt.-Colonel of the 13th Hussars in 1880, was one of Wolseley's men. He fought in the Indian Mutiny, and was in command of the native levy in the Ashanti war of 1873-1874 under Wolseley, and again served under him in South Africa during 1879. Russell left the 13th Hussars in India to join Wolseley in Egypt during 1882 for the campaign which led to the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. 'Sir Baker Russell', wrote B.-P., 'was not an orthodox Colonel. He was in no way guided by the drill book, and knew little and cared less for the prescribed words of command; but he had a soldier's eye for the country and for where his men ought to be in a fight, and he led them there by his own direction rather than by formal formulations as laid down in a book.' And again, 'He gave responsibility and trusted his officers. Also gifted with quick intuition he made quick decisions and, whether right or wrong, carried them through with a bang'.

It is not without significance that both Haig Brown at Charterhouse, and Baker Russell in India, were men who had small respect for rules

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and regulations and encouraged those under them to use their own judgments even at the risk of mistakes.

In B.-P. the Colonel found a pupil after his own heart, and he gave him every opportunity to develop his special abilities in reconnaissance and scouting. Some of Russell's methods — such as the sending out of men on lone rides to fend for themselves — were adopted and further developed by the willing pupil. It was probably Russell who first brought B.-P. to the notice of Wolseley — the Commander-in-Chief who said, 'Use your common sense rather than book instructions'.

That the pupil was quick to learn is shown by the following incident:

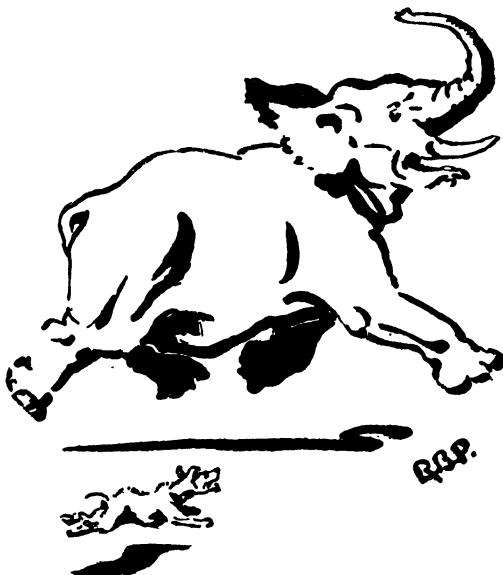
It was at Quetta that I got my first trial as a scout. Some of our regiment were told off to act as enemy in some night operations for the protection of the cantonment, and we were told to creep in as far as possible and find out how the sentries, supports, and pickets were posted. Eager to do the work well, we of course started the moment that we were allowed to try and carry out our duties. Naturally the sentries were very much on the qui vive, and a good many of our scouts were observed by the sentries and either captured or driven back. Some of us managed to find out a good deal as to the location of the enemy's outposts and were then glad to lie down and have a sleep on some heaps of bhoosa (chopped straw). Waking up some hours later, from the cold, I thought it might warm me up to go and try again to get more information. Knowing pretty well where the sentries were posted, I was able to evade them and to crawl past them to one of the supports.

Having had all their excitement in the earlier part of the evening in driving us back, they apparently supposed we had retired for good and therefore the look-out was not so sharply kept as in the earlier part of the night. I had therefore no difficulty in getting past the support, and then in keeping along in rear to find the position of other supports, and eventually by following one of their visiting patrols I found the exact location of the reserve. Having gone so far as I could, I left my glove under a bush on the bank of the ravine by which I had arrived, and made my way back with my report to my own people, just as dawn was breaking. Later on, when the dispositions of both sides were being criticized by the General, a doubt was expressed whether our scouts had really gathered their information from personal observation or had merely made guesses of the outposts, since the defenders maintained that it was impossible for scouts to get through at the spots mentioned. I was able, however, to prove our case by directing them where to find my glove.

In 1882 the Regiment marched 900 miles to Muttra, and B.-P. was appointed musketry instructor. This meant a welcome addition to his

pay, which he was already supplementing by articles and sketches in the *Graphic*, *Badminton* and other papers.

At Muttra pigsticking became a passion, and he gained the skill which



later on enabled him to write an authoritative book on the subject. His greatest thrill was the winning of the Kadir Cup in 1883. He entered three horses which he had trained himself: two of them, 'Patience' and 'Hagarene', won through to the final. He described the event in a letter to his mother.

Away goes a great pig. 'Ride' and away we go. Hagarene soon gets away from the rest. The pig dashes into thick grass jungle, but I'm pretty close to him and can just see him every now and then. Great tussocks of grass, six feet high, Haggy bounding through them, then twenty yards of open ground, then into a fresh patch of jungle thicker than the other. Suddenly bang, down we go — no we don't — very nearly though. One of the grass tussocks had a solid pillar of hard earth concealed in it which the mare struck with her chest. Now then, we're close on him — get the spear ready — now ready to reach him; suddenly a bright green sort of hedge appears in front as the pig disappears through it. Haggy leaps it and there, eight feet below it, is a placid pond, the pig goes plump under water and Haggy and self ditto almost on top of him. Right down we go to any depth — a deal of struggling — striking out — hanging on to weeds, etc., and I emerge on the far bank and see Haggy climbing out too, and away she goes for

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Camp, and the pig I can just see skulking away in some reeds. Up come the other three men in the heat and look over the hedge at me. I point out the pig and away they go, and McDougall gets first to him and spears him and so wins the Cup for me, and a funny object I look when all the fellows come up to congratulate me, covered with mud and garlanded with weeds.

In the previous year he had been appointed Adjutant to the Regiment, an office he held for four years; in 1883 he was gazetted Captain at the age of 26. The office work involved meant less time for his varied interests, but sports, sketching and theatricals could still be fitted into the time-table of a man who was incapable of being idle. For a time he was on the staff of the Duke of Connaught when the Duke was a Divisional General at Meerut, and so began another lifelong friendship.

The Regiment was due to leave India in 1884 after ten years' service, but trouble threatened in South Africa and orders came to disembark at Port Natal in case reinforcements were needed. The Transvaal Boers were contemplating the annexation of part of Bechuanaland. To prevent this, Sir Charles Warren was ordered to the district with four thousand men. On his staff was George Baden-Powell. The matter was settled without fighting.

Colonel Baker Russell had naturally made plans for marching from Natal to assist Sir Charles Warren if the need should arise. He wanted information of lesser known passes across the Drakensberg Mountains as he knew that the usual routes would be watched. For the task of getting this information he selected B.-P., who thus gained his first intimate knowledge of the land which was to mean so much to him not only as a field for active service but as a second home-land. The information had to be obtained with the greatest secrecy, so B.-P. grew a beard and dressed himself inconspicuously and set off on a 600-mile ride. His powers as an actor and artist now proved invaluable. Most of the time he played the part of a newspaper correspondent collecting material on the attractions of the country for immigrants. He put up at farms and so came to know the Boers on their own land, and learned to respect them.

One of his outstanding characteristics was his keen interest in men as individuals; he was curious to know how they lived and what they thought. It did not matter of what race or colour they might be; he was quickly on good terms with them, for few can resist an obviously sincere interest in their lives. It was a secondary matter that this eager curiosity was a valuable quality in a scout or spy; it was genuine whether the information was gleaned for service purposes or just for personal satisfaction.

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The information gathered on this expedition was not needed at the time, so was filed away and forgotten. Had it been noted, some setbacks of the Boer War might have been avoided. B.-P. corrected the existing map in several important features; thus he noted that the map gave wrong information about the mountains near the Tugela River, and this would have proved of great importance to Buller who was using the old map during the Colenso campaign. A further note made was that if the British had to fall back, they should go south of the Tugela and not attempt to hold Ladysmith: this too was forgotten or ignored later.

When it was clear that the 13th Hussars would no longer be needed, orders were given for them to resume their journey to England. B.-P., however, got six months' leave, and with five companions he set off for a hunting expedition in Portuguese East Africa. A few notes from his diary show his usual keen observation.

22nd July. — Breakfasted in a kraal in the 'enemy's country'. Chief civil and told us where to go to get game.

Beehives used in this country are a cylinder of bark about 4 feet long and 18 inches in diameter, covered at both ends and a few holes bored in the sides. These are put up in the branches of the bare white trees near each village.

23rd. — The correct way to wash your hands in this country (owing to the scarcity of water) is to fill your mouth with water and then let a thin stream trickle on to your hands while you wash.

16th August. — On the march, when I started to overtake the rest after stalking the wildebeeste, I found my way back to their trail by sun and landmarks and then followed it up easily, all diverging tracks having been marked with a few strokes in the sand to show that they were not to be followed.

26th. — Our regular food at this period is breakfast of porridge, standing stew (only rice and meat of any game or birds we killed, always kept handy ready to serve up) and tea: dinner, stew, fry, 'bachem' (toddy) — the juice of palm plants (water is unobtainable), and dampers. These we made very light by using bachem in making the dough instead of water and putting in lots of baking powder — let stand for an hour and then fry or, better, bake them by inverting an earthenware pot over a plate of them and standing them on hot wood ashes and lighting a pyramid fire over the pot. If left all night they come out hard and crisp like rusks and can be kept for days. Ate a lot of kaffir oranges on the march, they are hard round fruit which when broken open give you a coffee-coloured pulp full of big pips, till I got used to it the flavour was that of pomade.

After this expedition, B.-P. followed his regiment to England.

III. SOUTH AFRICA AND MALTA

FOR two years B.-P. was to follow the usual routine of home service with his regiment. He was first stationed for a brief period at Norwich, then at Colchester and later at Liverpool. As usual he carried out his duties to his full ability and was fertile in devising schemes for improving the conditions of his men and for their entertainment. But for a man of his active nature, routine life spelt boredom, and he found an outlet in his first essays as a spy. The fullest account of this side of his life is to be found in *The Adventures of a Spy* (originally published in 1915 as *My Adventures as a Spy*). He bluntly called himself a spy even in the midst of the 1914-1918 war when the term was by no means popular; but from his own experience he knew that the work was essential and meant taking considerable risks—therein lay, of course, the attraction for him, for he loved to pit his own wits against those of others. Spying to him was the peace-time form of war-time scouting.

In 1886 he went to Germany and Russia with his younger brother Baden, then an officer in the Scots Guards. Information had been received that the Russians had developed a new kind of searchlight and also an observation balloon of unusual design. Baden was already making himself an expert on balloon work and was carrying out those experiments in powerful kites which proved of use during the Boer War, so his presence with his brother was of special value.

The manœuvres in which these devices were to be used were centred on a fort and the main problem was how two foreigners could get into such a closely guarded place. B.-P. did not go in for elaborate disguises; experience showed that these attracted attention, which is the last thing a spy wishes. He found that by attending to small but significant changes his purpose could be achieved. Thus by wearing boots, hats and neckties made in the country, he was less noticeable than if he wore English ones. A slight difference in gait was another safeguard, for he had learned that even if unrecognized from the front a man might betray himself by his walk seen from behind. Russia also made things easier by its over-elaborate police system where no one knew who was watching whom. From this latter fact B.-P. argued that a perfectly open manner would probably succeed best, and the one occasion during this investigation when he forgot this, nearly resulted in disaster.

The brothers stayed at an inn in the neighbourhood of Krasnoe Selo, and for some days took long walks to find out where troops were placed.

SOUTH AFRICA AND MALTA

Then one day they saw a balloon; they got within sight of its station and waited until the soldiers had gone off for a meal, then they got into the car and secured all the information they needed about the instruments.

Next they put into practice their theory that a bold directness might well prove the best policy. So they walked straight to the fort and entered as if by right, being careful to salute anyone saluted by others. The scheme worked without difficulty during daytime: dusk was a greater problem as the outposts were more alert and challenged at the slightest sound. Scouting skill now proved its value, for both brothers had their senses well trained, and by using these, they were successful in creeping through the lines. Inside the fort everyone was so interested in watching the effects of the new searchlights that the two strangers passed unnoticed, and after getting the information they wanted, they made their retreat without difficulty.

All would have been well if they had then decided to leave the country, but they heard that the Tsar was to attend the manœuvres one evening and they thought that as everything possible would be demonstrated for his benefit, it might be worth while staying. They arranged that B.-P. should enter the fort again and his brother should watch operations outside. However, when B.-P. entered the fort, he found it so crowded with officers and police that he decided to withdraw. As he walked along the road back to the inn, he met the Tsar's carriage and escort; then he made his mistake. Instead of saluting the Tsar and walking straight on, he turned his head away from the lights of the carriage lamps. This at once roused suspicion. He was immediately arrested and sent back with an officer to be put into the charge of the police and taken to St. Petersburg for further examination. When they reached the station, there was some time to wait for the next train, so B.-P. asked if he might go to the inn and collect his belongings. Permission was granted and he contrived to leave a note for his brother.

At St. Petersburg he was taken to an hotel, his passport removed, and he was placed under open arrest. The position was unpleasant; the penalty for his offence could be five years' imprisonment without trial. His brother soon joined him and though not under arrest was regarded with suspicion. A waiter in the hotel who proved to be a German officer, warned them that a detective was watching them. With the connivance of 'a friend in power', a means of escape was devised. The captain of a ship offered to give them a passage if they could get on board unobserved. One evening B.-P. informed the detective that he and his brother proposed to leave the country and they ostentatiously arranged for a cab to take them to the station; they assumed that the detective would be content.

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with instructing the stationmaster to arrange their arrest. As soon as the cab was out of sight of the hotel they ordered the driver to take them down to the quay. There a boat was waiting for them and soon they were on board the ship which was already under steam.

B.-P. also attended manœuvres in Germany and Austria, and in 1887 visited the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War, staying for part of the time with a regiment of Uhlans at Strassbourg. His regiment moved to Liverpool that year. He had resigned the Adjutancy in 1886 but had been engaged in a number of special activities such as acting as a judge at the Royal Military Tournament, and as Brigade-Major at the Jubilee Review. Towards the end of 1887 he received the following letter from the Commander-in-Chief:

Dear Captain Baden-Powell, — A recent inspection of the handling of the machine-guns attached to the several regiments of Cavalry at Aldershot was anything but a success, attributable apparently to the defective training of the detachments. I am anxious that this defect be remedied, and I wish you, as one of the few officers of the Army who have the requisite knowledge, to do so. It will be necessary for you to be at Aldershot for about a fortnight, and I want you to let me know when it will be convenient for you to go there. On hearing from you what will be a convenient date for yourself I will communicate officially through your Commanding Officer.

Yours truly, WOLSELEY.

Immediately afterwards his uncle, General Henry Smyth, was appointed G.O.C., South Africa, and he invited his nephew to join his staff as A.D.C. and the offer was accepted. On leaving, the men of his squadron made him a presentation in defiance of regulations; he was always popular amongst his soldiers, not only for his persistent cheerfulness but for the trouble he took over their welfare. Once a group of sergeants was asked if B.-P. was liked by the men; one sergeant answered, 'Well, no, I shouldn't say they *like* him; why, they worship him!'

Life at the Cape as an A.D.C. was rather humdrum; B.-P. complained that it was like having a rest-cure, 'which, at my time of life, seems hardly necessary'. General Smyth was a contrast to Baker Russell, but his nephew was grateful afterwards for the training he received under a man who 'looked at the question or plan from every point of view, in principle and in detail with an unbiased eye, and saved himself from falling into many a fatal error by his calm forethought and use of experience'.

Social events, concerts and gymkhanas were some relief to routine but a poor outlet for the energies of a man of thirty-one. Soon the opportunity came for active service. As a result of the war of 1879-1880, Zulu-

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land had been divided by Wolseley into a number of districts each ruled by a native chief – except for one which was under John Dunn, the Scotsman who had lived in the country since boyhood. This scheme did not prove a success and in 1887 Britain annexed Zululand and placed it under a Commissioner. But trouble broke out again under Dinuzulu, son of the former chief Cetewayo. The tribes were divided; the Usutus and some others supported Dinuzulu, while Chief John Dunn and the rest brought their impis to the support of the British.

General Smyth embarked with his staff for Natal; B.-P. was appointed Acting Military Secretary as the officer appointed to that position had not yet arrived from England. The forces assembled at Eshowe. Their immediate task was to rescue the Assistant Commissioner, Pretorius, who was besieged in a small fort near Umsinduzi. A detachment under Major McKean, with B.-P. as his staff officer, set off accompanied by John Dunn's impi of 2,000 Zulus. They covered fifty miles in two days and were successful in reinforcing Pretorius and bringing away the women and children. It was during this march that B.-P. first heard the Zulu chant which he later used as the *Een-gonyâma* chorus for Boy Scouts. This is his description of the occasion:

I heard a sound in the distance which at first I thought was an organ playing in Church, and I thought for a moment that we must be approaching a mission station over the brow of the hill. But when we topped the rise we saw moving up towards us from the valley below three long lines of men marching in single file and singing a wonderful anthem as they marched.

On the return to Eshowe, B.-P. had one of many experiences in acting as an amateur doctor. Rain was pouring down and McKean and he managed to get a fire going before seeking what rest they could get for the night under a wagon. A Zulu arrived carrying his wounded niece; a bullet had gone right through her stomach and she was in considerable pain. Her only clothing was a bead girdle and a necklace. The two officers made her as comfortable as they could, dressing her in a mealy sack as some protection from cold and rain; then they left her in charge of her uncle. Later B.-P. woke from an uneasy sleep to discover that the uncle was wearing the sack himself; he escaped into the darkness at B.-P.'s angry attack. The girl died and they buried her the next morning, and the necklace of beads was kept by B.-P. as a memento. In his report on the relief expedition, McKean wrote of B.-P.'s work, 'This officer's unflagging energy, his forethought, and his thorough knowledge of all military details were of the greatest assistance to me', a sentence which is a true summary of certain characteristics.

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B.-P. next organized Intelligence work at G.H.Q., and then took part in the final rounding up of Dinuzulu who had taken refuge in his stronghold in the Ceza Bush; this was a formidable place to attack as it was situated on a steep mountain slope with the natural protection of bush and huge boulders and its ramifications of caves. B.-P. did much of the preliminary scouting for information, and on one occasion narrowly escaped with his life. As he was scanning a valley from the cover of some rocks, his Basuto orderly suddenly called to him. He turned and found himself facing a Usutu warrior who had crept up from behind. In his note on the incident, B.-P. commented on the 'fine picture' the man made 'in all the glory of glistening brown skin, with his great shield of ox-hide and his bright assegai'. This quick appreciation of any outstanding quality was part of B.-P.'s nature. Few men would have been able to see anything more than imminent danger, but he had that mark of genius which Ruskin described as 'seeing with the eyes of children in perpetual wonder'. It made him a bad hater and there are in his records no bitter words about the enemy unless they were guilty of cruelty, but that always roused his anger wherever he found it.

The Usutu warrior, seeing two men where he expected to find only one, fled. B.-P. followed him down and came to the uppermost entrance of a deep gully crammed with women and children and at the far end a group of warriors. B.-P. called to them to surrender, a summons which was quickly obeyed when a detachment of British soldiers came in sight. When he began to squeeze his way down, the women screamed with fright, but they were at once quietened when he picked up a small boy, perched him up on a rock and gave him something to play with.

Dinuzulu did not wait to be taken; he slipped out of the Ceza Bush with some of his warriors and crossed into the Transvaal; later he surrendered to the British. B.-P. became the possessor of the Zulu Chief's necklace. There had only been desultory fighting on a small scale during the campaign, but it had given B.-P. useful scouting practice under war conditions.

For his services his uncle decided to appoint him Assistant Military Secretary, but as he was still only a Captain, the War Office objected; General Smyth persisted, and B.-P. was promoted Brevet-Major to regularize the appointment.

In the spring of 1889 he planned to explore the Zambezi in a collapsible boat which he got Selous, the African hunter, to test. But although the trial was satisfactory, General Smyth could not grant the necessary leave, and as a poor substitute, B.-P. had a few days in the Knysna district hunting for elephants. This proved almost a case of the hunter being the hunted,

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for the expedition was an amateur affair; they got entangled in thick jungle 'but we found no elephants there: what we should have done had they been there I don't quite know, but I imagine it would have depended chiefly on the good feeling of the elephants themselves'. Later they saw a herd, but what chiefly interested B.-P. was the ability of an elephant to become invisible by freezing, and to move soundlessly.

During short leave in England that summer, B.-P. met Colonel Sir Francis de Winton who had just been appointed head of a Commission to inquire into the affairs of Swaziland. On his return to the Cape, B.-P. prepared a summary of what was known of Swaziland, and it was therefore not surprising that Sir Francis asked for his services as Secretary during the investigation.

The situation was stated in the instructions given to Sir Francis by the Colonial Secretary:

'The King, Umbandeen, is unable to control the conflicting interests of British and Boer settlers and concessionaires, and has appealed to both Her Majesty's Government and the Government of the South African Republic for protection.' The latter were quite willing to recognize the independence of Swaziland provided the British Government did likewise; indeed so eager was the Boer Republic to prevent the British from getting another foothold between the Transvaal and the coast that they offered to withdraw all opposition to British expansion in Bechuanaland and Matabeleland. A joint Commission was appointed; the leader of the Boer representatives was General Joubert.

On the way to Swaziland, the Commission were received by President Kruger at Pretoria. B.-P. described the meeting in his diary. 'On arrival at Pretoria, after changing and putting on our tall hats, the British Agent took us to see the President, Paul Kruger. We found him living in a long, low, single-storied villa in a quiet side street. A lounging sentry loafed about at the garden gate and only saluted us with a steady stare as we passed in. We were presented to Paul Kruger in his drawing-room. He was a big, heavy man with flabby, heavy face, with big mouth and big nose, but small forehead'.

The combined Commissions were soon at work. One of the most difficult problems was that of the concessions made by the Swazi King. The Report notes, 'The history of the concessions of Swaziland is probably without parallel. There are many instances where native rulers have given large and important rights to individuals and to corporations, but in Swaziland the late King and his Council have parted not only with all their actual territory, but with rights which should only belong to the Government of a country, to a lot of adventurers whose sole object was

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to make money by them'. Ultimately full agreement was reached between the British and Boer Governments and the Swaziland King, but not without protests from some of the 'adventurers'.

This relatively minor experience was valuable. B.-P. gained a knowledge of the routine of careful inquiry; it gave him a closer acquaintance-ship with the Boers — for whom he always expressed a warm liking; he seized the opportunity to learn more of native customs — a subject in which he maintained his interest; and he came into close contact with the most sordid side of Imperial expansion — the unscrupulous adventurer intent only on personal gain. While B.-P. firmly believed that the extension of British protection over native tribes was beneficial, he had nothing but contempt for those who exploited the native for purely selfish purposes. Perhaps not the least value of this Swaziland experience was that it showed him how two nations could meet together and settle a dispute round the table.

The year 1889 saw the publication of *Pigsticking or Hoghunting* by Captain R. S. S. Baden-Powell. This book quickly became a classic on the sport. It was in part based, as many of his books were, on articles he had contributed to such journals as *Badminton*; the illustrations were his own and they show a transition stage between the more detailed drawings of earlier years and the bolder style of his later work. The book also illustrates a characteristic which is to be found in most of his writings; he was never content until he had proved an activity to be worth while; there must be some justification for what he was doing even if, as with pigsticking, it was a sport which for most men was a sport only and as such needed no other reasons for its pursuit. This is not in any way to detract from the sincerity of such a passage as the following, but it serves to illustrate the horror he had, and retained through life, for aimlessness; in this he certainly showed the earnestness of the period in which he was trained.

Apart from the fact that any hardy exercise conduces much to the training and formation of a soldier, pigsticking tends to give a man what is called a 'stalker's eye', but which, *par excellence*, is the soldier's eye. It teaches him to keep looking about him both near and far, so that by practice he gets to notice objects in the far distance almost before an ordinary man can distinguish them even when pointed out to him. In difficulties of ground he will learn to keep a look-out to the front and not only see his way over present obstacles but also the best line to take when these have been successfully disposed of. The habit of looking for and noticing the smallest sign of pig, teaches a man to note and carry in his mind those little marks by which he can often obtain important information, and will always get the country more or less

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mapped into his brain by a succession of insignificant signs and landmarks, the value of which can be duly appreciated when he has once had to perform a reconnaissance by night; or to work through an unknown country in time of hostilities.

At the end of 1889, General Sir Henry Smyth was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, and he took his nephew with him as Military Secretary and A.D.C. The change from the life of South Africa to the rather formal round of duties at Malta must have been somewhat uncongenial; but B.-P. had a way of finding excitement wherever he went. Once more an outlet was provided by theatricals and other forms of entertainment. It was at Malta that he achieved success as a skirt-dancer — an accomplishment which he said later proved invaluable when pursued by natives down rock-strewn hill-sides! Even official functions could be enlivened, as the following note from a relative of Lady Smyth shows:

B.-P. would sometimes appear to write a note during an official dinner party, and hand it to a footman to be given to her Ladyship. She would open it in anticipation that some social mishap had befallen, only to be confronted with a lively caricature of a guest sketched on the back of a menu — a trick that proved almost too much for her very merry Ladyship's composure.

The welfare of the troops was not overlooked; he felt that there was need for a club for the men, so by means of a series of entertainments he raised enough money to found a Soldiers and Sailors Club. He not only rehearsed performers, but he stage-managed the shows and even painted sandwich-boards and posters to advertise them.

The life of routine made him restless. His uncle refused to let him go off to Uganda when Sir Francis de Winton invited him to join his staff on a mission to that country. Later B.-P. wrote to his mother, 'I thought once Sir Francis de Winton had gone I should be rid of the longing to be with him, but I feel more and more anxious to be there. I can't think of anything else. But *you* can't picture what I should call the camp sickness that gets hold of one — a sort of hunger to be out in the wilds and away from all this easygoing mixture of office and drawing-room; clerk and butler'.

He found an outlet for his peculiar abilities when he was appointed Intelligence Officer for the Mediterranean; on holidays he had amused himself collecting information of military interest, and possibly his uncle thought it as well for him to have some official standing in case of trouble. His versatility enabled him on many occasions to escape from awkward situations. Thus in Dalmatia he was trying to locate the positions of some

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new batteries which had been constructed in the mountains. The guise of a butterfly-hunting Englishman allayed any suspicions and as he made his notes in the form of drawings of butterflies, there was nothing to betray him when his sketch-book was examined.



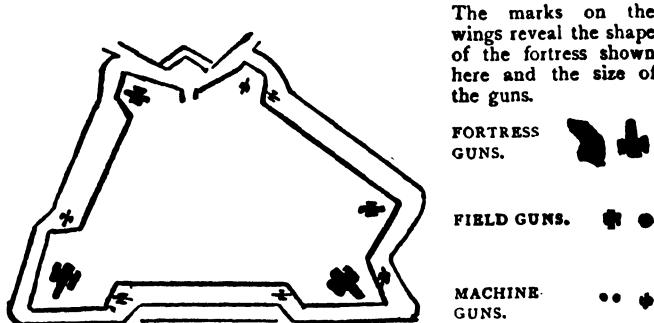
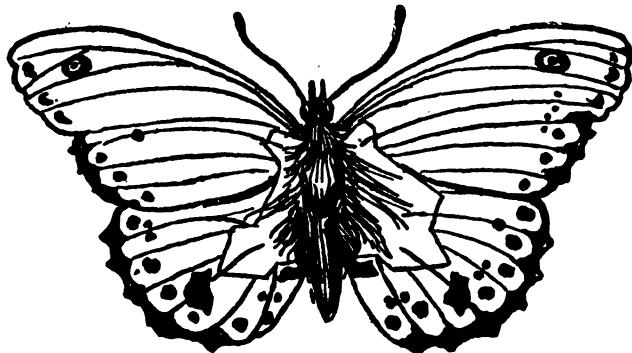
THE BUTTERFLY HUNTER

He studied the defences of the Dardanelles with the connivance of the Scotch captain of a grain ship. At places of importance, anchor was dropped while the skipper's 'nephew' went fishing and took the opportunity of taking the angles of embrasures and facets of the forts. When patrol boats came to inquire why the ship was anchored, the officials were deafened by the sound of hammering from the engine room and were told that the engines had broken down.

As an artist he was able to avoid arrest when he was investigating the organizing and equipment of Austrian Alpine troops. He found from a talkative soldier that manœuvres were to be carried out on the slopes of a mountain known as the Wolf's Tooth. During the night he managed to slip through the sentries which had been posted to warn off strangers. As dawn broke he took up a concealed position which gave him a good view of the country, but unfortunately he was in the direct passage of a group of officers, so he boldly began sketching and when questioned

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explained that he was making studies for a picture of 'Dawn Among the Mountains'. His skill was so patent, that the explanation was accepted. They shared their breakfast with him, and soon he was able to follow operations with the aid of their maps. By the end of the day he had



THE BUTTERFLY PLAN

Only the markings *on* the lines of the butterfly have any significance

learned all he wanted about the special methods devised for mountain warfare.

But exciting as such expeditions were, he had to think of the future and on the advice of Sir Baker Creed Russell he resigned from his appointment as Military Secretary in Malta and set off to rejoin the 13th Hussars, then stationed in Ireland. On the way he visited Algeria and Tunisia; from Souk-el-Abra in Tunisia he wrote home:

'Here I am getting homewards by very small degrees, for, having got as far as this, I find manœuvres going on behind me, and am just off back.'

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again to Tunis and Kairouen.' He also seized the opportunity of collecting some most useful military information which he recorded once more in the form of sketches of butterflies.

The following letter was written to the two little girls of Lucknow who were now rapidly growing up:

AIN SEFRA

S. ALGERIA

21st May '93

Well, young ladies, I suppose you all thought (if you ever thought anything on the subject at all, which I don't flatter myself you did) — that 'Charlie' was either dead, in prison, or a rude brute since he never wrote to say otherwise. Well, now he writes to say he is the rude brute, being neither dead, nor, for a wonder, in prison.

You see where I am? Well, I mean, look at the above address and then look it out in the atlas if you are so ignorant of geography as not to know (I didn't till I got here!).

Now I'm going to write with my left hand, and I'm in the train buzzing across the desert, so if you can't read this just write and say so and imagine in the meantime that I am telling you that this is a most delightful country to visit.

In appearance it is very like Afghanistan and the people are very like the Afghans in all ways, but it seems so odd when one arrives at a military station — (and there are no civil ones here) — you find French Troops instead of English ones, and you remember then that you are not in Afghanistan but in Algeria.

You will be glad, sorry, pleased, annoyed, I don't know which — probably it will be 'don't care a bit' — to hear that I am on my way back to England to rejoin the regt. So perhaps you may have the great pleasure of seeing me again one of these days — if you're all *very* good.

In the meantime if you should like to show your goodness by writing me a line to say how you are all getting on, I should be very glad indeed to get it. The old address 8, St. George's Place, will always find me.

Now as you find it impossible to read my scrawl I will say au revoir, and please give my very best remembrances all round, especially to your Mama and the gallant Major.

Yours very sincerely,

R. S. S. CHARLES BADEN-POWELL.

He rejoined his regiment in Ireland in June 1893, and was soon immersed in the busy life of a keen officer. At the manoeuvres at the Curragh occurred an incident which brought him again to the notice of Wolseley with important consequences. B.-P.'s own account may be quoted:

I remember especially one occasion in Ireland, many years ago, when I happened to be in charge of a squadron at manoeuvres, that

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I saw an enemy's battery in action. We crept along by a hollow road till we got right in front of it, under a crest of the hill, unseen by either the battery or its escort — which was doing its proper duty, as was laid down in those times, i.e., looking to its 'front'. We came up to the battery at about ten yards distance, and walked into it and captured it. Well, the officer in command of the escort said that, being a dry, hot day, he naturally expected we should kick up some dust, and merely sat there looking around for any dust in the distance. As we did not happen to make much dust he had not noticed us.

Next day it happened, going across some hills, we found this same battery in action again, with the same escort looking out for dust. We thought it a pity not to oblige. A few soldiers, under an astute sergeant, armed with lassoes on their saddles, cut down a few branches of trees and rode along at a trot in a hollow road some little distance to the front of the escort. They towed these branches along behind them, thereby kicking up an enormous dust. Away went the cavalry after them and we merely then walked into the battery again, this time from the rear. We were just congratulating ourselves on having done a clever thing — for us — when an aide-de-camp came galloping down and said that the Commander-in-Chief wanted the officer in charge of the squadron.

Well, the feeling came to me as I suppose it has to many of you — as if somebody had poured a quantity of cold oil down inside you. I rode off with the galloper, thinking of what my next profession in life would be after I had left the army! When I got to the Commander-in-Chief he said, 'Did you do this thing?' I said, 'Well, sir, my squadron did.' I dared not look at him as I said that, but, when I did look, I found he was laughing. He patted me on the back and said, 'That is the sort of thing I want to see, use of your common sense.' I felt myself blushing down to my toes. That General was Lord Wolseley.

A similar stratagem was used effectively by Allenby in the Battle of Megiddo in 1918.

At manoeuvres in Berkshire in the following year he acted as Brigade-Major to John French, later to be Earl of Ypres; Douglas Haig was also on the staff. Wolseley set great value on realistic manoeuvres; they not only kept the army in good training but they gave him unrivalled opportunities for assessing the capabilities of the officers. B.-P. thus became one of 'Wolseley's men' for he displayed just those qualities which the Commander-in-Chief most valued.

When trouble broke out in Ashanti in 1895, B.-P. was selected to command the native levy, a duty which Baker Russell himself had performed for Wolseley in that country in 1873. It was not a cavalry job, but it demanded considerable resourcefulness and brought new experiences.

I V . A S H A N T I

GREAT BRITAIN waged nine wars with Ashanti during the nineteenth century, and it was not until 1901 that the country was finally annexed as the only solution to an intractable problem. Few men with the knowledge of what has been achieved in that country during this century will doubt the wisdom of the annexation, but it only came after all other methods had failed.

European trading settlements on the Gold Coast go back to the fifteenth century, and more by influence than force British control gradually became predominant. But the Ashanti hinterland was a constant source of disturbance. The loose confederation of warlike tribes under a king chosen by tribal leaders was constantly menacing the peace of the Gold Coast; a medley of causes led to the series of wars. The Ashantis practised human sacrifice on a considerable scale, refused all peaceful intercourse, and tried by every means to extend their influence over the tribes of the coastal regions.

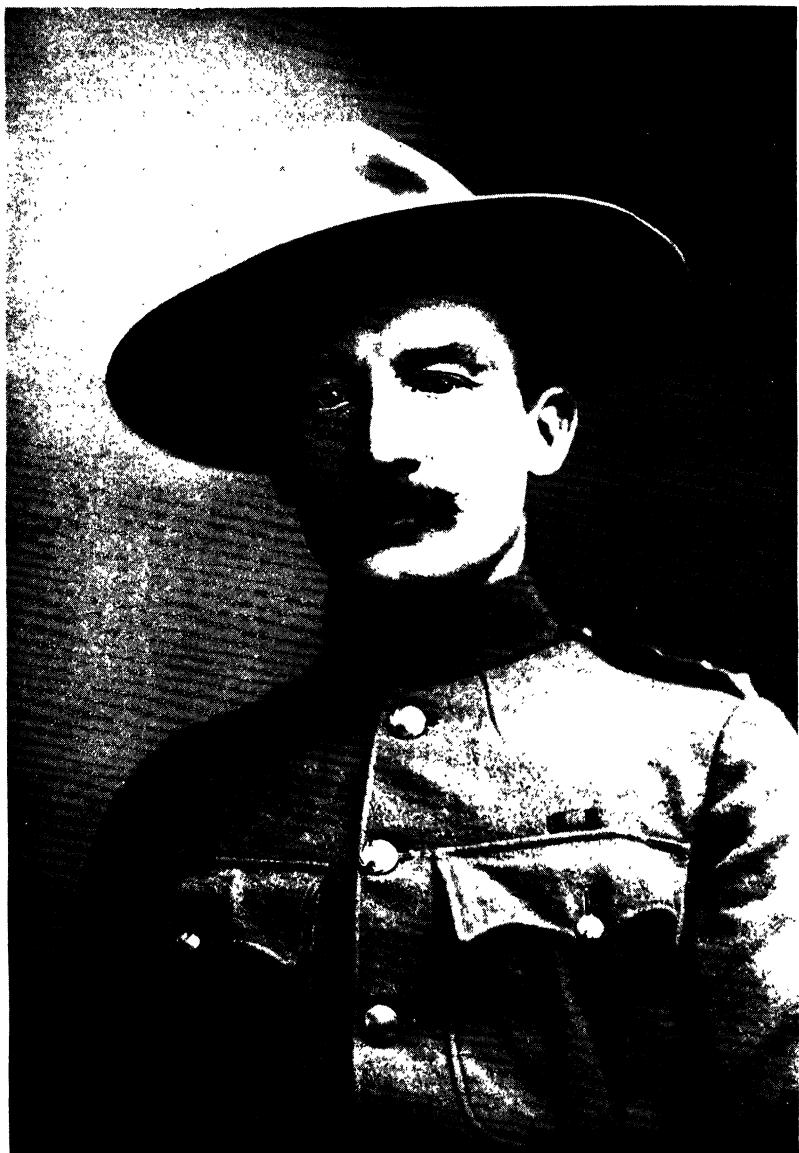
In the campaign of 1873-1874 Sir Garnet Wolseley had defeated the Ashantis, and King Koffee Kalkali had promised to stop the human sacrifices, to keep the roads open to trade, and to pay an indemnity. Premeh succeeded to the 'golden stool' of Ashanti in 1888, and he ignored the conditions of the treaty and was active in stirring up the tribes, some of whose leaders were quite willing to live at peace with the British and to profit from regular trade. For several years Premeh was left to his own devices in the vague hope that time would bring discretion; he was then reminded of the conditions of the treaty, notably of the clause which stipulated that a good road should be maintained between Kumassi, his capital, and Prahsu, the frontier village. He refused to discuss the problems with the Governor of Cape Coast Castle or to receive a Resident; he himself sent envoys direct to England, but they were refused recognition.

Unrest among the tribes increased as it seemed to them that Premeh could defy the British with impunity. At length it was decided to send an expedition to Kumassi to overawe the Ashanti King and if necessary defeat him in the field.

Wolseley was Commander-in-Chief, and having had first-hand experience of fighting in Ashanti he based his selection of men and his general plans on what he knew were the practical conditions. The success of what proved a bloodless expedition was in great part due to the thoroughness



FAMILY PORTRAIT TAKEN ABOUT 1895
L. to R. *standing*: Baden Baden-Powell, Agnes Baden-Powell, Frank Baden-Powell, Lady George
Baden-Powell, R. S. S. Baden-Powell; *sitting*: Sir George Baden-Powell, Mrs. Baden-Powell
with a granddaughter, Warington Baden-Powell



1896

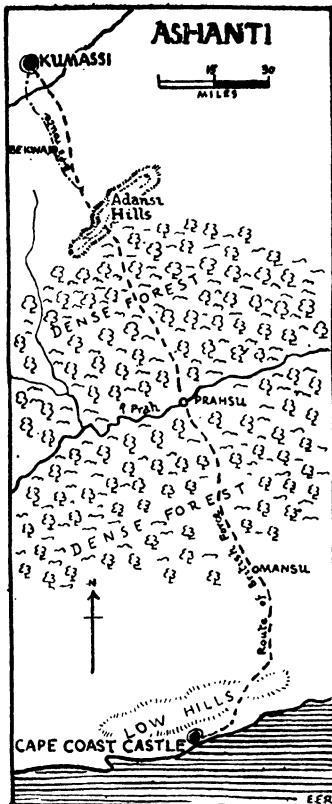
ASHANTI

of the preliminary preparations. The command was given to Lt.-Colonel Sir Francis Scott, Inspector-General of the Gold Coast Constabulary, who had served as a Captain in the 1874 war. B.-P. was selected to take command of the native levy whose duties would be to scout ahead of the main force and prepare the way for the advance.

He left England on the 13th November 1895 and one month later landed at Cape Coast Castle. The objective of the expedition was Kumassi, a distance of 145 miles north-west from Cape Coast Castle. The first half of the route as far as the frontier at Prahsu on the River Prah was in fair condition; the road ran through dense forest and had to be kept clear; but the second half had deteriorated into a track over swamps through heavy jungle country, over the Adansi Hills, rising to 1500 feet and thence through forest again to Kumassi. This second part would have to be pioneered, and the danger of hostile tribes would be constantly present; a long column of soldiers toiling through sunless tropical forests was an easy mark for guerrilla forces. The first task was to collect and organize the levy. In this wearisome business B.-P. learned the full meaning of a West Coast saying which became part of his own method.

If it were not for the depressing heat, and the urgency of the work, one could sit down and laugh to tears at the absurdity of the thing, but under the circumstances it is a little 'wearing'. But our motto is the old West Coast proverb, 'Softly, softly, catchee monkey'; in other words, 'Don't flurry; patience gains the day'. It was in joke suggested as a maxim for our levy of softly-sneaking scouts, but we came to adopt it as our guiding principle, and I do not believe that a man acting on any other principle could organize a native levy on the West Coast — and live.

Gradually out of chaos order comes. Kings and chiefs are installed



MAP OF ASHANTI

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as officers, and the men are roughly divided into companies under their orders.

Then the uniform is issued. This consists of nothing more than a red fez for each man, but it gives as much satisfaction to the naked warrior as does his first tunic to the young hussar.

B.-P. himself usually wore the cowboy hat so closely associated with him; this led to his being known among the Ashantis as 'Kantakyé', which means 'he of the Big Hat'. The hat was not adopted merely as being picturesque — though B.-P. had a keen eye for that — but because of its practical nature when working in the bush; the broad brim shielded the face from low branches and, in the open, kept the sun off the eyes and neck.

The levy consisted of 861 natives drawn from six tribes each under its own chief.

The ultimate organization that was found to be best adapted for all purposes, whether for pioneer work, drill, reconnaissance, or outposts, was the division of each tribe into small companies of from twenty to thirty men each.

Each tribe was under the orders of its chief, and he, or his orderly, understood English, and acted as the adjutant of his detachment, taking all his instructions from the white officer. Each company was under a 'captain', assisted by an under-captain.

No specific duties beyond those of acting as scouts had been assigned to the levy; but as we made our way up country, it became evident that much pioneering work would be necessary, in order to make the road passable for troops through the dense bush, and to prepare clearings and huts for rest-camps. Therefore, whenever we saw a chance of obtaining tools of any description, we did not fail to avail ourselves of it; but in the end, the quantity and quality of our equipment did not amount to anything very considerable, and it was greatly due to the further system applied to our organization that the levy was able successfully to carry out the pioneering work which it eventually accomplished. Our tools consisted mainly of matchets (long, heavy knives), naval cutlasses, spades, picks, and a few hatchets and felling-axes.

The companies were permanently detailed to certain kinds of work; thus, one was charged with the work of building bridges, another with making huts, another with digging the road and draining it where necessary, another with felling timber and log-cutting, and so on; so that every man knew his proper work, and with a few days' practice became proficient in it. But at first much instruction had to be given in the method of using felling-axes, spades, levers, and in knotting ropes — or rather the substitute for rope, the kind of creeper known as 'monkey-rope'.

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Each 'captain' was made responsible for tools used by his company (and these had to be checked daily, both before and after work), and also for the presence of all his men during working hours, which, with the exception of two hours' rest for the midday meal, generally lasted from daylight to dusk. It was some time before this idea of responsibility for the working of their men could be instilled into the captains, but once it had been grasped by them, and the system had got into working order, all went smoothly and efficiently, so long as a white officer was at hand to keep the rate of progress up to the mark.

The practical outcome of the pioneer work of the levy was the cutting of over fifty miles of road beyond the Prah through the bush to Kumassi, the bridging of numberless streams, the corduroying of swamps, and the ramping of numerous giant tree-trunks that lay across the path; and also in the clearance of camp-grounds, erection of huts, and the building of three forts; and, lastly, in a piece of work that was comparatively light and yet of paramount importance, namely, in the clearing of the bush round the palace at Kumassi, which enabled that place to be surrounded, and so prevented Prempeh's intended escape when he was 'wanted'.

Much of the pioneering work involved was new to B.-P. A party of 65 Royal Engineers was his mainstay, but most of the work had to be done by the natives, and persuading them to overcome their easy-going habits was a constant strain. His saying that 'a smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty in the world' proved a useful guide; the smile was nearly always there but at times the stick had to be used.

It was in Ashanti too that he learnt another saying which was frequently quoted with approval. The words of the refrain of the Ashanti war-song appealed to him as a soldier:

If I go forward, I die,
If I go backward, I die,
Better go forward and die.

The pioneering was only part of the task set the native levy; scouting for any signs of the enemy was even more important. It was hoped that Prempeh would not fight, but there could be no certainty of this; reports of the assembling of a large body of warriors near Kumassi, and of smaller groups at other points, made constant vigilance a necessity. This work was chiefly entrusted to the Adansi contingent. Of their work B.-P. wrote:

They were a wild, uncivilized crew, living entirely in the bush, and therefore well adapted for this particular duty.

It was only necessary to show them a system to work upon, and they readily grasped it. Briefly, the plan for outpost duties was this: each company formed a piquet, and during the day it had sentries out for all

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paths leading to it. These sentries were concealed in the bush close by the path, and within reach of recall by the horn sounding at the piquet. Patrols of two or three men went out for the whole day on every path. No individual work could be got out of natives at night — the bush was too full of fairies and fetish devils for that. Therefore, after dark, instead of the day sentries and patrols, small detached posts of half a dozen men each were bivouacked on every path, at a distance of about a mile from the piquet.

In addition to their watchfulness, the Adansis, and also the Bekwais and Abodoms (who were afterwards added to them for detached duties), distinguished themselves by their quickness in detecting the presence of an enemy, and by the rapidity with which they conveyed the news not only to their commander, but also to neighbouring piquets and parties.

Their faculty, too, for finding their way in the forest, whether by day or by night, was surprising. They could not explain it themselves, but, like the forest tribes of South-Eastern Africa, they were in no way guided by sun or stars — some natural instinct brought them through.

Bennet Burleigh, the war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, accompanied the expedition; his account is rather pedestrian but he supplements B.-P.'s own account which was published in 1896 under the title *The Downfall of Prempeh*. Burleigh commented adversely on the length of the column.

By measurements taken on the marches within the Ashanti country, nine to twelve miles was often found to be the 'interval' between the head and the rear of Scott's column; and as frequently there were times when from twenty minutes to half an hour would elapse without a soldier or a carrier being in sight at parts of the road. It was a very loosely articulated force, and had the Ashantis gone upon the warpath, such a system of leadership would surely have been disastrous.

Burleigh, however, was suffering from a grievance. Amongst the officers of the expedition there were six who were acting as newspaper correspondents, and this he not unjustifiably felt was undesirable since their inside knowledge gave them an advantage over regular correspondents, while their official positions fettered their judgement. B.-P. was one of these, and his skill as an artist added to his usefulness. He even scored a scoop by telegraphing the news of the occupation of Kumassi to the coast from whence it was sent to London; the breaking down of the telegraph line in a storm immediately afterwards prevented anyone else from sending the news for two days. He was correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle* and *Graphic*.

However reasonable Burleigh's criticism was, he failed to recognize the root cause: owing to the vicious system of basing an officer's salary

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on the assumption that he had private means, many dependent on their army pay had to supplement it in the way in which B.-P. did, but few had his versatility as writer and artist.

One of the sketches he made has a special interest: it shows Captain



R. S. Curtis, R.E., supervising the laying of the field telegraph in the bush. In the drawing, Captain Curtis is shown in the foreground with a long staff in his hand. As he sketched the scene, B.-P. asked him why he carried such a heavy staff with him in a tropical forest. Curtis explained that he found it useful in pole-jumping streams, and in testing footings in swampy ground. To a further inquiry as to why it was marked in feet and inches, he said that this gave him a quick means of making measurements for giving instructions to his men. Later Captain Curtis became B.-P.'s Chief Engineer in the South African Constabulary, and was to be the last commander of that force. It occurred to him that there might be some connexion between his Ashanti staff and that carried by Boy Scouts; B.-P. admitted that he had remembered that staff when he was devising the best equipment for the boys.

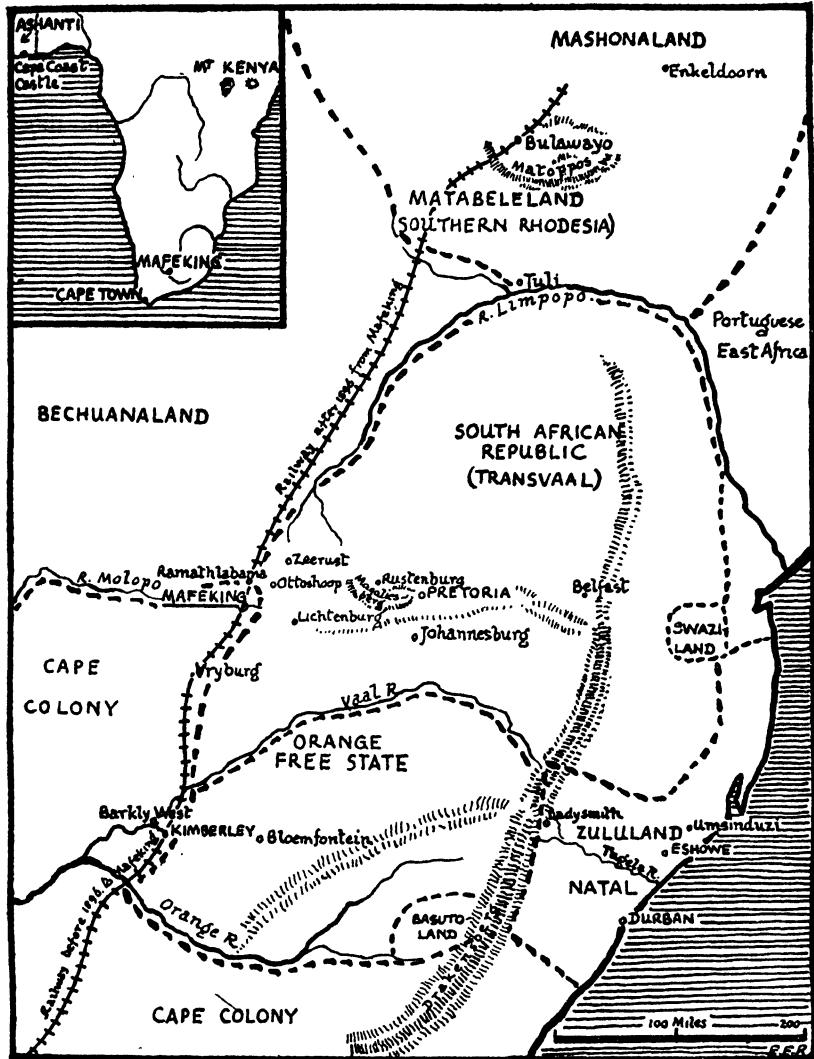
The details of the Ashanti expedition are of little importance now. There were occasional alarms; the friendly chief of a tribe at Bekwai, for instance, sent an urgent message for assistance as he feared that Prempeh would attack him. B.-P. took a party of his levy by a detour to that

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FOR his services in Ashanti, B.-P. was promoted at the age of 39 to Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel. He rejoined his regiment in Belfast, but within a few weeks he was once more gazetted for special service — this time in Matabeleland for what he afterwards called ‘the best adventure of my life’.

The Matabele Rebellion was the result of a number of contributory causes which separately would not have occasioned an armed rising. This warrior tribe, an offshoot of the Zulus, had only occupied their territory beyond the Limpopo for some fifty years before J. S. Moffatt (Livingstone’s brother-in-law) had his first interview with Lobengula, the second Chief of the tribe. This is not the place even to sketch the series of manœuvres which resulted in the dispossession of the land before what is usually termed ‘the inexorable force of civilization’. Not that much pity need be wasted on Lobengula; in spite of efforts to portray him as the noble savage, he was merciless to his subjects and pitiless towards his enemies; the fact that he showed political skill of a higher order gave him prestige amongst white men who were more interested in winning concessions by cunning than in spreading culture.

With the death of Lobengula in 1894, during the Matabele War, the country lay open to the settlers and prospectors, and so the Southern Rhodesia of to-day had its birth. Cowed by the death of their Chief and of thousands of their finest warriors, the Matabele appeared to accept the new order, but a series of disasters roused what spirit had not been crushed in a last attempt to expel the white man from their territory. An outbreak of the rinderpest at the beginning of 1896 meant that cattle — the natives’ chief wealth — had to be slaughtered; workers were needed on farms and in mines, and the measures taken to get enough labour were often indistinguishable from those of the Press Gang; a plague of locusts added to the distress by ruining crops and pasture. Then came the Jameson Raid; the Matabele heard that the white soldiers who had defeated them had not proved invincible and had been captured by the Boers. Moreover, large numbers of the Rhodesian Horse — which Jameson later admitted had been formed less for protecting Rhodesia than for possible action in the Transvaal — had been withdrawn for the Raid. The Native Police remaining proved unreliable. Disaffection was further fomented by the witch-doctors or priests of the M’Limo (or god); to them the continued presence of the white settlers meant a loss of influence or prestige.



MAP OF MATABELELAND AND SOUTH AFRICA

It appears that the full rising was planned for the night of the full moon, 28th March, when the 'Great Dance' would be held, but on the 20th March there was a clash between some villagers and the Native Police, and this set the whole country ablaze. Mining camps, stores and farms were attacked and the white inhabitants bludgeoned to death. Bulawayo was threatened, but the leader of the Matabele, Mlugulu, left open the

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road south; he assumed that the white population would want to retreat as quickly as possible, and his purpose was mainly to get them out of the country. The settlers fortified Bulawayo as well as they could, and relief



THE MATABELE COACH

parties, under men like the hunter Selous, rode out to bring in women and children from the farms.

The country was controlled by the British South Africa Company, and there were no Imperial troops available. The High Commissioner at Cape Town saw that help was needed and he commissioned Major Herbert Plumer to raise the Matabeleland Relief Force. He set to work at once at Mafeking (then the end of the railway line) to recruit his men, but it was not until the 14th May that he entered Bulawayo with nearly a thousand men. Cecil Rhodes had arrived a month previously.

Meantime it had been decided that Imperial forces would be needed, and Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington was put in command, with B.-P. as his Chief of Staff. Carrington sailed for South Africa on the 28th April, and B.-P. followed on the 2nd May, on board the *Tantallon Castle* with 480 mounted infantry under Colonel Alderson, who recorded that 'the voyage was a very pleasant, if an uneventful one; we did our best to keep the men fit by arranging for regular exercise for them, getting up athletics, tugs of war, and concerts, Baden-Powell invariably bringing down the house at the latter'.

From Cape Town the party set off at once by rail to Mafeking, and from thence to Bulawayo; this meant a journey of 557 miles by coach, described by B.-P. as 'a regular Buffalo-Bill-Wild-West-Deadwood affair'; they left Mafeking on the 23rd May and reached Bulawayo on the 3rd June 1896.

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The position was far from pleasant. Bulawayo was practically besieged and rations were short. One entry in B.-P.'s diary makes this clear:

Lunch is scarcely a pleasant meal, either to look forward to or look back on, consisting, as it generally does, of hashed leather which has probably got rinderpest, no vegetables, and liquid refreshment at prohibitive prices, that is local beer at two shillings a glass. I live on bread, jam, and coffee, and that costs five shillings a meal and prices are rising. Early this morning I picked up two other fellows and we rode on to inspect the country between the centre and west of the enemy's position. At Jozans' Kraal, about four miles north of the enemy, we stopped to talk, to get news, and to have lunch. Lunch was got for us by our host Jozans as follows: a live sheep was brought and laid before us on some leafy twigs. Its throat was then cut, the liver taken out and fried in an iron bowl. Of this we made our meal without any bread or other concomitants except salt, which was supplied by a human salt cellar for us. We took our salt by dipping each his hunk of meat into the nigger's grimy palm.

So far the local white men with Plumer's Force had managed to keep the rebellion within bounds, but the difficulties of the operations were considerable. Major Callwell in his *Small Wars* (1899 ed.) sums up the problems in the following passage:

The suppression of the rebellion in Southern Rhodesia in 1896 affords an admirable illustration of the right method of dealing with guerrilla warriors of a certain type. The Matabile, conquered and deprived of leadership and cohesion, were not in themselves a formidable fighting race, and they eschewed fighting in the open except on one or two occasions during the prolonged operations; the Mashonas were still less warlike. But the territory affected was of vast extent, the available British forces were small, and certain large tracts of country were singularly well adapted for the display of guerrilla tactics by nimble savages such as were the insurgents. The troops employed to stamp out the revolt were for the most part mounted, but they were assisted by dismounted friendlies. They were broken up by General Carrington into mobile columns, varying in strength according to the task set before them, but often consisting of only a mere handful of men. Although the food supply of these in their rapid movements over great distances sometimes proved a difficulty, the fine climate and open air life rendered all ranks capable of enduring great fatigues and of covering an immense amount of ground within the 24 hours. Some portable guns and maxims were available and accompanied the more important columns, rendering useful service. The principle enforced, and rigidly carried out, was that each column had some definite task to

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perform, and must push through with it in spite of distance and of natural obstacles.

B.-P.'s work as Chief of Staff was heavy. It meant long hours of office work drawing up instructions, and organizing the innumerable details necessary for the carrying out of the general plan of campaign. He was a master at writing precise instructions. Thus Colonel Alderson notes on one occasion, 'Colonel Baden-Powell handed me what must be a quite unique specimen of the *multum in parvo* sort of instructions. They were exactly seven short lines in length, but contained all one wanted to know, and in other things left me a free hand.' But he added to all this the work of scouting for information. At that time the need for accurate scouting, especially in campaigns of the Matabele type, was not fully recognized. There was no corps of scouts available; for a time they had the expert services of Major F. C. Burnham, the famous American scout, who later was to be Chief of Scouts to Lord Roberts. B.-P. described his association with Burnham in the following note:

I was on the staff of General Sir F. Carrington. We had only arrived at Bulawayo a few days previously when on the 5th June, just as we were going to bed, Sir Charles Metcalfe called in with Burnham to report that there was an Army of the enemy close by, not three miles outside the tent. This seemed to be so improbable that we could not believe it even though reported by this celebrated American Scout. However he soon cured any doubts by taking me to the spot and there they were right enough. During the night we collected a force and took them with success at dawn.

After that Burnham and I had several scouting trips together against the Matabele, and in the course of these I learned a lot from him, especially from his experience of the Red Indians and their methods. Owing to his wonderfully quick eye in taking 'sign' whether far away or close by, I gave him the nickname of 'Hawk Eye', and he gave me the name of Sherlock for piecing together the meaning of the sign after he had discovered it. So we worked in close accord with the happiest results.

We only differed in one detail, and that was the pace at which to ride one's horse. He maintained that to walk and go slow saved the horse. I held that to loup fairly fast over the open ground and to halt when under cover was the better way. And neither of us convinced the other.

Many a night B.-P. would spend up in the Matoppo Hills reconnoitring the enemy, and snatching a few hours' sleep before returning to his office work. No wonder the Matabele called him 'Impeesa', the Wolf that never sleeps. On longer expeditions he would have as his companion Jan Grootboom, a Zulu, who was later to play his part in

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bringing Rhodes and the rebels to palaver. On one occasion at least a white man went with B.-P. The account Vere Stent, the war correspondent, wrote of this experience is not without humour.

I next met B.-P. in Matabeleland, where, in 1896, he acted as Chief of Staff to Sir Frederick Carrington, sent by the Imperial Government to suppress the rebellion and restore the authority of the white man at Bulawayo. It was in that campaign that B.-P. developed his instinct for scouting. Wearing soft rubber-soled shoes, he used to spend his nights prowling about the Matoppos, spying on the rebels, calculating their numbers and locating their camping grounds. On four separate occasions he led Plumer's troops to attack rebel strongholds in the hills, and on every occasion he brought us out right on top of the enemy, surprising the Matabele and enabling Plumer to give him what the latter used to describe as 'a good knock'.

One night, after much persuading, he took me with him. We left Plumer's camp at about 9 o'clock. Walking with an easy swing, B.-P. stepped out into the darkness. Soon we were amidst the great giant boulders of the Matoppos, where he seemed completely at home. He led me by a rough footpath on to a kop. Peering over this, we could see, not 500 yards distant, the fires of an impi. Signing to me to be silent, we watched a few minutes and then, on a sign from Baden-Powell, we moved off by another path. 'Never return by the same road you took.' This has become a scouting platitude, but in the Matoppos it was a very necessary precaution. It was with a sigh of relief that I found myself once more safely in Plumer's camp. Once was enough. I never asked to be taken again.

Plumer's tribute may also be recorded:

To me personally he had rendered the most cordial co-operation and assistance, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, and the success of the various operations in the hills was unquestionably due in no small measure to his able reconnoitring, and the wonderful knowledge he had acquired of all the intricacies of the fastnesses of the hills.

Several of the maps which enabled Plumer to get at the rebels were drawn by B.-P. from his own observations; they always proved accurate.

The Matabele Campaign was the first occasion that B.-P. and Plumer were in the field together; they became lifelong friends as a result of the experience.

Occasionally B.-P. would take charge of some operation — for the nature of such warfare meant that simultaneously there might be half a dozen or more actions taking place over a widely scattered area. The following record by a trooper gives an interesting glimpse of one of these skirmishes.

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On our journey up to Mashonaland in 1897 from Bulawayo, we had a deal of trouble with one of the Native Chiefs, who was firmly lodged with his followers in a rocky kopjie. Our Colonel, Harold Paget, sent into Bulawayo for a gun of some sort, and after a while who should come to our little column — about 100 men with native levies — with an old 7 pounder — but Colonel Baden-Powell and the escort, mostly natives. When we first saw him we were rather astonished for he was remarkably dressed. He wore the typical 'Baden-Powell' hat, a blazing red shirt with a large neckerchief, the knot at the back, breeches and leather gaiters, in which was a sort of pocket containing a revolver, so that when mounted on his pony he only had to stoop down to draw a revolver from either leg. Colonel Baden-Powell being posted to our column, and being senior to our Colonel took over command and started to 'smart us up'. The first order was that no man was to take his boots off at night, when we rolled ourselves up in our blankets. To enforce this he used in the middle of the night to come around the sleeping men and tap the bottoms of our blankets with his cane, to see whether we had our boots on or not. We got cunning eventually and used to take off our boots and put them at the bottom of our blanket, so that if they were tapped all would be well.

My absolute personal recollection of the Colonel was this. As usual we camped near water; two or three mornings after he joined us I with others was washing myself at the stream (Spruit) when 'Ye Gods' the 'bloke' next to me was lathering himself with '*scented soap*'.

Being terribly anxious to have a decent wash I asked him for a rub of his soap. 'Certainly,' he said, through the lather on his face, and handed me the cake, and didn't I make much of it. After my wash I looked to see who it was with soap, when lo! and behold it was our new Commandant. I apologized. 'It's quite all right,' he said, 'I hope you enjoyed your wash.' The last I saw of the Colonel was he was sitting on a rock sketching after our skirmish at Enkledoorn where he left us.

An extract from the diary shows that such expeditions could be far from pleasant.

This morning we marched at five, following the course of the river and intending to make a short cut to Shangani River as all maps, though differing in other details, showed this to be possible. However, we did not find it possible. We struck out boldly into the forest and marched along at our best speed which was not very great. Gradually the heat of the day began to affect the horses. Again we were on foot, leading and driving them through the heavy sand, but after going about six miles we saw it would be impossible to reach the Shangani River that day. We had already abandoned two horses and several others seemed to be quite done up. Our only chance now was to hark back to the Gwelo River. Another unpleasant item had been added to our

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experience this morning and that was to find that the carcases of the several Koodoos were lying there which had evidently died of rinderpest, so that there was little hope for us of getting fresh meat by shooting game in this district. I therefore gave orders that one of the horses should be shot, cut up and issued as rations. . . . We halted at midday for our rest and meal during the heat of the day, and this was our menu: weak tea (can't afford it strong); no sugar (we are out of it); a little bread (we have half a pound a day); Irish stew (consisting of a slab of horse boiled in muddy water with a pinch of rice and a half pinch of pea flour); salt, none. For a plate I used one of my gaiters . . . Then on again . . . on and on till past midnight; and by one in the morning we reckoned we had done about 8 miles. But we ought, according to the map, to have struck the Shangani long ere this. But no Shangani nor any sign of it was in sight, so calling a halt, I told Poore to rest the men and horses while Gielgud, who was an old American Scout, and I went ahead to see if we could find the river within a reasonable distance. . . . On and on we went until we calculated we had done another nine miles, but never a sign of water. The moon was then getting low and we agreed that the only thing to be done was to turn back while there was yet sufficient light to see the track to rejoin the patrol and to turn them back once more to the Gwelo River. We had not gone very far on our way back when the moon went down and left us in the dark. But it only wanted a quarter of an hour to dawn, so we made a fire and boiled our cocoa in the rest of the water which we had in our water bottles, and in the course of the operation I fell fast asleep. Then on again but without much hope of success. . . . Poor Gielgud was now asleep on his horse. I was leading the way back and his horse following mine wearily, when I chanced to notice on the ground the place where a buck had been scratching in the sand. I thought to myself that he would not scratch there for nothing, so dismounting I continued the scratching with my hands and after digging for some time I came to damp ground and a little deeper the water began to ooze in. Then I saw two pigeons fly up from behind a rock a short distance from me and going there I found a little pool of water. . . . An hour later we had got our party there, off saddled for the day, and here I am under my blanket shelter — a scorching hot day, flies innumerable which are stopping all our efforts to sleep and the prospect of another night march before us.

One of the flying-columns B.-P. led was against Uwini, one of the witch-doctors of the M'Limo, who had taken refuge with a band of warriors in a group of kopjes with the usual maze of caves and underground passages. Early in the fight Uwini was captured, and B.-P. decided to court-martial him at once. He was condemned and immediately executed. As a result Uwini's followers surrendered and undoubtedly

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the loss of many more lives was thus prevented. But the High Commissioner at the Cape took exception to B.-P.'s action and ordered Sir Frederick Carrington to have his Chief Staff Officer arrested and tried by court-martial. In place of this extreme measure Carrington set up a Court of Enquiry which, after investigating the circumstances fully, acquitted B.-P. on the grounds that 'the military exigencies of the circumstances in which Lt.-Colonel Baden-Powell found himself at the time of Uwini's capture were such as to call for strong measures, and subsequent events have clearly proved that the prompt punishment at his own stronghold, of Uwini, as a powerful and notorious instigator of crime and rebellion, exercised a very wholesome influence on the surrounding district and undoubtedly expedited its final pacification'.

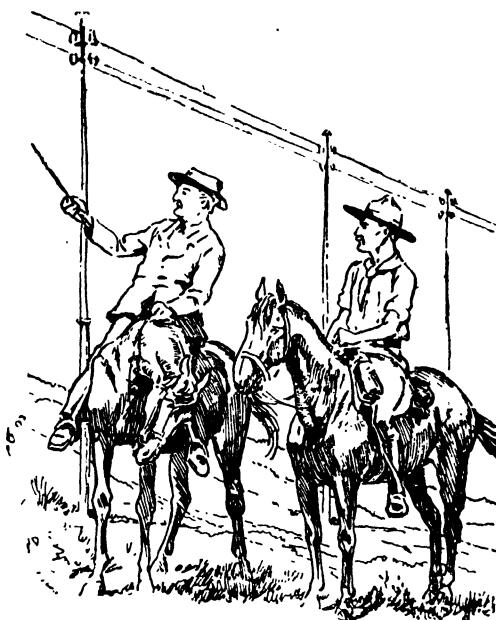
In one action in Mashonoland B.-P. displayed that skill in bluff for which he gained such a reputation. The following account is taken from Major Callwell's *Small Wars* (1899 ed.):

Lt.-Colonel Baden-Powell's capture of Wedza's stronghold towards the close of the Rhodesian operations of 1896, is another excellent example [of deceiving the enemy]. It would be hard to find a better example of bluffing the enemy in campaigns of this class. The stronghold consisted of several kraals perched almost on the crest of a mountain some three miles long, which was joined to a range by a neck. While the defenders numbered several hundreds, the entire British force only amounted to 120 — the original plan had been for another column to co-operate in the attack, but this was unable to do so. Colonel Baden-Powell commenced operations by sending 25 mounted men to the neck with orders to act as though they were ten times as strong; the guns were to bombard the crest, and the rest of the force, some hussars, were to demonstrate against the outer end of the mountain and against the back of it. After some desultory skirmishing the mounted infantry pushed their way up to the point designated, leaving horses below with seven horse holders; but the enemy began to assemble in force and to seriously threaten the hill party.

Colonel Baden-Powell perceiving their somewhat critical position, sent to the guns and hussars to make a diversion. But these had been unexpectedly delayed on the road and were not yet at hand, so he took the seven horse holders and with them moved round in rear of the position; then, scattering the men, he ordered magazine fire so as to give the idea that there was a considerable attacking force on this side. The ruse was completely successful. The rebels who had been pressing over towards the neck hastily spread themselves all over the mountain, and the arrival of the rest of the troops at this juncture completed the illusion. The hussars moved round the mountain, and were dispersed to a certain extent so as to represent as strong a force as possible and to

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impress the enemy. It was decided that no assault should be delivered that day; but the deception practised by the assailants was carefully kept up during the night. Fires were lighted at intervals round a great part



RHODES' AND B.-P.

of the mountain, which were fed by moving patrols, and the men forming these patrols had orders to discharge their rifles from time to time at different points. Everything was done to make Wedza and his followers believe that a whole army was arrayed against them; and the next day the kraals were captured with ease, most of the enemy having slipped off in the darkness.

It was during one of these expeditions that B.-P. came into possession of a koodoo horn which — with Dinuzulu's necklace — was to play a part in the future. He had followed up some parties of the enemy into the Somabula Forest, and surprised their headquarters in the bush. In their hurry to escape, the leaders left behind them a koodoo horn which was used to call their men together and to give the alarm. B.-P. brought the horn home, and twelve years later it was to be used for a very different purpose.

The story of the conclusion of the Matabele Rebellion — apart from the troubles in Mashonaland which dragged on for some months — is

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well known. In August Jan Grootboom, the scout, found that there was a disposition for peace amongst the Matabele leaders. When Rhodes heard this he sent Grootboom to them to suggest an Indaba. After some delay, this was agreed to, and Rhodes accompanied by Dr. Sauer, Captain Colenbrander and Vere Stent, the war correspondent, went out unarmed to meet the leaders. The discussions went on for some hours, but at length terms were agreed upon, and the rebellion was at an end. During this period B.-P. was down with dysentery, and so he missed these negotiations. One comment he made later was that the Indaba 'has been made by some of Cecil Rhodes's biographers a rather more dramatic affair than the actual facts of the case warranted'. Here it may be noted that none of his references to Rhodes was made in that vein of fulsome praise which was so common at that time. He respected Rhodes as an Empire Builder, but there were reservations, probably due to the fact that B.-P. was not interested in high finance or sharp commercialism.

The Matabele Rebellion was not a big affair, but it meant a great deal in B.-P.'s training as a scout. This comes out very clearly in his account, *The Matabele Campaign*, published in 1897. The book was based on the letter-diaries sent regularly to his mother and is illustrated with many of his own sketches. In some ways it is the best of his writings; it is very readable and is full of life. He urges in it the importance of scout training in the army. In one letter he wrote:

There should have been no reason for my going out to get information in this way had we had reliable native spies or fully trained white scouts. But we find that these friendly natives are especially useless, as they have neither the pluck nor the energy for the work, and at best are given to exaggerating and lying; and our white scouts, though keen and plucky as lions, have never been trained in the necessary intricacies of mapping and reporting. Thus, it has now fallen to my lot to be employed on these most interesting little expeditions.

Under present conditions we, staff and special service officers, have to turn our hand to every kind of job as occasion demands, and one man has to do the ordinary work of half a dozen different offices. It is as though, the personnel of a railway having been suddenly reduced by influenza or other plague just when the bank holiday traffic was on, a few trained staff were got from another company temporarily to work it. We find a number of porters, station-masters, cleaners, firemen, etc., available, but we have to put in a lot of odd work ourselves to make the thing run; at one minute doing the traffic management, at the next driving an engine, here superintending clearing-house business, then acting as pointsman, and so on.

But he certainly had no personal regrets in being forced to do much of

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the scouting himself, for what he learned was to be the basis of much of his later achievement. One or two passages will bring out the character of the work.

A small instance will show my meaning as to what information can be read from trifling signs.

The other day, when out with my native scout, we came on a few downtrodden blades of common grass; this led us on to footprints in a sandy patch of ground. They were those of women or boys (judging from the size) on a long journey (they wore sandals), going towards the Matoppos. Suddenly my boy gave a 'How!' of surprise, and ten yards off the track he picked up a leaf — it was the leaf of a tree that did not grow about here, but some ten or fifteen miles away; it was damp, and smelt of Kaffir beer. "From these signs it was evident that women had been carrying beer from the place where the trees grew towards the Matoppos (they stuff up the mouth of the beer-pots with leaves), and they had passed this way at four in the morning (a strong breeze had been blowing about that hour, and the leaf had evidently been blown ten yards away). This would bring them to the Matoppos about five o'clock. The men would not delay to drink up the fresh beer, and would by this time be very comfortable, not to say half-stupid, and the reverse of on the *qui vive*; so that we were able to go and reconnoitre more nearly with impunity — all on the strength of information given by bruised grass and a leaf. . . .

But, as I have said above, such reconnaissance can often be carried out the most effectually by single reconnoiters or scouts. And a peace training of such men is very important.

Without special training a man cannot have a thorough confidence in himself as a scout, and without an absolute confidence in himself, it is not of the slightest use for a man to think of going out to scout.

Development of the habits of noting details and of reasoning inductively constitute the elements of the required training. This can be carried out equally in the most civilized as in the wildest countries — although for its complete perfecting a wild country is preferable. It is to a large extent the development of the science of woodcraft in a man — that is, the art of noticing smallest details, and of connecting their meaning, and thus gaining a knowledge of the ways and doings of your quarry; the education of your 'eye-for-a-country'; and the habit of looking out on your own account. Once these have become, from continual practice, a second nature to a man, he has but to learn the more artificial details of what is required to report, and the best method of doing so, to become a full-fledged scout.

We English have the talent of woodcraft and the spirit of adventure and independence already inborn in our blood to an extent to which no other nationality can lay claim, and therefore among our soldiers

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we ought to find the best material in the world for scouts. Were we to take this material and rightly train it in that art whose value has been denoted in the term 'half the battle', we ought to make up in useful men much of our deficiency in numbers.

Houdini, the conjurer, educated the prehensibility of his son's mind by teaching him, in progressive lessons, to be able to recapitulate the contents of a shop window after a single look at it; there is the first stage of a scout's training, viz. the habit of noticing details. The second, 'inductive reasoning', or the putting together of this and that detail so noticed, and deducing their correct meaning, is best illustrated in the *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*.

One other result may be noted; the veldt had captured him and for the rest of his life he recurrently felt the need for getting on to it again. This feeling is well expressed in the following passage:

11th September. — My anniversary of joining Her Majesty's Service, 1876–1896—twenty years. I always think more of this anniversary than of that of my birth, and I could not picture a more enjoyable way of spending it. I am here, out in the wilds, with three troopers. They are all Afrikanders, that is, Colonial born, one an ex-policeman, another a mining engineer (went to England with me in 1889 on board the *Mexican*), the third an electrical engineer from Johannesburg — all of them good men on the veldt, and good fighting men. We are nearly eighty miles from Bulawayo and thirty from the nearest troops. I have rigged up a shelter from the sun with my blanket, a rock, and a thorn-bush; thirteen thousand flies are unfortunately staying with me, and are awfully attentive.

One of us is always on the look-out by night and by day. Our stock of food, crockery, cooking utensils, and bedding does not amount to anything much, as we carry it all on our saddles.

Once, not very long ago, at an afternoon 'At Home', I was handing a cup of tea to an old dowager, who bridled up in a mantle with bugles and beads, and someone noticed that in doing so my face wore an absent look, and I was afterwards asked where my thoughts were at that time. I could only reply that 'My mind was a blank, with a single vision in it, lower half yellow, upper half blue', in other words, the yellow veldt of South Africa, topped with the blue South African sky. Possibly the scent of the tea had touched some memory chord which connected it with my black tin billy, steaming among the embers of a wood fire; but whatever it was then, my vision is to-day a reality. I am looking out on the yellow veldt and the blue sky; the veldt with its grey, hazy clumps of thorn bush is shimmering in the heat, and its vast expanse is only broken by the gleaming white sand of the river bed and the green reeds and bushes which fringe its banks. (Interruption: Stand to the tent! A 'Devil', with its roaring pillar of dust and leaves,

comes tearing by.) I used to think that the novelty of the thing would wear off, that these visions of the veldt would fade away as civilized life grew upon me. But they didn't. They came again at most inopportune moments: just when I ought to be talking 'The World', or 'Truth', or 'Modern Society' (with the cover removed), and making my reputation as a 'sensible, well-informed man, my dear', with the lady in the mantle, somebody in the next room has mentioned the word saddle, or rifle, or billy, or some other attribute of camp life, and off goes my mind at a tangent to play with its toys. Old Oliver Wendell Holmes is only too true when he says that most of us are 'boys all our lives'; we have our toys, and will play with them with as much zest at eighty as at eight, that in their company we can never grow old. I can't help it if my toys take the form of all that has to do with the veldt life, and if they remain my toys till I drop —

'Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its grey,
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May;
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys.'

May it not be that our toys are the various media adapted to individual tastes through which men may know their God?

As Ramakrishna Paramahansa writes: 'Many are the names of God and infinite the forms that lead us to know of Him. In whatsoever name or form you desire to know Him, in that very name and form you will know Him.'

By Christmas Day they were back at the Cape. They sailed at the beginning of January and the party included Cecil Rhodes and his strongest critic Olive Schreiner, bringing with her the manuscript of *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland* which gave a very different view of white man and black from the accepted one.

A journalist on board contributed to the *Sketch* in later years an account of B.-P.'s activities during the voyage. The following passage shows that other side of his personality which nothing could suppress for long. The journalist had been given the task of getting up a concert.

Knowing of the Colonel's reputation as an entertainer, I hastened to him first of all. I remember he was sitting at a little table, surrounded with maps, sketches, and plans, and reams of foolscap — the foundation, as I learnt after, of his book on the Matabele campaign. 'Oh, yes!' he said; 'put me down for a musical sketch. Eh? Title? Oh, I don't know anything about the title yet!' So I had to be content, and after all, it was a good start — 'Colonel Baden-Powell, Musical Sketch'.

The following night came the concert. Packed house; all local celebrities, etc. Colonel Baden-Powell appeared in the second half of the programme. I happened to be sitting near him at the interval, and

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asked him if he had thought of a title for his sketch. 'Oh, I haven't the remotest idea what it's going to be about even!' he replied, laughing. 'But it will come presently.' It did. The next turn was a song entitled 'I am a Nervous Man'. I don't think the song was funny — in fact, I have not the remotest idea what it was about; but I do remember yelling ferociously for an encore, in order to give the Colonel — as a committee-man, my trump-card — a chance to think of his sketch. But it was no use, the encore was not forthcoming, and the would-be funny man retired. 'Next item on programme, Colonel Baden-Powell.' A roar of applause (he always was popular), and the Colonel quietly rose and walked to the piano.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I see here on the programme, "Colonel Baden-Powell, Musical Sketch", but no title. This I regret I have been unable to supply before; but, to tell you the truth — er — I have only just thought of it! With the permission of the artist who has just preceded me, the title of my sketch will be "I am a Nervous Man!"' And for twenty minutes, with songs, imitations, stories, etc., the man who is now world-famed as the Defender of Mafeking kept that saloon, packed full of first, second, and third class passengers, in one continual roar of laughter and applause.

VI. INDIA AGAIN

DURING leave in England, before rejoining the 13th Hussars in Dublin, B.-P. was busy completing the writing of *The Matabele Campaign*. He spent part of the time with his brother, Sir George, who had staying with him Fridtjof Nansen. A year before Nansen had arrived in Norway from his 'Farthest-North' expedition and it was in Sir George's yacht *Otaria* that he had received the news that the *Fram* was safe. B.-P. was amused at the great number of requests for autographs which were daily showered on Nansen, and thought him 'rather a bear' for refusing to waste his time signing his name. In after years B.-P. himself was to experience the attentions of autograph hunters and to condemn them as public nuisances.

A note to one of the Lucknow 'girls' is dated 12th February 1897:

Thank you so much for your note of kind welcome. I was sorry not to see you the other day — but one of these days I mean to come and grin at you in your own home. Fancy you having a home of your own indeed! I never heard such nonsense. Still, I'll come and humour it one of these days.

Yes, I am hiding here most successfully and enjoying the quiet and the freedom of it all. I've got my book very nearly finished after five days' work.

For his services in Matabeleland, he was promoted Brevet-Colonel; this created an anomalous position for he was now senior in rank to his own commanding officer. It was therefore not surprising that he was soon offered the command of another cavalry regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, then stationed in India. It was not easy to leave the regiment he had served for twenty-one years; an attempt to slip away was frustrated by the men of his squadron who made his journey to the station a triumphant procession.

He was now faced with the delicate task of taking command of a regiment in which he himself had not served. A former adjutant of the 5th Dragoon Guards records:

We all soon felt the influence of the 'new broom'. But what a nice broom he was. He has told me since how he had dreaded his first meeting with all the officers of his new regiment. In those days it was not always comfortable to be promoted into another regiment, but we took him to our hearts at once.

The recollections of one subaltern explain in part the ease with which the new Colonel was accepted.

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He was promoted to the command of my old regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, in the late '90s. I was at the time in the Western Soudan and did not meet him until my return to London, when he evidently thought he would like a look at me and invited me to dine at his club. I was otherwise engaged and could not accept but sent him a telegram to ask if he would have supper with me at the New Lyric club instead at about midnight.

The New Lyric was perhaps rather a mixed club where young subalterns with contingents from the old Gaiety Theatre and elsewhere used to foregather at a late hour and have light refreshments and sing-songs.

On second thoughts I was not too sure that it was quite the invitation that a young subaltern ought to have extended to his commanding officer, so I hastily collected some choice spirits to help me through if he should arrive — not knowing him I was more inclined to expect a rebuff.

B.-P. turned up smiling, entered entirely into the spirit of the thing even to obliging with a song himself and, in the way he had with him which so many thousands were to know, quite carried us off our legs so that before parting in the small hours we all felt ready to do anything for, or go anywhere with, him.

By chance two fellow-travellers have recorded memories of the voyage out to India in the spring of 1897 when B.-P. joined the *Britannia* at Brindisi.

A lady who was making her first voyage out with her husband writes:

I well remember that it was Colonel, as he was then, Baden-Powell's presence on the ship that helped to make our voyage enjoyable. I have one or two entries in my diary, 'Sat with X (my husband) and Colonel Baden-Powell talking most of the evening'. We had a number of young fellows straight from Sandhurst and other subalterns too going out for the first time, and my husband told me that Colonel Baden-Powell's sympathy and interest in them was wonderful and made all the difference to them.

One of the subalterns writes:

B.-P. was going to India to command a Dragoon Cavalry Regiment. The voyage to India in those days was a lengthy matter. B.-P. had recently taken part in the Matabele Campaign. I shall never forget his extreme kindness to me in showing me his numerous notebooks complete with sketches about that Campaign and explaining it to me in detail. I have never forgotten the lessons he taught me about the importance of night work, observation and attention to detail. Those lessons bore fruit, as when I was a very junior officer I was appointed to raise and train scouts for my Division.

He was busily engaged in designing a Poster in colour of Troopers of an Hussar regiment — one of that date and the other 100 years previously — which he had been asked to do for the Royal Military Tournament. I often watched him doing it and he told me it was very difficult as he was only allowed three primary colours.

I had long talks with him about the African situation and the forthcoming Boer War. He told me that the Government had said that 10,000 men were sufficient but that he had told them most earnestly that at least 50,000 would be required and that they had laughed at him. We eventually had about 250,000! . . .

B.-P. was an extraordinarily modest man, far from asserting and advertising himself as some people made out in after years. He, I remember well, had to be pressed and asked to do things which he did out of pure kindness of heart as he was very busy at the time. In fact all my life I have seldom met anyone with his exceptional kindness, thoughtfulness and giving help to others.

A subaltern of another regiment records a typical incident of B.-P.'s early days with his new regiment.

In 1897 I was a subaltern of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, quartered at Muttra N.W.P. (as it was then), India.

Colonel Baden-Powell had just taken over the command of the 5th Dragoon Guards who were stationed at Meerut.

He very kindly invited us subalterns to come to Meerut for a race meeting week held there in the cold weather, November 1897. We had a very jolly time and during the week a music-hall entertainment (a 'Gaff') was given by the regiments and gunners who were at Meerut, which was then a big military cantonment. One of the items of an excellent programme was down as a song by Private Brown of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Private Brown duly came on the stage. A dismal looking, lantern jawed, black haired gentleman in the uniform of a trooper in the regiment. He began singing a dreary ballad, but as verse succeeded verse, got more and more out of tune until a most appalling discord between the singer and the accompaniment resulted. Whereat Private Brown was howled down by the audience on the back benches, soldiers of the various regiments in the station. I was sitting next to Gillman, a subaltern of the Royal Horse Artillery (afterwards General Sir Webb Gillman, Master General of the Ordnance). After the hooting and cat-calling stopped, Private Brown came down to the footlights and commenced a stump speech, the burden of which was that it was a shame to shout and yell at a comrade who was doing his best to amuse the audience, and he'd report it to the General Officer commanding the station, his Colonel, and much more to that effect, all given out in a loud, much injured, doleful voice. All of a sudden Gillman jumped up and shouted 'By jove, it's B.-P.!' And so it was. And amid vociferous

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applause 'Private Brown' kept the house rocking with laughter for a rare good turn.

At this period Winston Churchill was a subaltern in the 4th Hussars, and he had gained for himself a reputation for irrepressible high spirits, not only in his own regiment but beyond it. In a hard-fought polo match between the 5th Dragoon Guards and the 4th Hussars, during a moment of silence and expectation, Churchill greatly amused the spectators by shouting out angrily, 'Don't talk to me, talk to the Umpire!' That night during the concert, B.-P. made good use of this exclamation, much to the delight of the audience and of Churchill himself, who, as B.-P. said, was like a rubber ball, the more you tried to jump on him the higher he bounded.

Such behaviour by the Colonel of a crack cavalry regiment must have upset many sticklers for dignity, but then B.-P. was never unduly concerned about his dignity, though no man could be more impressive when occasion demanded. The 'gamin' was only one aspect of his nature; his devotion to his officers and men, and the long hours of hard work he gave to his profession, made it possible for him to play the fool without any loss of prestige, however puzzling it must have been to more orthodox soldiers.

A note from Meerut dated the 3rd June 1897 shows that he was fully aware of the doubts his conduct raised.

Yes, I am now settled down here and supremely happy in my new surroundings, though it does upset some of their notions of the gravity expected of a full colonel, that I play polo and go pigsticking whenever I can make the chance.

It was an awful cut-up to leave the old 13th, but I am already getting reconciled to it — except the kit — I somehow feel a bit lost in that.

In giving great care to the welfare of his men, B.-P. was following the policy of Wolseley and Roberts. His natural inclination was further stimulated by observing what Smith-Dorrien had achieved. On the way to a tiger-hunting expedition in Nepal, B.-P. had to wait for a few days at Bareilly where Smith-Dorrien's regiment was then stationed. But much can be noted in a few days, and the visitor later wrote of Smith-Dorrien:

He was hard at work for the welfare of his men, working up their coffee-shop and canteen comforts and his cycling club, through which they could develop health and amusement. I was glad of the chance of seeing how he worked these things, and I afterwards cribbed many of his ideas for doing the same in my own regiment. In fact I arranged, then and there, for the purchase of a dozen bicycles towards starting our regimental biking club, which was afterwards an enormous success, because we developed it into a despatch-riding unit, which effected a

great saving of horseflesh and became a most efficient means of carrying out communications for service.

In a short time he had set on foot various methods of improving the soldier's life. Entertainments of all kinds were encouraged; a pleasant refreshment room was provided, and in his campaign against heavy beer-drinking, he allowed the men to have a pint with their dinners; he rightly argued that it was better for them to drink their beer at a meal than to go off afterwards to the canteen and drink just for the sake of drinking. In fact, so successful were his efforts that the time came when he had to present a pair of white gloves to the Canteen Steward because not a soldier visited the canteen in twenty-four hours. B.-P. knew that the chief enemy was boredom, and his schemes for bringing new interests into the lives of his men even included suggestions for keeping their wives occupied! A fellow officer recorded with astonishment this incident during a railway journey to Delhi one July.

The heat was something indescribable: we were both sitting in light and airy costume, I myself being content with reading some volume of light literature between intervals of the sleep of exhaustion. I noticed that B.-P. was intent upon making some sketches during the greater part of the journey, and I could not help wondering what serious subject engrossed his mind in such trying weather. He was occupied in designing subjects suitable for embroidery to be done by the wives of the men of his regiment!

The health of the men was a matter of constant concern. Disease took a heavy toll of the soldiers in India at that period, and B.-P. with his usual thoroughness tried to find causes and so prevent illness. Here is his account of the methods employed.

In India enteric fever is far more deadly in its results than cholera used to be, and, although it is not so startling in its action, it kills a far greater number of men in the course of the year. It has therefore been the aim of all officers to endeavour to save their men from this scourge. The men themselves, trained in the ordinary Board School education in England, had absolutely no idea of looking after their own health, and had to be treated almost like children in the matter of warning against things that were bad for them. Had they possessed some knowledge of hygiene and sanitation some 50 per cent of the sickness and a large number of lives might have been saved.

In our regiment, as in most others, we took very strong precautions against disease among the men. For the two years during which we were in one station I kept a constant record of the number of cases of enteric, each day, week, and month, noting with them the direction of the wind, state of barometer, and the particular barrack in which cases

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occurred; and of the respective barracks I took note of the height of the flooring above ground, the nature of the roofing, whether thatched or tiled, the dryness or dampness of weather and ground, and upon these observations we got some quite useful and suggestive information.

We came to the conclusion in the regiment that probably a good deal of disease was caused by the men being careless what they ate and drank when out walking in the native town away from barracks. Therefore we started for their benefit a bakery, under white supervision, where they could get all the cakes and tarts which were dear to them; also we had our own soda-water factory, where lemonade, gingerbeer, and other fancy drinks were manufactured from the cleanest materials; and we started our own dairy to insure that the milk, cream, and butter should be prepared in the cleanest possible way and free from all chance of contamination. In spite of all these precautions there was still a certain amount of disease in the regiment, so in addressing the men on the subject I suggested that the experiment should be made of seeing whether the disease actually came from their going about in the native city. I pointed out that they were grown-up men and not children, and I should not therefore *order* the city to be out of bounds for them, but I thought it would be wise if they tried the experiment of not going there for a fortnight, and if no further cases of sickness occurred it would show that the disease originated there. A few days after this one of the men was admitted to hospital badly bruised and knocked about, but he refused to give the cause of the injury. It afterwards transpired that he had gone down into the native quarter, and the other men on hearing of it had given him a bit of their mind!

He was a great believer in work as a cure for most troubles. This was not too popular a doctrine in the army at that period. Sir George Arthur, who was first commissioned in 1880, comments on this in his *Not Worth Reading*. 'Professional zeal had been at a discount, military history had been for the most part a closed book, any question as to strategy or tactics in the mess-room was liable to a fine, and the junior officer might frankly admit that any intimate knowledge of Waterloo was confined to the station from which to travel to Sandown or Aldershot.' Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, who himself rose from the ranks, bears this out. 'Pipeclay, antiquated and useless forms of drill, blind obedience to orders, ramrodlike rigidity on parade, and similar time-honoured practices were the chief qualifications by which the regiment was judged.' And of the low-standing of the men, he writes, 'The fault lay not merely so much with the men — who were good fellows at heart — as with the authorities who neglected to provide them with congenial means of recreation, to place greater trust in their self-respect, and generally to call forth the better part of their nature.'

INDIA AGAIN

B.-P. not only set an example himself of hard work and professional study, but he deliberately aimed at encouraging initiative and enterprise in all ranks. He later summarized his method in a note written to an officer stationed in India in 1930.

1. The giving of *responsibility* to the N.C.O.s (down to the Lance-Corporals).
2. Making the training *enjoyable* to the men. I went possibly rather further (than you) in this direction — but it paid and paid handsomely.

Keeping the men in permanent small units, and these units in competition with one another, whether in the field or in barracks roused their keenness and raised the level of efficiency all round.

A former officer of the regiment supplied the following note:

I think that I found the confidence he placed in those he had to deal with, made him more beloved than anything else, and I cannot bring to mind a single instance in which his instinct ever failed him. I remember particularly the way he dealt with one of the young officers who had a bad name as a soldier and took no interest in soldiering. B.-P. soon after he took over command, sent for this young man and placed him in a position of considerable responsibility. The officer was so surprised at being thought fit to undertake the work that he became a changed character, and nothing could exceed his zeal for the task given him. The effect lasted, for in the South African War he obtained a Brevet Majority for good work performed under difficult circumstances with the Scouts of the regiment. I never saw B.-P. lose his temper or do anything hastily which would have to be repented later. He took men as he found them, and had that great and good gift of getting the best out of them without having recourse to disciplinary methods. Officers and men would do anything for him. I know no one who had a greater influence for good than he had. By his consideration of the wants of his subordinates, by his sense of justice, he earned their devotion and gratitude.

It was in Scouting in particular that he found the means of training his men in self-reliance. He began systematic instruction and practices, and he obtained permission for men who qualified to wear the Scout badge — the fleur-de-lis on the north point of the compass — on their uniforms. The effect of this simple device was astonishing; men were eager to win the privilege of wearing the badge, and the gaining of it was sufficient reward. It is now of course a recognized practice to award such distinctive badges for many specialized branches of army training.

B.-P. himself gave the lectures, and devised the practical training; this took the form of day and night operations, sending out men singly or in

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pad elephant to the one with a howdah, he is run alongside, and as the two roll together you step on board just as from a tender to a ship. When the elephant is moving about the jungle, as you stand in your howdah, you feel just as if you were standing on the bridge of a steamer. B.-P.'s longest trip while in India was a month's holiday in Kashmir. Most of the time he was alone except for his dog Jack and his native servants; part of the journey was on the River Jhelum in a doonga, and his record of the trip shows the familiar keenness in the observation of people and places, of manners and customs. He spent much time sketching and he brought back some of the most attractive of his water-colours. His colouring was fresh with no attempt at detail, but giving broad effects of light and shade.

He describes his river routine as follows:

Getting under weigh in the morning was a beautifully simple operation. The usual routine was that I awoke about daybreak, the crew then being at their prayers, with one eye on Heaven, the other on me. As soon as I rolled out of bed their prayers came to an end, my bed was handed into the doonga, and before I had well started my toilet on board, the mooring pegs had been pulled up and we were under weigh. The kitchen boat presently ranged up alongside, and my chota-hazri was brought on board. After which Jack and I landed and walked for a couple of hours. Then came a tub, clean flannels and breakfast, and subsequently a settling down for the day.

The verandah of my doonga was a charming place on which to spend a happy day; I could sit there for hours and enjoy watching the view continually changing. Jack also liked lying with his head over the side, peering down into the water. So little did I like the idea of ending this ideal boat-life that I gave orders to the crew that they were to go slowly, and still further delay the inevitable.

Spear-fishing was his one sport while on the river. When he took to road and path, a suitable routine was mapped out.

When the morning star begins to wane in the coming dawn I would wake up and shout: 'James.' Jack, who has watched for this, would immediately jump on to my bed, stretch himself and go to sleep again. So would I — for about seven minutes.

Then James hands in a plate of grapes and disappears. All my servants had, after a painful amount of drilling, got into the way of doing what I want and *nothing more*, and then disappearing again, instead of their usual system of fiddling about eye-serving. While I am at the grapes, and Jack at the skins, the bearer would be putting my hot water and washing-things ready outside. Then I up and dress, by which time the table, which stands on a big waterproof sheet as carpet out in the open, is laid with cocoa, eggs, and toast.

During breakfast the tents have been struck and packed up and sent off on their road, as well as all the other kit. Every carrier knows his own load, picks out his things directly they are available, packs them up, and off he goes. One man waits to take the table, chair, carpet, and tea-things. The whole thing is done in about fifteen minutes and *not a word is spoken*.

My tiffin-basket is really a tea-basket; it has a kettle and a spirit-lamp which enables me to make my own tea. It has quite sufficient storage for what food I want. I have added to its equipment an aluminium cigar-case which holds toast or biscuits, and an old tooth-powder box containing salt and pepper mixed.

My tiffin man also carries a clean shirt and a change of chaplis and socks, and therein lies my secret of walking, viz. a change of footgear. I was known at Charterhouse for playing football with two pair of boots, one pair on, the other in waiting ready to be changed into at half-time. I always consider a change of footgear the most important item in a long walk.

Later there was bear-hunting, and his diary gives the impression that he was far more interested in tracking and observing bears than in the actual killing. Such notes as the following are frequent:

Nothing in particular happened during the next few days. It rained and I enjoyed the seclusion of my tent with a jolly big fire at the door. Then we had another bear-drive and I admired the clouds rolling up the mountains and the yellow and lilac country below; but there were no bears. I also did some reading, including Colonel French's lectures on Cavalry Manœuvres and Henderson's *Strategy and its Teaching*, just to remind me that I was a soldier as well as a vagabond. Then I had to do a little doctoring. Poor Jack was suffering from a bad eye. I really thought he had lost it from a thorn or something. I bathed it with tea, and afterwards with a lead lotion, and it got better and Jack began to enjoy life again.

How far can one see a man? From my position on the ridge one day, looking on to the Liddar, I could see a bridge over it, and two or three people crossing it at different times. My shikari has good sight, but could only see the piers of the bridge, and said the roadway had, he thought, been carried away by the floods. I bet him a rupee it was there. My field glasses proved that I was right. With them I could even see which way the planks of the roadway were laid! I had also pointed out some cattle which he and his assistant could not at first see. Then we had a match at counting them, wherein we ran a dead heat; but I eventually won the competition in an underhand way by spotting the herdsman in charge of the cattle. We all looked in vain for him till I noticed a bush on the hillside above the cattle, and I Sherlock-Holmesed that the man would like to be in the shade and, at the same time, in a position commanding a view of his charges, so I made a shot

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at it, and said he was by the bush: and when we turned the glasses on we found I was correct. The distance according to the map was apparently over three miles.

Again I sat up, a whole night this time, for bears; but without result. The shikari became very unhappy, and to humour him I had to simulate great anger. I did not really care a bit, I was getting good exercise and splendid views, which was all I wanted; but I could not explain this to the shikari, and anger was my only alternative.

An accident to one of the beaters resulted in B.-P. acquiring an embarrassing reputation as a doctor.

On the way down one of the beaters slipped and dislocated his shoulder. He was brought to me just outside the ziarat. I laid him on his back and took off my right chapli, as it was his right arm that was out. The crowd, eager to help, dashed at my other chapli and had that off too. I sat down by him, as if for American cock-fighting, stuck my heel into his arm-pit, and then pulled tug-of-war with his arm, while the shikari held him down. He did not like it, poor chap, but in a moment it was all over, the arm came in with a click. The crowd cheered, he fainted, his mother sobbed. Then there came a discussion as to whether he was not dead: then they began to get excited and not to like me any more, but in the midst of it he sat up looking very sheepish at finding himself all right and not half the hero he had been a minute before. Afterwards I gave him some Jacob's oil to rub on the shoulder, and castor — well, no, I was beginning to run short of that, so I let him off it.

Although I only undislocated the arm at 5 p.m. in the afternoon, the next morning, before I went to the mountain at 7 a.m., poor creatures were coming in to be cured of their various ailments. My fame as a doctor had already spread. They were beyond laughter and treating with castor-oil.

One note is of considerable importance for it marks the conception of the book *Aids to Scouting* which was to have such astonishing effects.

When bear driving there are long waits while the beaters are getting to their places. It suddenly occurred to me one day to write a book on Scouting. So during these waits I jotted down in my note-book first heads for chapters, and finally subjects of paragraphs. In a very short time I had finished it, ready for a shorthand writer to take down from dictation. Thus I killed two birds with one stone: I got on paper what I had long wanted to put before my men, and which brought me later the price of a polo-pony.

In May 1899 he sailed for England on leave, happy in the Commander-in-Chief's praise of the efficiency of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Actually it was his farewell to regimental life, but in his two years as commander he had achieved much and learned much.

VII. 'AIDS TO SCOUTING'

MENTION has several times been made of B.-P.'s contributions to the Press, both as author and as artist. In addition to records of experiences, which were published in such journals as *Badminton*, *Blackwood's* and the *Cornhill*, he did much occasional journalism. In 1896, for instance, he contributed a series of illustrated articles to the *Daily Graphic* under the title 'My Hats'; these were of a reminiscent character. They were later republished in *The Greyfriar*, a quarterly 'Chronicle in Black and White by Carthusians' which was founded in 1884. This was at that time a most unusual journal for a school; it was designed to encourage original work with pen and pencil, and work from past and present pupils was happily mixed. B.-P. was a faithful contributor, and some of his liveliest articles and sketches appeared in its pages.

The initial urge for this journalism was the need, as has been said, for supplementing the meagre income of a subaltern, but there was something more in it than that. Like most people with an artist's visual memory, he felt the need for recording on paper not only his experiences but his ideas and practical knowledge. One result was the series of small military handbooks which he wrote — he was indeed one of the pioneers of a type of instructive manual with which we are all now familiar.

The first was an *aide-mémoire* entitled *On Vedette* (1883) which is chiefly notable as an early example of his ability to organize information in a memorable form; this was followed in 1884 by *Reconnaissance and Scouting*, described on the title-page as 'A practical course of instruction, in twenty plain lessons'. The ideas and general scheme of the book were to be more fully developed with experience, but even in this early form the outline of his future work in Scouting, both for military and for boy training purposes, can be clearly seen. His method of presentation was always the same; general ideas are briefly expressed and are then supported by instances drawn from his own experience, or from the experience of others, or from books. Thus he advises his readers to study from *Life on the Mississippi* how Mark Twain learnt the art of piloting a steamer, as a study in the value of observation. 'Observation' is indeed a key-word to the understanding of his distinctive methods of training. Its meaning may be gathered from the following quotation from *Reconnaissance and Scouting*.

Nothing should ever escape the eye of a scout; he should have eyes at the back of his head; he should take a pleasure in noticing little trifles or distant objects that have not struck the attention of his comrades.

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Always notice all peculiar features and landmarks while going over strange ground, especially by frequently looking backward so that you may be able to find your way back again by them.

As this small book was purely instructional it lacks those lively sketches which became a feature of his later publications, but it contains some of the best examples of his own work as a maker of maps; one for instance, 'Sketch of road from Claygate to Farley', is an excellent specimen of its class.

His next book was *Cavalry Instruction*, published in 1885. This was based on a course of lectures he gave when Adjutant of the 13th Hussars, and proved popular with both officers and men. That is not surprising, for he had an attractive and often surprising way of presenting his material, and his use of chalk and blackboard was always effective. He took the greatest care in preparation; sketch-maps, sets of instructions and special notes would be duplicated, and large diagrams and charts drawn to demonstrate the main points.

Although this book keeps closely to its title and covers the obvious subjects of cavalry training, it also includes much which it had not been customary to bother about; patrolling and scouting, reconnaissance and camping, reports and sketches were dealt with in theory and practice. Once more the familiar note is struck.

A man, to be a good scout, should get himself into the way of noticing every peculiar point of the bit of country he is passing through. If you practise this every time you are out on the march, or particularly when on detached duty across country at a field day, you will find that in a short time you will so readily notice and remember the different features of the ground that not only will you be able to find your way back with ease, but will also be able to jot a sketch of the country down on paper on return to barracks.

The German scouts are said to have got quite a serious cast of countenance from gazing constantly at the country over which they pass. Well, I don't suppose the consequences would be quite so bad with any of you, but at the same time it shows how they practise this most useful art. A scout should, as it were, have eyes at the back of his head, and see trifling things, both near as well as in the far distance, that would escape an ordinary man's eye; and from little insignificant signs he should be able to 'put this and that together' and find out important particulars.

More must be said about *Aids to Scouting*, the book he planned when bear-hunting in India. He brought the manuscript home on leave in 1899 and had it ready for the publishers just before he sailed for South Africa. He insisted that the book should be published at a popular price so that the private could afford to buy a copy. The proofs were sent out to him

on the 1st September and were received back in England on the 23rd October. They had been amongst the last letters which got through the lines before Mafeking was besieged.

When the small, dumpy volume was published in November 1899, it naturally attracted popular attention, for by then B.-P.'s name was on everyone's lips. But apart from this publicity the value of its teaching was so obvious even to the layman that individuals purchased hundreds of copies and sent them to regiments embarking for South Africa; the Australian Government bought thousands of copies; questions were asked in the House of Commons as to whether it was being supplied to the troops and in consequence the Stationery Office made large orders.

It may safely be claimed that had the type of training outlined in *Aids to Scouting*, and given to his men in the 5th Dragoon Guards, been common throughout the army, some of the disasters of the Boer War would have been avoided, for time and again British troops found themselves at the mercy of the Boers simply because preliminary scouting had not been effectively carried out. The army attitude is well expressed in a standard book, Major Callwell's *Small Wars*. In the 1899 edition the following comment is made on the subject of scouting, 'For work of this kind trained European soldiers are of little use'. No wonder *Aids to Scouting* opens with the words, 'The importance of scouting and reconnaissance cannot be overrated, although it is, as yet, only partially recognized in our Army'.

The book begins with a discussion of the qualities of character needed in a scout — this was the starting-point for most discussion of the subject by B.-P. whether he was thinking of men or boys. The problem he had constantly in mind was — how can desirable qualities of character be developed in a practical way? Indeed, the word 'character' came to mean for him a particular kind of character, and his use of it in this sense should be noted. Thus for the scout he particularizes the following qualities — pluck, self-reliance, confidence and discretion. A typical sentence comes at the end of the first chapter:

One so often finds men full of pluck who would scout into the mouth of hell if you asked them — they would go slap-dash, bang in; but what one wants is a man, who besides having the pluck to go there, has the discretion to see how he is going to get back again with the information of what it is like.

The chapter headings indicate the ground covered: 'Finding the Way', 'Keeping Yourself Hidden', 'Tracking', 'Reading the Spoor', 'Sketching', 'Reporting', 'Spying', and so on. The organization of the training in a regiment has some points of importance. The men were to be trained in

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small units of six; in the field, the scouts were to be sent out in pairs or singly. Many old-timers must have been shocked by the introduction of games as a method of training, and some B.-P. devised have now become familiar to many a boy; such as 'Spider and Fly', 'Flag Stealing', 'Despatch Riding' and 'The Missing Letter'. Competitions in sketching and tracking, in quick sight and reconnaissance, and in cross-country riding were also used as a means of capturing enthusiasm.

The book found unexpected audiences. The '90's' was the Sherlock Holmes period ('Study of Sherlock Holmes' is one of the subjects of special training) and the devotees of the great detective must have been thrilled to find in this small book examples drawn from the actual experience of a living man of the science of observation and deduction. Two specimens must serve to show how B.-P. made his subject live.

The first illustrates how much can be deduced from even one sign.

We were camped near a high hill in the enemy's country, and we believed that he knew nothing of our being there. So taking a few men with me I started in the night to go and reconnoitre the enemy's position some six or eight miles away. Passing round the hill at the back of our camp I suddenly saw, high up on the hill-side, a quick flash and a short flicker of light evidently given by a match being struck, and then all was darkness again. But this one sign gave me much important information. It showed that the enemy knew of our presence, and had a party up on the hill, alert and watching our camp. This I gathered because the hill was not generally occupied by people, so if anyone were there they would be there for some special purpose; also these natives fear going about in the dark by themselves, so if there were one there must be a party of them up there; and a light being struck by one of them in the middle of the night showed that they were awake, which was unusual with them unless on some specially important duty.

Our plan had been to reconnoitre the enemy's main position secretly, and then to make a night march and a surprise on it, but with a party of the enemy thus watching our camp such a course of action would be useless, as they would signal our move (by means of an alarm fire) so soon as it began.

So on the strength of this one flash of a match our whole plan of action was altered.

The second example illustrates how the game of observation and deduction can be played on a country walk.

EXAMPLE OF DEDUCTIONS FROM SIGNS

Locality: A mountain path in Kashmir.

Weather: Dry and fine. There had been heavy rain two days before, but the ground had dried the same night.

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Signs observed: Passing a tree stump, I noticed a stone lying on it about the size of a coco-nut. I wondered for the moment how it came to be there, and soon discovered the reason.

On the stump, and also sticking to the stone were some bits of bruised walnut rind, green, but dried up. Bits of shell of about four walnuts were lying about the ground near a leaning rock about 30 yards away south of the stump. The only walnut tree in sight was 150 yards north of the stump.

At the foot of the stump, just where a man would stand to use the stone on it, was a cake of hardened mud that had evidently fallen from the sole of a grass sandal.

DEDUCTION

That the man was carrying a load: Had it been anyone not carrying a load he or she would have sat down on the stump or close to it; instead of that he had gone 30 yards away to where a slanting rock was; this would support his load while he leant back against it to rest and eat his walnuts (whose shells were lying there). Women do not carry loads on their backs.

He was on a long journey: As he wore sandals instead of bare feet.

Towards the south: He had got the walnuts 150 yards north of the stump, had stopped there to break them with a stone, and had gone 30 yards further on his road, to the rock, to eat them.

He had passed there two days ago: The cake of mud off his sandals showed that when he was there the ground was wet, and the dried husk of the walnuts corroborated this deduction.

Total information: A man had passed here two days ago, on a long journey, carrying a load southward.

This constant stressing of observation and deduction was such a well-known characteristic that B.-P. was sometimes challenged to read the story of tracks and other signs. Occasionally the challenger was not above pulling B.-P.'s leg, as the following story he told against himself shows.

I was taken down a peg in my boasted tracking by a young lady in England. She was the daughter of the late Lord Meath. As we were walking in the gardens of Sion House she suddenly pointed to footprints on the path and asked what they meant.

I said indulgently: 'A common or garden cat has recently passed this way.'

'Yes, even I could tell that,' she replied, 'but I can further tell what was the colour of the cat - can you?'

Thus put on my mettle I set to work to examine any twig or spray that might have caught a hair from the animal, much on the principle by which Zadig was able to say that a roan horse of sixteen hands high had passed through a wood.

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But search as I would I could find no clue that would indicate the colour of that cat. My companion looked at the track again closely, and said: 'Yes, I am not mistaken. It was a light tortoise-shell cat.'

I also looked more searchingly on the ground but it gave back no helpful sign. At long last I confessed myself beaten. 'How did you arrive at the colour?' I asked. 'I saw the cat,' she replied.

A still more unexpected audience was found in the educational world. Some schools discovered in this small military handbook useful ideas on training children. The governess to the son of Field-Marshal Allenby also put some of the suggestions into practice, as the following incident related by B.-P. reveals.

The Brigadier-General, as he was at that time, was riding to his home after a field day when from the branches of a tree overhead his little son called to him, 'Father, you are shot. I am in ambush, and you have passed under me without seeing me. Remember, you should always look upwards as well as around you'.

So the General looked upwards and saw not only his small son above him but also, near the top of the tree, the new governess lately imported from Miss Charlotte Mason's training school at Ambleside.

Her explanation of the situation was that a vital point in up-to-date education was the inculcation of observation and deduction, and that the practical steps for this were given in the little handbook for soldiers, *Aids to Scouting*.

This incident was merely one among the various field stunts from that book which might be put into practice by her pupil and herself.

For example, they might, as another exercise, creep about unseen but seeing all the time, and noting down everything that the General did; they might lead him off on some wild-goose chase while they purloined some tangible proof of their having invaded his sanctum.

Taken as a warning of what he might expect, I dare say the governess's explanation opened the General's eyes pretty widely, if only in regard to his own future security against ambuscades and false alarms.

But when the General told me of his experience my eyes also were opened to the fact that there could be an educative value underlying the principles of Scout training.

The boy of this story was Michael Allenby who lost his life in the 1914-1918 war.

Then, the enterprising editor of *Boys of the Empire* serialized some of the contents of *Aids to Scouting* under the heading of 'The Boy Scout' — the first use of the term.

These uses of a manual intended for the soldier came as a surprise, and they set on foot a train of ideas which was to see fruition in a more famous book *Scouting for Boys*.

VIII. MAFEKING

BADEN-POWELL arrived home on leave in June 1899. One of his first engagements was to take part in a theatrical matinée with other Carthusians to raise funds for the school mission. Mr. Cyril Maude was the organizer and recalls that 'we did a song and dance together, he as a head master and I as a schoolboy. Armed with a large swish, he chased me, dancing all over the stage. He never failed to come regularly to rehearsals, and one day he turned up in full uniform having just been to a levee'.

But such diversions were not to last long. Ever since the Jameson Raid, the feeling had grown that sooner or later an armed clash was inevitable with the Boers in South Africa. There would be no point here in discussing the causes and merits of the 'wretched Boer War' — as B.-P. termed it. Five years afterwards he was to write:

I saw again, with pleasure, on this trip, many of my old friends among the Boers, and we compared war-notes with mutual interest. I have always had a feeling of sympathy with the Boers, and when I was on a joint Commission of Boer and British delegates in Swaziland in 1889, I got to know and understand them, and to recognize the many sterling qualities which they possess.

As we have seen he had a better appreciation of the dimensions and character of the military problem than the home authorities, and had his reports and maps of 1884 on the Tugela region been appreciated, some of the early mistakes might have been avoided.

But in its high Imperialist mood — the last manifestation, it is to be hoped, of that kind of national hysteria — England light-heartedly assumed that the Boers could not withstand trained troops for more than a few months, and the 'war will be over by Christmas!' — an optimistic statement which we have heard more than once since 1899.

On the 8th July B.-P. was gazetted for 'Extra Regimental Employ'. He has himself recorded how he was appointed. One day he was lunching at his club:

George Gough, A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, sitting at a table near by, suddenly came across and said: 'I thought you were in India. I have just cabled to you to come home as the Commander-in-Chief wants to see you.'

With such coolness as I could command I said: 'Well, here I am'; and after lunch we went down together to the War Office and I was once more shown into Lord Wolseley's room.

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He had a knack of trying to spring surprises on you and was all the better pleased if you were not bowled out by them. I think it was his way of judging a man's character, and I took care accordingly not to be caught out if I could help it.

On this occasion he said: 'I want you to go to South Africa.'

With the air of a well-trained butler I said: 'Yes, sir.'

'Well, can you go on Saturday next?' (This was Monday.)

'No, sir.'

'Why not?'

Knowing well the sailings of the South African steamers, I replied: 'There's no ship on Saturday, but I can go on Friday.'

He burst out laughing and then proceeded to tell me that there was danger of war with the Boers, and he wanted me to go and quietly raise two battalions of Mounted Rifles and organize the Police Forces on the North-West Frontier of Cape Colony, in readiness should trouble arise.

He had already appointed my Staff, Lord Edward Cecil, Grenadier Guards, to be my chief staff officer, and Major Hanbury-Tracy, Royal Horse Guards, to be staff officer.

He then asked me what my address would be before sailing, and I said that if he didn't want me in London I should be at Henley for the boat races.

'What about kit?'

'I have got all that is necessary, and — South Africa is a civilized country.'

He then took me in to see Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, who accorded me the high-sounding title of 'Commander-in-Chief, North-West Frontier Forces'.

Having had my instructions I had by that evening formulated in my own mind my plan of campaign.

Before leaving England, he paid a visit to Dr. Haig Brown at the Master's Lodge, Charterhouse. As they shook hands at parting, B.-P. said, 'I hope they send me to a warm corner'. On his return to his study, Haig Brown remarked to a friend, 'I do not know what it will be, but that man will do something which will move the world'.

B.-P.'s instructions were:

- (i) to raise two regiments of mounted infantry,
- (ii) in the event of war to organize the defence of the Rhodesia and Bechuanaland frontiers, and,
- (iii) as far as possible to keep forces of the enemy occupied in this direction away from their own main forces.

No man could have been better suited by character and training to the carrying out of such general instructions, for they left much to his

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own discretion and initiative. *The Times History of the War in South Africa* describes him in these words:

A bold rider and a sportsman, he was devoted to his profession, and had shown much originality in his methods of training and instruction. The uncompromising enemy of hidebound rules and unintelligent drill, he made it his aim to develop initiative and individual responsibility, not only in junior officers but in every man of a regiment, and always laid great stress on the use of observation and intelligence in war.

Another character-sketch is taken from the *Official History of the War in South Africa*:

Baden-Powell was a soldier of a type which had become uncommon in European service. With him training with and command of regular cavalry, and experience upon the Staff, had been but a foundation, well and truly laid, for those less exact parts of the science of war which had been almost ignored, if not actually disdained, by the military school from which he sprang. That school, with its centuries of honours, he by no means despised; his own regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, he had trained in scrupulous accordance with its precepts, and none knew or taught better than he the value of strict regulations. His originality lay in a certain unquenchable and almost exotic attraction towards the unusual in warfare; in a preference for setting precedents rather than following them, for making rather than adopting experiments; and he was at once at home with any description of comrades whom the emergency which he courted might produce to meet it. A professional soldier by training, he was a soldier of fortune by predilection; and if, like many such, he was naturally adroit and prompt in minor tactics, his genuine education had endowed him with more soundness of strategy and a stronger grasp of organization than is usual with leaders of his tendency.

When B.-P. arrived at Cape Town in July, he was immediately faced with two problems. The Cape Government was not enthusiastic for energetic measures, and it was not permissible openly to recruit men in the Colony for an irregular force. Sir William Butler, then General in Command of the Cape forces, was obstructive and refused to authorize sufficient stores to be sent to Mafeking, which B.-P. had already selected as the most convenient centre for mobilizing men and stores. Mafeking came just within the Cape Colony frontier, and any open assembling of troops would have been too provocative to the South African Republic. B.-P., however, knew that at Mafeking were stores and arms left over from the Matabele Campaign. It was only after an appeal to the High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, that the path was smoothed. But even Milner could not solve the financial problem of paying for supplies; it

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was as if B.-P. had been proposing to raise a company of freebooters! Supplies were only forthcoming when B.-P.'s chief staff officer, Lord Edward Cecil, the Prime Minister's son, gave his note of hand for £250,000.

B.P. did not waste time arguing at Cape Town but set out for Mafeking and Bulawayo, the two centres where he felt sure there would be more chance of raising his force. Lt.-Colonel C. O. Hore was to command the Protectorate Regiment and Lt.-Colonel Herbert Plumer the Rhodesian Regiment; the latter was particularly welcome as he and B.-P. had co-operated so effectively together in Matabeleland and Mashonaland.

It was not easy to recruit the right type of man. There were plenty of loafers — and B.-P. always had as much dislike for such as Rhodes himself, but in default of better material some had to be enrolled. The period of enlistment was three months, or the period of war if war broke out, and the pay was five shillings a day. Amongst the men of Bulawayo were many who were quite willing to join for war but were reluctant to leave their businesses and employment otherwise. So they were trained in their spare time and proved eventually the most reliable element in Plumer's regiment.

As Mafeking itself was 'out-of-bounds', B.-P. fixed the Headquarters of the (Mafeking) Protectorate Regiment at Ramathlabama just on the Bechuanaland-Cape frontier, north of Mafeking. This tiny place had been the starting-point for Jameson's disastrous raid.

Training had to be done rapidly, and here the method of working in small units which B.-P. made his own, proved the best. Authority was decentralized; responsibility was placed on the younger officers and N.C.O.s for training their men; the minimum of drill was employed and greater emphasis was put on shooting and horsemanship; there were frequent field days and sham fights. It was a triumph of organization and inspiration that within two months the two regiments were ready for the field.

Three extracts from his letters home give an impression of this active period of preparation. The first shows that he had acquired a typewriter; the letter is dated 11th August 1898:

This is my first attempt at typing, my dear Mother, so that you must forgive mistakes. I am on my way down to Mafeking from Bulawayo, a two days' journey, and I took this machine with me as I have a lot of writing to do, and I thought this journey would be a good opportunity for learning, and I am playing off my maiden efforts on you, for which I hope you will forgive me. It is, or will be, when I get into it a little more, a great success, and quite gets over the difficulty of writing in the train.

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A fortnight later he wrote from Bulawayo.

To-morrow I am going to live in camp about three miles out of the town, coming into my office every day. In this way I shall get fresh air, exercise, and save expense. It is very interesting preparing for every game that the Boers may try to play off on us, for all our railway and telegraph lines are laid along their border. So they can cut us off at any moment. Their spies are continually among us. All very healthy and well.

The third extract is dated 22nd September.

In the train again, running up once more to Bulawayo after a very busy time at Mafeking, buying waggons and mules and organizing the defence of the railway, which runs for the greater part of its length so close along the border that the Boers have only to run in and blow up the line and run back again into their own ground. Now I am on a short trip to Bulawayo to make sure that all is right and ready there before war begins. After that I shall return to Mafeking and make that my headquarters, as it is nearer to the first scene of action, and is for the moment the most important point of my command.

The comment in the *Official History* is worth quoting:

It will be seen that Baden-Powell from the first had scope for the display of one of his peculiar characteristics, that of making bricks without straw against time. The creation of a modern corps demands as much skill, and even more knowledge, than the command of it; the qualities necessary for both will not often be found in one man. By the end of September Baden-Powell had his two regiments raised, horsed, equipped and trained, their duties assigned, their pay and maintenance provided for, their economy settled and their tactics — much of which were of a peculiar pattern — laid down and fully practised. In completing all this work Baden-Powell had been ably and energetically assisted. His officers were men after his own heart, keen and adventurous, and like himself animated by that disciplined unrest which not only leads men out of the beaten path, but empowers them to beat out paths of their own.

By the end of September it was clear that nothing but a miracle could prevent war. Up to then B.-P. had been acting under the Colonial Office; he and his forces were then transferred to the regular army under Sir George White who had arrived in Natal to take command of the Natal Army which was reinforced with troops from India. These included B.-P.'s own regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards. Writing in 1936, he said, 'When I heard that my regiment had been brought over from India to Natal, I applied to be sent back to rejoin it, and by way of strengthening my request I said to the Adjutant-General that my regi-

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ment was as precious to me as a wife (N.B. I was a bachelor *then*), and that I should hate to see another man commanding what was *my* regiment, just as much as he — the Adjutant-General — would hate to see some other man trotting his wife around.' But his request was refused; had he been allowed to rejoin the 5th Dragoon Guards he would have been besieged with them in Ladysmith.

Now that his force had become regular instead of irregular, he at once went to Mafeking. He detached Plumer and his Rhodesian Regiment to march from Bulawayo to Tuli with the following instructions:

The duty of the force under your command is:

1. To defend the border as far as it can be carried out from the neighbourhood of Tuli as a centre.
2. By display of strength to induce the Boers to detail a strong force to protect their northern district.
3. To create diversions in the north of the Transvaal, co-operating with the invasion of the south by our main force, if necessary advancing into the Transvaal for the purpose. No portion of your force is to cross the frontier till you receive orders. Instructions will be sent to you as to the date for co-operation with the other column.

How brilliantly Plumer carried out these orders cannot be described here. 'The other column' was under Hore, and was stationed at Mafeking. B.-P. even managed to persuade the Boers that a third column was operating somewhere between Mafeking and Bulawayo. He did this by sending a letter to an Englishman who had settled just within the Transvaal border; he knew that the man was dead and that the letter would therefore be opened by the postal authorities. The letter hinted that a British force would make a raid into the Transvaal in the direction of his farm. A force of 1,200 Boers was despatched — as B.-P. had hoped — to watch the district. Some years later the commandant of this force was describing the incident to B.-P., and suddenly he broke off his narrative and said, 'Did you write that letter?' He harboured no ill-will for the deception; indeed throughout the Boers admired B.-P.'s ingenuity, however irritating his devices might prove.

Meanwhile B.-P. was trying to persuade the Cape authorities to send him more artillery. At last they telegraphed to say that two 4.7 guns were on their way. The train was eagerly awaited, but when it arrived there were no guns visible; then two small seven-pounders were found in the guard's van. A Matabele veteran recognized one as 'old Crooked-tailed Sal' which even in Rhodesia had proved unreliable. A mistake had been made in using the code, and the word for 4.7 had been substituted for seven-pounder.

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War was declared on the 11th October, and immediately Cronje with 9,000 Boers advanced on Mafeking, which to his surprise refused to be frightened. The siege had begun.

B.-P. described the siege as 'a game of bluff from start to finish. It was not what you would call a proper military feat of arms, but just a minor episode in the course of the greater campaign'. And a modern historian has described how the little town 'sustained a gallant siege upon a heartening diet of gaiety and wild improvisation'.

Two extreme views have been expressed on the importance of the siege on the course of the war. In the enthusiasm of the time it was sometimes regarded as an event of the greatest moment; the reaction to this exaggerated claim was to cry the whole affair down as a kind of stunt, and even as a piece of self-advertisement on the part of B.-P. The latter accusation has frequently been made against him, but he neither went out to seek notoriety, nor to gain it by an exaggerated modesty. The truth about the importance of the siege lies between these two extremes.

Mafeking was a place of importance for the reasons so clearly set out in the *Official History*:

Especially was the native question here paramount; and in this the interests of the British and Boers at once clashed and were identical. Whilst both desired above all to keep quiescent the warlike tribes, whom the advances of both in past years had thrust mainly out to the westward beyond the railway, and northward across the Limpopo, yet each — foreseeing this to be impossible should conflict arise between themselves — was anxious to impress the tribesmen with his own superiority by initial successes. For this reason, amongst others, Baden-Powell decided as the prospect of a siege became imminent to make Mafeking his own Headquarters. That town was the centre of a district peopled by nearly a quarter of a million natives, and itself harboured a black population which outnumbered the white by nearly six to one. Besides this, Mafeking had strategic and other claims to become the pivot of operations. It was the half-way house between Cape Colony and Rhodesia and the outpost for both. It contained large supplies of food, forage and railway material; and though — these things being only of value as means to an end — it is usually a military blunder to allow the guardianship of them to dictate immobility, the loss of them here would have been tantamount to defeat in the eyes of the natives, their transference elsewhere would have taken too long, and their dispersion into weakly guarded posts would have been equivalent to their loss. Finally, and most important, Mafeking was situate on the flank of the Transvaal, impressing Johannesburg and Pretoria along the lines of the Witwatersrand, as Kimberley made its influence felt upon Bloemfontein along the line of the Modder. The enemy, therefore,

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could not ignore the presence of a British garrison there, and Baden-Powell's object (see No. 3 of his instructions) was above all to attract attention.

Mafeking was without either natural or artificial defences. It stands on the right bank of the Molopo River amidst the veldt. The railway reaches the river from the south-west and then runs north between the native stadt and the town itself. This at that time occupied an area roughly square in shape, each side being about a thousand yards long. To the south about 1,500 yards from the river was an isolated hill about 200 feet high, named Cannon Kopje, which had been rudely fortified by Sir Charles Warren in 1884, but long since abandoned. This was the only prominent feature in a bare landscape. The water reservoir lay to the north-east of the town and was soon cut off by the Boers, but wells were dug and the water supply assured.

B.-P. began to fortify the town at the earliest possible moment. The scheme devised was most elaborate and effective. Some sixty forts or earthworks were constructed at intervals on a perimeter some seven miles long; communication trenches made access relatively sheltered, and an extensive telephone system connected with the headquarters at the south of the town simplified the problem of issuing instructions quickly. There was also an interior line of defence drawn close to the town for repelling assaults.

The weakest part was the native town which stretched irregularly along both sides of the river; this was inhabited by the Baralong tribe under its headman, Wessels. Though at first there was some unrest, they remained loyal to the British, and this was in large measure due to the care with which B.-P. saw to their welfare.

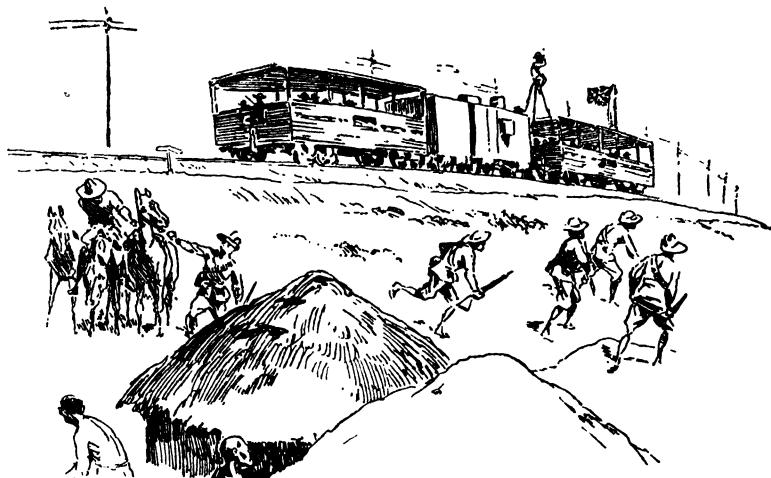
An unwelcome arrival just before the siege was Dr. Jameson. B.-P. realized that if he remained the Boers would stop at nothing to capture the town and the leader of the Raid. So Dr. Jim was unceremoniously hustled out of the town to his annoyance. Quite apart from the provocation of his presence, he might have proved as great a nuisance as Cecil Rhodes was to Kekewich in Kimberley. Rhodes indeed did send some messages to B.-P. telling him what to do, but their reception was far from encouraging.

The population of Mafeking at the opening of the siege consisted of about 1,500 whites and 8,000 natives. The garrison was made up as follows:

Protectorate Regiment (Lt.-Colonel Hore), 489 officers and men; British South Africa Police, 91; Cape Police, 103; Bechuanaland Rifles, 82; the Town Guard, 302; Railway and other civilians, 116; Cape Boy

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(coloured) contingent, 68; total 1,251. Of these, 576 were equipped with magazine rifles and the rest with obsolete Martini-Henry single loaders. The woefully inadequate artillery consisted of four 7-pr. guns, one 1-pr.



THE ARMOURED TRAIN

Hotchkiss, and one 2-in. Nordenfeldt. These were far from serviceable; fittings were worn, carriages in disrepair, and the fuses so shrunken with age that they had to be wedged into the shells with paper. It was with such antiquated weapons that Mafeking awaited the Boers equipped with long-range guns of the latest Krupp manufacture.

Until the Boers cut the line on both sides of the town, great use was made by the defenders of an improvised armoured train. B.-P. was not going to be content with pure defence; whenever an opportunity occurred he attacked — his aim throughout was to keep the Boers puzzled, and in that he thoroughly succeeded. Thus on the 14th October, the day after the town was invested, he ordered out the armoured train to attack a party of Boers advancing from the direction of Ramathlabama. As he watched events from the lookout tower erected above his headquarters, he telephoned his orders for troops to go out in support. The result was a successful small action which heartened the defenders and made the Boers more chary of attacking. This was but the prelude to many such sorties. Thus there was a very successful night attack on the enemy's advanced trenches on the 24th October, which were carried at the point of the bayonet.

But a small garrison could not achieve much in that way against 9,000

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armed men. So cunning had to be employed to deceive the enemy. The following extract from B.-P.'s general instructions set the pattern.

Bluff the enemy with show of force as much as you like, but don't let yourself get too far out of touch with your own side without orders, lest you draw them on into difficulties in their endeavour to support you. . . . Do not always wait for orders, if you see the situation demands action. Don't be afraid to act for fear of making a mistake — 'A man who never made a mistake never made anything.' If you find you have made a mistake, carry it through nevertheless with energy. Pluck and dash have often changed a mistake into a success.

Early in the siege an unintended effect added to the Boer bewilderment. Two trucks of dynamite were in the railway siding and as these would obviously be a constant source of danger, it was decided to get rid of them. They were pushed forward out of the town by an unattached engine which abandoned them at the top of a gradient. As the trucks slid down the line, the Boers, thinking this was another armoured train, attacked and were considerably astonished when their firing blew up the whole lot.

Another ruse may be described in B.-P.'s own words:

For instance, we laid explosive mines all round the place. They were contained in small boxes and were made up by an expert in a certain building and were then carried with the greatest care by natives, who were warned against the disastrous explosion that would follow if they should drop one of them. These boxes were carefully buried at different points round the front of the town, and wires were laid connecting them with the central observation post. Notices were posted in English and Dutch, warning the inhabitants that if they allowed their cattle or children to wander there it would be at their own risk.

We gave notice that on a certain day trial would be made with one or more of the mines to see that they were in working order, so people were warned to keep clear of the east front between 12 and 2. Between 12 and 2, with everybody safe indoors, Major Panzera and I went out and stuck a stick of dynamite into an ant-bear hole. We lit a fuse and ran and took cover until the thing went off, which it did with a splendid roar and a vast cloud of dust.

Out of the dust emerged a man with a bike who happened to be passing, and he pedalled off as hard as he could go for the Transvaal, eight miles away, where no doubt he told how by merely riding along the road he had hit off a murderous mine. The boxes were actually filled with nothing more dangerous than sand!

It was little use trying to keep anything secret in Mafeking — there were too many spies about who could easily pass into the Boer lines at

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night; so any idea which B.-P. wanted the enemy to know about could be passed on in the form he found most useful for his own purposes. The information about the land-mines was not to be the only misleading news the Boers received.

It was part of the genius of B.-P. that he stimulated others to use their wits and inventive powers; there was never a touch of jealousy in his character, and he welcomed any good suggestions, whatever their source, with as much glee as he revelled in those of his own devising. One civilian was an expert in the use of acetylene lighting; his skill was used in devising a portable searchlight made out of a biscuit tin nailed on top of a pole. It would be turned on at night at one fort, and then rushed off to another place and a few flashes made before being taken to a third position. The Boers got the impression that the place was equipped with a series of searchlights and therefore were discouraged from making the night attacks which B.-P. feared most of all.

He invited all to contribute ideas. Thus there was a public competition for the best life-sized dummy figures representing men of the Defence Forces; these had to be equipped with mechanical arms; they were effectively used in the forts and trenches to draw the fire of Boer snipers and gunners.

Each of these forts was held by fifteen to twenty men who had with them food and water for forty-eight hours. New forts, some dummy, were constantly being constructed in varied positions. Shelters were excavated for the townspeople, and by a system of alarms, it was possible to get every woman and child under bomb-proof cover, and every man at his post.

The first shell was fired into Mafeking at 9.20 a.m. on the 16th October; firing continued until 2.15 p.m. when Cronje sent a messenger with a flag of truce demanding the surrender of the town, 'to prevent further bloodshed'; to this B.-P. replied that so far the only blood shed was that of a chicken. Some critics have carped at this and other seemingly light-hearted messages, but B.-P. did little without good reason, and he knew the value of even persiflage in keeping up the spirits of his men and the townspeople, and its equally depressing effect on Boer mentality. Throughout the siege he acted on the principle of letting the inhabitants have the fullest news possible; copies of letters between him and the Boer Commandant were posted up or printed in the *Mafeking Mail*, a news-sheet which was produced daily throughout the siege and, as white paper ran short, was printed on a queer assortment of red, green, blue and orange papers intended for other purposes. The first issue appeared on the 1st November with the sub-heading 'issued daily, shells permitting'.

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There were four war correspondents shut up in the town: J. E. Neilly of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Major Baillie of the *Morning Post*; J. A. Hamilton of *The Times*, and Vere Stent (who has been quoted on the Matabeleland Campaign) of Reuter. Early in the siege, B.-P. explained to them that he would not permit criticism of the conduct of the siege or of the officers, since the correspondents could not have possession of all the facts on which to base a sound judgement. The first three later wrote books on Mafeking, Hamilton's being the most critical.

The strain was lessened by the observance of Sunday as a day of truce on both sides, and this resulted in yet another bit of bluff. B.-P. describes how the Boers

used to come out of their forts to stretch their legs. We could see that their forts were surrounded by barbed wire, because of the upright posts and the careful way in which the men lifted their legs over the wire. So we put up barbed wire round ours. We had no barbed wire, but we put up forests of posts and then on Sundays when our men stepped out to stretch their legs they lifted these with the greatest care and difficulty over imaginary barbed wire — a performance which fully impressed the enemy watching them.

But Sunday was the great day for recreation. After morning services, there was always some kind of outdoor sport or amusement and later in the day a concert. Guy Fawkes's Day fell on a Sunday and this was celebrated in traditional manner after warning had been sent to the Boers that the fireworks were harmless. Polo, football, sports, athletics and gymkhana were organized, and later on a series of exhibitions and competitions were held; one of these — for a dummy soldier — has been mentioned; another was for agricultural produce which, perhaps incongruously, included a Grand Diploma for the best siege baby! There were some people who frowned upon these goings-on and one pastor was reprimanded by his congregation for playing football; he promptly resigned his charge.

In all these activities B.-P. took a leading part, and the sight of him masquerading as 'Signor Paderewski', or as a meditative coster, or attending a gymkhana dressed up like a circus director in no way lessened his authority as commander.

The chief problem of the garrison was lack of artillery. This was the more marked when towards the end of October the Boers brought up a 94-pounder siege-gun which was at first placed at the Jackal Tree about 3,500 yards south of the town. This gun was variously known as 'Long Tom', or 'Creaky'. By a system of warnings from the lookout, the inhabitants had time to take cover before the shell arrived; fortunately

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many of the shells did not burst and there was a rush to secure the trophy. There was indeed a regular trade in souvenirs, and the *Mafeking Mail* gave regular quotations from 'the conchological market' as it was called.

Many devices were used to overcome the disparity in guns. Hand grenades were made out of potted meat tins filled with dynamite, and one ingenious soldier found that he could fling these most effectively from the end of a line on a fishing-rod. The railway workshops made an excellent howitzer which was christened 'The Wolf' after B.-P.'s Matabele name. This was constructed out of the steam-pipe of an engine reinforced with some iron railings melted down and shrunk into it; the whole was mounted on the wheels of an old threshing machine. The use of this queer gun is described by B.-P.

With home-made powder and shot, 'The Wolf' did not carry so very far, so in order to make up for this we used to move it out in the night as silently as we could, with its wheels wrapped up in canvas and straw, till we got within its range of the enemy's camp. Then we hung up blankets all round it so that the flash would not be very visible. Then we loosed off our shots as fast as we could and lay low while the enemy spent the rest of the night firing vaguely at where they *thought* we were — which was generally where we were not.

The 'Wolf' is now preserved in the Royal United Service Institution.

Then one day Major Alexander Godley who was in charge of the western defences, noticed that one of the gate-posts of a farm was an old gun. It was dug up and it proved to be an eighteenth-century carronade, and on it, by curious chance, were the initials B.P., being those of the makers. The discoverer's account of its first use is typical of the spirit in which the defenders faced their dangerous situation.

The resourceful railway workshops made cannon balls for it, mounted it on a wooden carriage, and we soon had it down on the eastern front ready for action. The first shot was aimed down the main road to Johannesburg, and with great interest we watched the flight of the projectile, which looked exactly like a cricket ball. It bumped down the road into the Boer laager among the waggons, and one old Boer tried to field it, with disastrous results to himself. The effect was that the laager moved about three miles farther back. This great piece of ordnance was appropriately named 'Lord Nelson'. The plucky crew of the Nordenfeldt, not to be outdone, started to creep out at night and get within range of 'Long Tom', with the result that he also had to shift farther back.

Sir Alexander Godley testifies to the important part played by B.-P. in maintaining the spirit of the whole company of besieged, soldiers and civilians alike:

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Had it not been for B.-P.'s amazing energy, personality and ubiquity, I think that there would have been a good deal of alarm and despondency in the garrison. But he was always thinking of various stunts to



SCOUT MEETS SCOUT

keep up our spirits, and there was nobody and no part of the defences that he did not visit continually. Frequently, after spending, as one did, most of the night wandering round and visiting the outposts, I have lain down for a little sleep, and have been awakened at daybreak — to see B.-P. sitting at the edge of my dug-out, having walked out before the sun rose. It really was a rather strenuous time, and it is curious to reflect that one never had one's boots off for eight months, except in the daytime.

And again:

His courage was unbounded, his versatility was extraordinary and his sympathy with all sections of the community most marked.

It was during one of his nocturnal prowlings that B.-P. found he was stalking one of his own scouts. He was reconnoitring the position of 'Creaky', and as he lay hidden among some rocks, he noticed a man with a black face cautiously approaching. B.-P. froze, but as the man came nearer he recognized him as one of his own scouts who had blackened his face by way of camouflage.

Here it will be of interest to record the opinions of B.-P. which were set down by two of the war correspondents who had every reason to observe the man upon whose judgement the fate of Mafeking depended.

The first is by J. E. Neilly of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

None that I have met could beat Baden-Powell in the matter of alertness and sleeplessness. From cockcrow till nightfall he was at it. Now you saw him snatching half an hour's leisure with a book, lying on the verandah of his headquarters, or relieving his brain by making a

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sketch or a painting; you looked around for a moment and he was gone—he was on the top of the house with his glasses glued to his eyes, keeping a watch on the enemy's laagers, standing there like a graven image, reading the very mind of the Boer commandant, and guessing what the wily enemy would be up to next. Anon he had disappeared, and was riding around the lines with his A.D.C., or walking around with a stick in his hand and *Cavalleria Rusticana* on his lips. When he returned he was in conference with Lord Edward Cecil, an equally hard-working officer, listening to reports and complaints, and to the crop of grumbles from the discontented few, and generally straightening out the town and all that therein was.

Before now Baden-Powell had made his name in Africa—in Ashanti and Rhodesia and elsewhere. His doings as a scout had raised him to a pinnacle as dizzy as that upon which Buffalo Bill himself stood in his palmiest days, and made him the talk of the cavalry world. The natives up-country knew him. To them he was 'the Wolf that never sleeps', and they still remember him and talk of him. In Mafeking I verily believe he seldom if ever slept. I often saw him lying on his stoep in a reclining chair with his eyes closed, but his alertness and wakefulness were there all the same. At all hours of the night I saw him prowling around the veldt, and coming in at dawn with the usual whistle going; and the sentries told many stories of a figure that pounced upon them out of the silent darkness while they kept their vigils and gave them advice—a figure that turned out to be that of the commander.

He was a mild-mannered, fresh-looking Hussar captain when I first met him years ago. Since then he has lost the softness of his unplucked young Hussar days. He is seasoned, he is knowing, he is trained in the most refined tricks and artifices of war, and it would take a sharp enemy to outwit the man who held Mafeking. He was the right man for the work. Had we been sent a general from India with a bad liver and a gruff manner he would have had the town about his ears in mutiny if he had not rashly left us at the mercy of the Boer by bringing us out. The position demanded tact in the handling of a population full of sturdy independence as well as military training; a 'hang him at sunset' officer would never have held the fort.

The reference to B.-P.'s habit of whistling—often to cover his annoyance—is supported by the experience of a civilian who had been guilty of a serious offence against the siege regulations. As he came out a comrade asked why he was looking so angry. The reply was, 'The Colonel called me before him and told me that if I did it again he would have me gaoled; he then most insolently whistled a tune!'

The second opinion, more critical, is that of J. A. Hamilton of *The Times*.

As I returned from a visit to the women's laager Colonel Baden-

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Powell was lying in his easy-chair beneath the roof of the verandah of the Headquarters Office. Colonel Baden-Powell is young, as men go in the army, with a keen appreciation of the possibilities of his career, swayed by ambition, indifferent to sentimental emotion. In stature he is short, while his features are sharp and smooth. He is eminently a man of determination, of great physical endurance and capacity, and of extraordinary reticence. His reserve is unbending, and one would say, quoting a phrase of Mr. Pinero's, that fever would be the only heat which would permeate his body. He does not go about freely, since he is tied to his office through the multitudinous cares of his command, and he is chiefly happy when he can snatch the time to escape upon one of those nocturnal, silent expeditions, which alone calm and assuage the perpetual excitement of his present existence. Outwardly, he maintains an impenetrable screen of self-control, observing with a cynical smile the foibles and caprices of those around him. He seems ever bracing himself to be on guard against a moment in which he should be swept by some unnatural and spontaneous enthusiasm, in which by a word, by an expression of face, by a movement, or in the turn of a phrase, he should betray the rigours of the self-control under which he lives. Every passing townsman regards him with curiosity not unmixed with awe. Every servant in the hotel watches him, and he, as a consequence, seldom speaks without a preternatural deliberation and an air of decisive finality. He seems to close every argument with a snap, as though the steel manacles of his ambition had checkmated the emotions of the man in the instincts of the officer. He weighs each remark before he utters it, and suggests by his manner, as by his words, that he has considered the different effects it might conceivably have on any mind as the expression of his own mind. As an officer, he has given to Mafeking a complete and assured security, to the construction of which he has brought a very practical knowledge of the conditions of Boer warfare, of the Boers themselves, and of the strategic worth of the adjacent areas. His espionagie excursions to the Boer lines have gained him an intimate and accurate idea of the value of the opposing forces and a mass of *data* by which he can immediately counteract the enemy's attack. He loves the night, and after his return from the hollows in the veldt, where he has kept so many anxious vigils, he lies awake hour after hour upon his camp mattress in the verandah, tracing out, in his mind, the various means and agencies by which he can forestall their move, which, unknown to them, he had personally watched. He is a silent man, and it would seem that silence has become in his heart a curious religion. In the noisy day he yearns for the noiseless night, in which he can slip into the vistas of the veldt, an unobtrusive spectator of the mystic communion of tree with tree, of twilight with darkness, of land with water, of early morn with fading night, with the music of the journeying winds to speak to him and to lull his thoughts. As

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he makes his way across our lines the watchful sentry strains his eyes a little more to keep the figure of the colonel before him, until the undulations of the veldt conceal his progress. He goes in the privacy of the night, when it be no longer a season of moonlight, when, although the stars were full, the night be dim. The breezes of the veldt are warm and gentle, impregnated with the fresh fragrances of the Molopo, although, as he walks with rapid, almost running, footsteps, leaving the black blur of the town for the arid and stony areas to the west, a new wind meets him — a wind that is clear and keen and dry, the wind of the wastes that wanders for ever over the monotonous sands of the desert. It accompanies him as he walks as though to show and to whisper with gentle gusts that it knew of his intention. It sighs amid the sentinel trees that stand straight and isolated about the Boer lines. He goes on, never faltering, bending for a moment behind a clump of rocks, screening himself next behind some bushes, crawling upon his hands and knees, until his movements, stirring a few loose stones, create a thin, grating noise in the vast silence about him. His head is low, his eyes gaze straight upon the camp of the enemy; in a little he moves again, his inspection is over, and he either changes to a fresh point or startles some dozing sentry as he slips back into town.

In November, Cronje with 6,000 Boers withdrew from the siege leaving General Snyman in command of the investing force of some 3,000 men. Before he withdrew Cronje made a very determined attack on Cannon Kopje; the casualties were high on both sides, and the attack was repulsed with difficulty. Snyman showed even less enterprise than Cronje, and it must remain a mystery why the Boers did not attack in force. On good authority it is said that Kruger forbade any attack which might endanger more than fifty Boer lives; the jumpiness which B.-P.'s aggressive methods produced may in part be an explanation combined with the fact that the Boers had little training as an army, and large schemes involving close co-operation were not to their taste.

Though Cronje was gone, the outlook was far from hopeful: Gatacre's defeat at Stormberg, Methuen's at Maggersfontein, and Buller's at Colenso, and the fact that Kimberley and Ladysmith were still invested, produced in England a feeling of gloom and despair during December. The continued resistance of the three beleaguered towns, and especially the cheerful messages B.-P. sent out from Mafeking, were the only consoling features of a campaign which had developed in such an unexpected manner.

In the middle of December B.-P. smuggled a message out of Mafeking to his mother, who received it in February. A kaffir took it through the lines concealed inside his pipe.

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Mafeking

December 12, 1899

All going well with me. To-day I have been trying to find any Old Carthusians in the place to have a Carthusian dinner together as it is Founder's Day; but so far, for a wonder I believe I am the only one amongst the odd 1,000 people here. This is our sixtieth day of the siege, and I do believe we're beginning to get a little tired of it; but, I suppose, like other things, it will come to an end some day. I have such an interesting collection of mementoes of it to bring home. I wonder if Baden is in the country? What fun if he should come up to relieve me! I don't know if this letter will get through the Boer outposts, but if it does I hope it will find you very well and flourishing.

Lord Roberts, with Kitchener as his chief of staff, arrived at the Cape in January 1900 to take over command, but he could promise no help for Mafeking for some months. He sent cheering messages, but wisely raised no false hopes.

Plumer was trying with his tiny forces to make contact from the north, but it was clear that he could not relieve the town without assistance. B.-P. kept in touch with him by native runners who got through the Boer lines at night, and he decided that they must try to push the lines farther away from the north of the town in order to give any help possible to Plumer should he get within striking distance. An attack was therefore planned for Boxing Day on the Boer fort at Game Tree Hill about three miles north. Unfortunately spies gave information of the coming attack with the result that it was a complete failure; three officers and twenty-one men were killed. This was the only serious setback of the siege.

This attack seems to have roused the Boers, for the bombardment became heavier and did most damage to the hospitals and the women's laager. B.-P. protested vigorously against this kind of warfare, for all these places were conspicuously marked with flags, and early in the siege he had sent exact information of their positions to the Boer Commandant.

By February the food situation was getting more serious. All food stocks were commandeered and a rigid system of rationing enforced. Special rations of sugar and milk were arranged for the women and children. A porridge, called sowens, was made from the husks of oats, and sausages were manufactured out of horseflesh, while the same animal's hide and hoofs provided a tough kind of brawn. Soup kitchens were set up, and 'there was little animal life of any kind which did not find its way into the soup'. Locusts, which are normally a plague, provided a welcome change of diet on several occasions.

There was also a shortage of money and of stamps. B.-P. designed a

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one-pound note, and suggested that Bechuanaland stamps should be overprinted with the words 'Mafeking besieged', and the charges should be one penny for letters in the town, threepence for the forts, and a shilling for outside the lines. As so much controversy has been caused about the Mafeking stamps, the facts are best set down in Sir Alexander Godley's own words.

The local penny stamps were subsequently the cause of a great deal of adverse criticism, and it was said that Queen Victoria was seriously annoyed at B.-P.'s head having been put on them. But I am sure that B.-P. was in no way responsible. I had frequently to go from my outpost headquarters to see Cecil, and upon one occasion, when I found the postmaster with him, they told me about the surcharge on the stamps. As we all were always trying to think of anything that could be done to create interest, or amuse, or keep up the spirits of the garrison, I said at once that I thought this was an excellent idea, and one of us suggested that the local stamp should be a special one of our own, which we all agreed would be a good idea. This led to a discussion as to what it should be like and what should be on it, and one of us three—I cannot in the least remember which—said (more in joke than anything else, and solely with the idea in our mind of doing something that would amuse the garrison), 'Oh, B.-P.'s head, of course!' My recollection is that Cecil and the postmaster then arranged to have this done, entirely as a stunt, and as a surprise to B.-P., certainly without consulting him. I am afraid that none of us thought it might in any way be misinterpreted, or even that these special stamps would get abroad, as they were to be used only in the town.

When it was realized that there might be criticism of the B.-P. stamp, a new one showing a boy-messenger on a bicycle was substituted.

The boy-messengers had been organized by Lord Edward Cecil as a corps of Cadets to take over miscellaneous duties and so relieve more men for more dangerous duties. Major Baillie in his account of the siege gives this account of the Cadets.

The Cadet Corps have been lately doing their messages mounted on donkeys captured from the Boers. Like the other mounted corps, however, their ranks are gradually being depleted for the soup kitchen. This corps is formed of all the boys of Mafeking, ranging from nine years upwards. It does all the foot orderly work, thereby sparing several more men for the trenches, and is dressed in khaki with 'smasher' hats and a yellow puggaree. It is commanded by a youth, Sergeant-Major Goodyear, the son of Captain Goodyear, who was wounded in the brickfields, and is directly supervised by Lord Edward Cecil. It drills regularly, and the boys are wonderfully smart.

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B.-P. had noticed how useful these boys were and how they responded to responsibility being put on them. Here was another link in the chain which was ultimately to lead to a worldwide movement. A competition



MAFEKING CADETS

devised for them during one Sunday's amusements will at once be recognized by any Boy Scout.

Each Cadet will receive a letter on the Recreation Ground. He will carry it to the Staff Officer; route via Carrington Street. He will there receive a verbal answer and return to the Recreation Ground to the sender, and repeat the verbal message to him in a loud, clear tone of voice.

During February and March the chief fighting was at the Brickfields east of the town along the river. The fortune of the struggle swayed to and fro, but the Boers were eventually evicted on the 23rd March. By this time the aspect of the war had changed, though the full facts were not known in Mafeking. Kimberley was relieved on the 15th February and

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Ladysmith on the 1st March. Cronje had surrendered to Roberts at Paardeberg on the 27th February, and at last the tide had turned.

Plumer had managed to get as far south as Ramathlabama, 16 miles north of Mafeking, by the end of March. His intelligence officer, Lieutenant Smitheman, got through the Boer lines and was thus able to give B.-P. first-hand information of the position. During his few days' stay he saw the headman of the Baralongs and persuaded him to get as many of the natives out as possible. About a thousand of them left, and so relieved the food situation considerably. Plumer, however, was once more forced to retire before the advance of superior numbers.

On the 1st April, Queen Victoria sent the following telegram to B.-P.: 'I continue watching with confidence and admiration the patient and resolute defence which is so gallantly maintained under your ever resourceful command.'

In the middle of April the Boers were augmented by another thousand men under a young Field Cornet, Sarel Eloff; he had influence as a grandson of President Kruger and he longed for a more active policy, but Snyman was not immediately responsive. Eloff sent a message to B.-P. suggesting that one Sunday he should bring a cricket team and play the town eleven. B.-P. replied that it was impossible to play two games at once. 'Mafeking, in the game it is playing at present, is 180 [the days the siege had then lasted] not out against the bowling of Cronje, Snyman and Eloff. Don't you think you had better change the bowling?' It is said that Eloff, when he read the letter, said: 'Erg maar, waar' (Rude, but true). There was some increase in the intensity of the bombardment, but after some weeks of persuasion, Snyman at last gave Eloff permission to organize an assault.

The attempt was made on the 12th May. Eloff's scheme was to attack from the west while Snyman supported him from the east. The first part of the plan came perilously near success. Using the river banks as cover, Eloff's men got into the native town and set it on fire, then they advanced to the headquarters of the B.S.A. Police and took prisoners Colonel Hore and eighteen men. B.-P. from his watch-tower saw how things were going, and he ordered Major Godley to round up the Boers still in the native town while a squadron of defenders advanced on Eloff. The Boers were thus split up into small groups and had no alternative but to surrender, and Eloff in turn became Colonel Hore's prisoner. Snyman had but half-heartedly carried out his part of the great plan. The prisoners were disarmed and marched into the town under the escort of the youthful Cadets who had been under fire all day.

Vere Stent, Reuter's correspondent, makes this comment:

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It has been asserted that B.-P. was no general, no strategist. I was standing alongside him during Eloff's attack at Mafeking, and it seemed to me that he was an ideal commander. His decisions were arrived at rapidly, his orders clear and unmistakable. There was no hesitation and no excitement. He countered Eloff's tactics by moving his reserve and by that move saved the town from what came very nearly being disaster. He seemed to me to possess all the attributes of good generalship; that is, personal courage, quickness in decision, fixity of purpose, and rapid appreciation of a situation.

The same observer's general remarks on B.-P. are also worth recording.

In Mafeking, as I say, we saw many sides of B.-P.'s character. He was an actor of no mean ability. At our siege entertainments he more than once burlesqued the traditional sergeant-major, to the delight of the rank and file. He had a keen sense of the dramatic. I saw him once, when the town was being subjected to heavy shelling — as heavy shelling went in those days — stroll out from headquarters and mount to his 'look-out' built on the roof and exposed to fire from all sides. Thence he surveyed the scene with an air of detachment that heartened the whole garrison. 'It's all right,' said the women. 'The Colonel is on the look-out.' 'Seems to know what he's doing,' said the men. It was dramatic, melodramatic, if you like, but it served its purpose, it reassured the garrison.

When Eloff was brought to B.-P. at headquarters, after his attempt to take Mafeking by storm, as a prisoner of war, B.-P. said: 'Good evening, Eloff, you are just in time for dinner.' Throughout that dinner no mention was made of the war or the events that led to Eloff's surrender.

That same day news at last arrived from Lord Roberts that a flying column was to attempt the Relief. It consisted of just over 1,000 men under Colonel Mahon and was assembled at Barkly West. The plan was that Mahon should march towards Mafeking and join up with Plumer to the west of the town. Much skirmishing had to be endured before the two forces could unite. In all they numbered some 2,000 men, and between them and Mafeking was a body of Boers of equal strength under Delarey — one of the best of the Boer commandants. A hard-fought battle dispersed these, and in the evening of the 16th May, an advance party of the relieving force rode into Mafeking. Amongst them was Major Baden Baden-Powell of the Scots Guards. He immediately went to greet his brother and, for once, found him asleep! B.-P. rode out the next day to meet the main force.

On the 16th May, Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, wrote the following letter to Queen Victoria:

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16th May, 1900

Lord Wolseley presents his humble duty to the Queen, and is anxious to bring before her Majesty the question of promoting Colonel Baden-Powell, now defending Mafeking, to the rank of Major-General as soon as that place is successfully relieved. It is hoped it may have been relieved to-day.

Colonel Baden-Powell has now been three years a full Colonel, and is one of the most promising of officers. His defence of Mafeking is beyond all praise, and Lord Wolseley feels that his promotion would be hailed by the Army as well deserved.

Young general officers are wanted badly at present. I have the honour to be, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

WOLSELEY.

This request was immediately granted. To Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, the Queen telegraphed, 'What a blessing and satisfaction is the relief of Mafeking so heroically defended!'

The siege had lasted 217 days; some 20,000 shells had been fired into the town during that period. Of the combatants, 326 had been killed or wounded or were missing, in addition to 487 non-combatants. Fifty per cent of the officers were casualties.

A war correspondent who was with Mahon's force expressed his sensations in the following words:

After the engagement on Thursday morning the relieving column formed up and entered the town, headed by Colonel Baden-Powell, Colonel Mahon, and his staff. As one passed house after house, one with a gaping hole in its side, another with the chimneys overthrown, another with a whole wall stove in, none with windows completely glazed, all bearing some mark of assault — as this panorama of destruction unfolded itself one marvelled that anyone should have lived throughout the siege. And when the procession formed up in the dilapidated Market Square, and the whole of the Town Guard mustered — Kaffirs, Parsees, Jews, Arabians, Englishmen, Dutchmen, nearly every sort and nationality of men — and when the Mayor read an address expressing in the conventional terms of such compliments the emotions of this motley crowd, one asked oneself what it was that had held these very ordinary-looking people to so heroic an intention. Remember that the defence of Mafeking had been one big bluff, that there was nothing to prevent the Boers, with determination and careful arrangement, from taking the place at almost any time, and you will realize how startlingly that question asserted itself. I like to think that there were many men in Mafeking whose courage alone would have disdained surrender; but there was one man in whose face one found the answer to the riddle. Brains alone would not have done it; heart alone

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would have fainted and failed under those long months of danger; but the officer commanding this garrison had both brains and heart, and so he taught his men to endure.

In her Journal, Queen Victoria made the following entry:

Windsor Castle, 19th May 1900. — Fine day. Went with Beatrice to the kennels. The following telegram was received from Major-General Baden-Powell dated 17th May: 'Happy to report Mafeking successfully relieved to-day. Northern and southern columns joined hands on 15th. Attacked enemy yesterday, 16th, entirely defeating them with loss. Relieving force marched into Mafeking this morning at nine. Relief and defence force combined, attacked enemy laager, shelled them out, nearly capturing Snyman, and took large amount of ammunition and stores. Townspeople and garrison of Mafeking heartily grateful for their release.'

Started at half-past three . . . for Wellington College. The whole way along people turned out and cheered, especially where there was an immense crowd, who came up quite close to the carriage, cheering loudly, and finally singing *God Save the Queen*. Flags were hung up and pictures of General Baden-Powell exhibited in honour of the relief.

On the 26th May, Cecil Rhodes, harbouring no ill-will at the rebuff his suggestions had met with at the hands of B.-P., wrote to Lord Milner, 'Baden-Powell is a good example of thinking of others and showing some feeling of gratitude, which is generally absolutely lacking in his profession'.

The Relief was hailed with delight throughout the Empire, and some of the more extreme manifestations led to the coining of the term 'mafficking'. The best comment on this may be found in J. L. Garvin's biography of Joseph Chamberlain.

London immediately went mad and went 'mafficking'. That opprobrious word requires some rational consideration here. Filled by the anti-war party with saturnalian suggestion, it was used then and for years after to prejudice Chamberlain and the whole spirit of Imperialism. Most foreign hostility no doubt was quick to pounce on any cue; but even moderate opinion abroad was led to deplore our degeneration.

Let us see what happened. By one spontaneous impulse the whole nation and the whole race under the flag burst into rejoicing, just as they would have done years before had Gordon been found living at Khartum. But London went wild with a difference. Arriving late in the evening the news spread like the wind. Enormous crowds gathered; they seemed to rise out of the ground; so swiftly had these dense masses swarmed by all means of access into the main centres and thoroughfares of the metropolis. That night the labyrinth of London

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seemed to give up its millions to view. From East End to West End, from the Bank to Park Lane, they packed the streets with huge humanity, cheering and singing. Sometimes under opposite pressures immense multitudes found themselves unable to move an inch. Again, they surged this way and that by slow degrees, contrary currents working through each other and roaring like a storm.

How was this prodigious outpouring of people turned to vulgarity? The street hawkers did it. They were ready with the peacocks' feathers and the little trumpets seized upon by the young hobbledehoys of both sexes, shouting their music hall catchwords and refrains. All this was just like the ordinary popular vulgarities of Bank Holiday nights as then celebrated, only stupendously magnified. The English-speaking democracies were and are sober and enduring in adversity, but given to riotous hilarity and uncouth horseplay in their tumults of rejoicing after pent-up anxiety. The eighteenth century mobs were coarser though smaller.

At Mafeking, by exception, the pluck and wits of a British handful had won against the odds. It was a peculiar satisfaction to the British soul. It meant not crowing over the enemy but delighting in a signal proof of British quality man for man. Throughout the Empire popular instinct was the same.

It was, of course, as B.-P. himself maintained, foolish to talk of the siege of Mafeking as if it had been of major military importance. But it is equally foolish to regard it as a stunt. During the most critical weeks of the war at least 9,000 Boers were kept idle when they might have been active in Natal or the Cape against the inadequate British forces. At no time were there less than 2,000 held there. The effect on the morale of natives and Boers was also of significance. While the prolongation of the siege kept the natives from rising, it depressed the Boers who regarded Mafeking as of considerable importance. As long as the town held out, it was an obstacle in the way of enemy movements towards Bechuanaland and Rhodesia. But not least of all was the fact that at a time of the deepest gloom, the gay audacity of the besieged came as the one gleam of encouragement during a series of disasters.

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At the age of 43 B.-P. was the youngest Major-General in the Army. Wolseley had written to congratulate him.

A You did splendidly, and it was indeed one of the pleasantest things I had to do in the war when I recommended . . . that the Queen should promote you. You have now the ball at your feet, and barring accidents greatness is in front of you. That you may win the goal is earnestly wished for you by yours very sincerely,

WOLSELEY.

Roberts too expressed his admiration in his dispatch of the 21st June 1900.

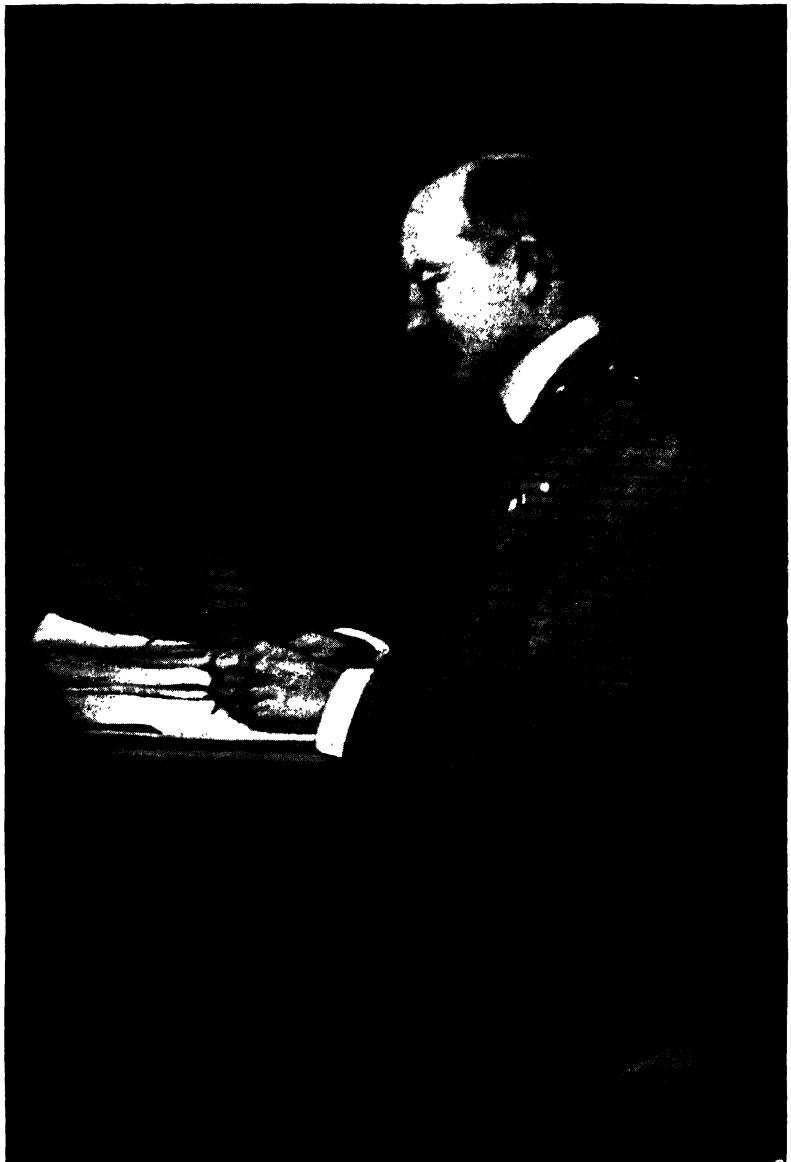
I feel sure that Her Majesty's Government will agree with me in thinking that the utmost credit is due to Major-General Baden-Powell for his promptness in raising two regiments of Mounted Infantry in Rhodesia, and for the resolution, judgement, and resource which he displayed, through the long and trying investment of Mafeking by the Boer forces. The distinction which Major-General Baden-Powell has earned must be shared by his gallant soldiers. No episode in the present war seems more praiseworthy than the prolonged defence of this town by a British Garrison, consisting almost entirely of Her Majesty's Colonial forces, inferior in numbers and greatly inferior in artillery to the enemy, cut off from communication with Cape Colony and with the hope of relief repeatedly deferred until the supplies of food were almost exhausted.

Inspired by their Commander's example the defenders of Mafeking maintained a never failing confidence and cheerfulness which conducted most materially to the successful issue: they made light of the hardships to which they were exposed, and they withstood the enemy's attacks with an audacity which so disheartened their opponents that, except on one occasion, namely the 12th May, no serious attempt was made to capture the place by assault. This attempt was repulsed in a manner which showed that the determination and fighting qualities of the garrison remained unimpaired to the last.

In those days an officer was either a Wolseley's man or a Roberts's man; but B.-P. gained the regard of both probably because he was not by nature a lover of cliques.

As soon as the news of the Relief was brought to Queen Victoria, she wrote the following telegram to be sent to B.-P.:

'I and my whole Empire greatly rejoice at the relief of Mafeking



IN THE UNIFORM OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY
Painted by Harold Speed in 1905
Only part of the picture is reproduced



COMING-OF-AGE JAMBOREE, 1929



B.P. AT BROWNSEA ISLAND, 1907

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after the splendid defence made by you through all these months. I heartily congratulate you and all under you, military and civil, British and native, for the heroism and devotion you have shown.

V. R. and I.'

A curious legend persists that B.-P. was out of the Queen's favour; its most absurd form states that she was offended at the stamp incident. It is difficult to trace such a statement to its source, but the Queen's actions — the quick promotion, the messages sent during and after the siege — do not bear such an interpretation. Moreover, it should be remembered that B.-P. did not return to England until after her death, so that he did not have the satisfaction of hearing her approval from her own lips. Some support the legend by pointing out that the honour granted him, the c.b., was inadequate; the promotion at such an early age to Major-General was an honour which meant far more to a soldier than a decoration, and in those days decorations were given with a sparing hand.

Not only did he receive messages from those of the highest rank and position, from Governments and Councils, but they poured in from people of every pursuit in life. Most significant were the letters he now began to receive — they were to continue for the rest of his life — from boys, not only expressions of their hero-worship, but asking him for advice in all manner of problems. The boys felt that here was a man who would understand them, for he had done just those things they themselves dreamed of doing. To these letters he gave of his best in reply; he treated the writers seriously and was not content with a formal acknowledgement, but gave such advice as he felt might be of real help and encouragement. Thus the answer to a letter from a Boys' Club included the following suggestion:

You should not be content with sitting down to defend yourselves against evil habits, but should also be active in doing good. By 'doing good' I mean making yourselves useful and doing small kindnesses to other people — whether they are friends or strangers.

It is not a difficult matter, and the best way to set about it is to make up your mind to do at least one 'good turn' to somebody every day, and you will soon get into the habit of doing good turns always.

It does not matter how small the 'good turn' may be — even if it is only to help an old woman across the street, or to say a good word for somebody who is being badly spoken of. The great thing is to do *something*.

Here was another link in the chain which was to end with a world movement.

Meantime the necessities of war gave him no leisure. Within a few

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weeks of the Relief, he was in command of a force helping to clear the north-westerly districts of the Transvaal, and with Plumer he moved eastwards to Zeerust, Ottoshoop, Lichtenburg and Rustenburg, which he reached on the 10th June. Here he halted and for a time was actually in danger of being besieged again!

The war was now entering its third phase. Mafeking had seen the first — the period of setbacks, and part of the second — the turn of the tide under Roberts. The third was that long-drawn-out guerrilla warfare so well described by Denys Reitz in *Commando*. The immediate problem was the capture of De Wet. That elusive Commander was making for the Magaliesberg range and it was hoped that if the several passes were guarded he would be trapped. This is not the place to recount the story of that amazing chase, but at one stage De Wet and B.-P. had word with each other.

B.-P. was watching one of the passes, Commando Nek, when De Wet managed to slip through at Oliphants' Nek by using a track higher up the mountain. As he moved out of range, he sent an officer to B.-P. demanding the surrender of the British force. B.-P. replied that he thought the Boer officer must have made a mistake in delivering the message; surely, De Wet was offering to surrender; if so the British would be only too glad to meet his wishes.

Neither commander could have taken these exchanges seriously; rather they were salutes from one soldier of fortune to another, each of whom admired the other's skill.

B.-P. was not to be kept long at this cat-and-mouse game. The High Commissioner, Milner, was already looking ahead and planning how the country could be best pacified when victory was assured; neither he nor anyone else at that stage thought that such a long period would have to elapse before peace came. Milner saw the necessity for a strong force of constabulary, composed of men who could be trusted to use their common sense in difficult and unusual circumstances. He asked Lord Roberts to suggest a suitable organizer of such a force. Roberts in a letter dated the 4th July 1900 suggested B.-P. as the right man.

He is far and away the best man I know. He possesses in quite an unusual degree the qualities you specify, viz., energy, organization, knowledge of the country, and a power of getting on with its people . . . as a member of the Government you will find Baden-Powell immensely useful.

Milner approved this recommendation, so at the end of August B.-P. received instructions to hand over his command to Plumer, and to report to Roberts at Belfast (Transvaal). One of the tasks which B.-P. had been

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engaged upon was the reconstruction of the railway to Pretoria; this had been achieved the day before he left, but for want of locomotives the trains had to be hauled by teams of oxen; his brother Baden, who was Railway Staff Officer, used a trolley on which, when the wind was favourable, he erected a mast and sail: resourcefulness was a family characteristic.

After Roberts had discussed the general scheme, B.-P. went south to the Cape to confer with Milner. On the long and broken journey he worked out all the details for the new force — to be known as the South African Constabulary. It was a task well suited to his abilities. ‘I was really glad to have the job,’ he wrote, ‘since, long before the war, I had served in South Africa and had formed friendships with the South African Dutch. It was therefore distressing to find myself in the field against them. Now it was going to be my duty to help in pacifying the country and to be once more in friendly touch with them.’

On the way to the Cape, B.-P. experienced something of the hero-worship which he had to face wherever he went as long as Mafeking was a vivid memory. He had had one taste of it at Pretoria; Lord Roberts had sent for him as soon as practicable after the relief; Pretoria lionized B.-P., and on his return to duty, Roberts himself rode out of the town with him — a compliment which must have meant much to a soldier who could recall the time, twenty-four years back, when Sir Frederick Roberts had advised a raw subaltern to learn Hindustani.

But the brief experience at Pretoria was repeated at every stopping place; crowds gathered to cheer him; they swarmed into his carriage and lavished gifts on him; it seemed that nothing could be too extravagant to mark their esteem for the hero of Mafeking. He was warned that great preparations were being made for a civic reception at Cape Town; he tried to evade this by telegraphing that he would be two days late, but this fiction was not allowed to defeat his admirers. The station and all the approaches were massed with people; an attempt to give the Mayor and Corporation their due rights soon broke down, and B.-P. was seized by the crowd and carried to Government House. He gratefully recorded that ‘two excellent fellows seized hold of my breeches pockets on either side to prevent my money from falling out’.

Such scenes were to be repeated many times, and indeed throughout the remainder of his life — for forty more years — he was to be acclaimed as few men have been acclaimed in public. But he never sought for such occasions; he avoided them if possible, but when they came he played the part expected of him with a smile and a quip; few men could pass through such experiences unaffected, but it is difficult to see how they affected him; he remained the same friendly man without any exalted

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opinion of his own importance. When honours were showered upon him he did not assume a pretence of dislike, but accepted them as recognition of the value of the causes to which he was devoted; he knew that, in this imperfect world, such recognition was of importance. But he was too interested in life, too active in mind and body, to set an exaggerated value on such decorations — he just took such matters as they came as part of the day's work.

Near Cape Town he found a welcome retreat at 'Groote Schuur', Cecil Rhodes's house, where he had Dr. Jameson as a fellow-guest. He needed such a place of quiet, for the task he had in hand was no easy one; there were no precedents — that at least pleased him — and once Milner had accepted the plan in outline, he had a free hand in devising details. These included such matters as methods of recruiting and staffing, terms of engagement, equipment, transport, supplies, horses, disposition of the two colonies, training, finance, duties and medical service. His instructions were to have the force trained and ready for the field by June 1901—some eight months.

Lavish promises had been made of help from the Army authorities, but as he later wrote to Milner, 'In the early days of the S.A.C. we had difficulties when all the promises of assistance from the Army fell to the ground, and we were practically left to work out our own salvation as best we could'.

He was unable to get the staff officers he would have liked; naturally his thoughts turned to the men who had proved their worth in Ashanti and Matabeleland, but the Army had already found them too valuable to release them while the war lasted. As one source of officers he tried the camp at Stellenbosch. 'This', he wrote, 'was a sort of purgatory in which officers were placed who had been responsible for any "regrettable incident" in the campaign, and there were a good many of them corralled there. But I reckoned that every man makes a mistake some time or other in his career. These men had made their mistakes and were therefore all the more likely not to do so in future, so I took them. I don't remember having to regret taking them in any single instance.' The senior officers of H.Q. Staff were all Regular officers of the British Army, as were the Division Commanders, with the exception of Colonel Steele of the Canadian Mounted Police.

He had a very clear idea of what kind of men he wanted — young if possible, and of a type which would settle down in South Africa after the expiration of their service and become useful citizens. The net was thrown wide and he got into touch with friends and officials in the Dominions and Colonies. There was no lack of recruits — his name was

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sufficient to ensure that, and cowboys, stockriders, farmers' sons, constables and planters from all over the Empire clamoured to join.

As many cases of impersonation had come to light in recruitment for the army, B.-P. introduced the finger-print method, and when a recruit went before the doctor, or was tested for his riding skill, or shooting ability, he signed the test card with his finger-print. It was not easy to bluff B.-P. Of the first two thousand recruits accepted, some five hundred were friendly Boers of the Cape and the rest mostly came from Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

The designing of a uniform was a congenial task. He based it on his own experiments in Ashanti and Matabeleland and it was strictly utilitarian, but with its touches of colour. The hat was the flat brimmed cowboy kind he himself had found so serviceable; a feather plume, dyed green and known as 'Jay's Wings' was worn at the side. America was the only source of immediate supply for such hats and there they were known as 'Boss of the Plains' or 'B.P.' pattern: inevitably it was assumed that the 'B.P.' stood for the commander and was another bit of self-advertisement. This assumption might just as truly have been applied to the old carronade dug up at Mafeking bearing the initials 'B.P.'!

Khaki was naturally the colour of the uniform; the tunic had a roll collar, and the shirts were worn with collar and tie — a far more comfortable style than the stiff, stand-up collar of the Army tunic. The facings were green with yellow piping — thus combining the colours of the two colonies, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, which the constabulary was to control.

He also designed a uniform for the nurses; the same hat for outdoor wear, brown holland dress with a green shoulder cape having yellow piping.

As a cavalry man he took the greatest pains to secure the horses most suitable for constabulary purposes. He got them from Australia and asked for a type just below the Army standard — this was not merely to avoid having them taken over by the Army, though that doubtless was part of his reason — but he thought that sturdy cobs would prove more serviceable than war horses. Then he paid the ships' captains a pound for every horse landed in good condition — this ensured careful transport. Finally he acclimatized the horses by first training them for several months at a height of two thousand feet before putting them to work at the three to four thousand feet of the two colonies.

A letter written at this period to A. M. S. Methuen, the publisher, is of interest. It may be noted that Mr. Methuen had from the first been a strong critic of the conduct of the war; he was indeed almost a Pro-Boer,

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but that did not affect B.-P.'s relationship with him. Possibly here we have the first suggestion of a motto which was to become famous; we have already seen how the initials B.P. kept cropping up.

South African Constabulary
Transvaal

DEAR MR. METHUEN,

20 Jan. 1901

It is curious in the midst of this war, and we are yet in the midst of it, for as I sit writing I can hear the guns and 'pom-poms' firing away in the distance — it is curious to receive your invitation to me to carry my thoughts back to the Matabele Campaign of 1896, with a view to bringing out a new edition of my diary of that episode.

Is there any comparison to be made between the two wars?

Without any reflection the very first idea that seems to me is this— Good Scouting was found to be essential for success in that campaign: it has been proved to be more than ever vitally essential under the new conditions of modern weapons and large forces. But that you will say is only my fad.

Let us take another point which at once suggests itself, and which has a more general application.

I have not a copy by me of the *Matabele Campaign* but I remember saying therein that we Britons are too apt to neglect to think out and really to prepare in peace-time points which will be of value in War.

We are apt to think 'Oh we shall pick them up fast enough on Service when the time comes' — which is true enough to a certain extent — but it is just in that first gaining our experience that we lose the valuable lives and prestige which then have to be made up again before we can go ahead.

We begin our prize-fight as it were by receiving a preliminary bang in the eye, which we might, with previous practice, have learned to parry and perhaps even to deliver.

How many times this fault has again been exemplified in this war I should be sorry to say.

However I hope that the lessons now learnt will not be forgotten and that we shall not in the future leave so much to chance, and — as we do in preparing our Amateur Theatricals — evade systematic preparation with the comforting reflection that 'It will all come right on the night!'

'Alles soll recht kommen' was the motto of the late Orange Free State, and, practically, of the Transvaal.

Sarel Elof, when a prisoner in our hands at Mafeking, told me that in remonstrating with the then President Kruger on the Boer half-measures in preparing for war, he was told 'All will come right — God will help us:' he (Eloff) thereupon was moved to reply to his august relative, 'Yes: and God has given you an inside such as enables you

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to enjoy roast goose: but — you must do your share and prepare and roast the goose first Yourself'.

'Si vis pacem, para bellum' — if you want to ensure peace let them see you are prepared for war.

Now is an unique opportunity in the annals of the Empire.

Now is the time while enthusiasm is still warm and before we sink back into our English easy chair, for us to prepare a wise and practical organization of the splendid material lying ready to our hand.

I have before me a guiding 'banner with its strange device' in the shape of an envelope, which some little lady addressed to me, with nothing more on it than the letters 'B.P.' But for me it has a hidden meaning.

Would that everybody had such a reminder before them, applicable as it is to all circumstances, whether of Peace or of War, of Life or of Death:

'BE PREPARED'.

Yours very truly,
R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.

The training depot for the S.A.C. was at Maddersfontein (between Pretoria and Johannesburg). Here a system of quick training was devised to meet the unusual conditions, for Kitchener was soon asking for the use of the men in his drive across the colonies to bring the war to a conclusion. This training was based on the methods B.-P. had used in training scouts: the small unit was the basis; six men in a squad were placed under a corporal who was responsible for the training of his men; by means of inter-squad competitions the keenness of the men was sharpened, and each individual felt the importance of his own personal efficiency, which was as much his concern as that of his officers. B.-P. was criticized because he invariably refused to accept old soldiers as recruits. 'I wanted', he wrote, 'intelligent young fellows who could use their wits and who had not been drilled into being soulless machines only able to act under direct orders.'

There were some people on the watch to criticize any new development in South Africa; sometimes they had good cause, but when the S.A.C., before it had even been fully organized, came in for attack, B.-P. wrote the following letter to the Editor of one London paper:

South African Constabulary
Dynamite Factory
Zuurfontein, Transvaal

Dear Sir,

22.3.1901

Forgive my troubling you with a private note but I have had my attention drawn to a recent number of your paper in which appears an article on the South African Constabulary giving us a good deal of

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new information about ourselves but of a kind that is neither true nor likely to raise us in the estimation of the public.

May I state that our terms of service, etc., have remained the same from the first originating of the force; and we have not been in any kind of difficulty in getting recruits: on the contrary we have been overwhelmed with applications and have been taking about one in six of the candidates who offered themselves. I expect to have 10,000 men equipped, trained, and mounted in the field by the end of May.

The men are of an excellent class and specially selected as likely to make good colonists hereafter.

As regards officers we have had over 5,000 applications for commissions, and more continue to pour in, for the odd 200 appointments (which are already filled up).

I am afraid that among the rejected we have naturally many who are not now well-wishers of the Corps, and are therefore ready to listen to and to spread mischievous reports against us.

Especially I find that misunderstandings which have occurred in some of the various local and temporary police-forces are quoted as having regard to the S.A.C. As a matter of fact all has so far run most smoothly since our first commencement, and our men have already made a name for themselves for gallantry in the field in each one of our respective divisions.

The Corps will, I fully hope, not only be a good one for men to serve in, but will also serve as an efficient means of pacifying the country, and as a nucleus of young blood for its future colonization.

But its attempts to go ahead and to carry out these duties will not be helped by anonymous attacks made through the medium of the leading journals.

I hope for these reasons you will not mind my writing thus in confidence to you.

Yours very truly,
R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.

By June 1901 he could report that 9,000 men were ready; it was a considerable achievement, but it was at a price, for his health broke down. At the beginning of 1901 his mother and sister had come out to the Cape, but he had only been able to snatch odd days to entertain them — the pressure of his work was too great.

When he was ordered home on sick-leave, the doctor wrote to B.-P.'s mother:

I venture to write and tell you that I have long hoped that he would not work so hard. He would get fever of a severe enough type to lay most men up in hospital but he would go on working. What our General went through at Mafeking was again enough to lay most

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men up for a considerable time: and all this on the top of the organization of such a corps as this, 10,000 strong, was more than human endurance could stand. About a month ago an undoubted attack of influenza came on. It was followed by bronchitis: so I would not take the responsibility, and was only too glad to have a medical board and recommend the General for six months' leave. Of course he didn't think he required so long, but though his brain power is phenomenal, his body cannot go on at full tension for ever.

That diagnosis could have been written time and time again throughout B.-P.'s life. He was always to carry with him the ill-effects of the strenuous life he had led in such an unhealthy country as Ashanti, or in Matabeleland and in South Africa, when he allowed himself no relaxation from duties he saw needed urgent attention. As the years went by, he learned some discretion and after his marriage he had someone who, as far as anyone could, imposed on him a certain measure of care for his own health. But he was frequently to be laid low by the legacy of past fevers and over-exertion, though in actual physique he kept himself fitter than most men. A temperate way of living was a constant source of strength, and the fact that his mental activity overrode any physical weakness prevented him from ever brooding over relapses in general health.

Going home might well have proved an additional strain; people were wild with expectation at seeing him and of being given the opportunity of showing their admiration. As far as possible he avoided demonstrations. At Southampton he could not escape local enthusiasm, but when he heard that all London was waiting for him, he arranged with the railway officials to travel ahead of the boat-train with the mails and to be dropped at Woking where he sought refuge with an old officer friend. He was soon making his way discreetly to see his relatives. One gathering must have appealed very strongly to his sense of family. The Powell clan entertained him at the Mercers' Hall; 170 Powells from the age of 7 upwards descended from common ancestors met to do him honour.

Charterhouse, of course, was early visited.

There he laid the foundation stone of the War Memorial Cloister. The inscription reads:

MILITIBUS CARTHUSIANIS IN AFRICA
MERIDIONALI DE DOMO AC PATRIA BENE
MERITIS HOC VIRTUTIS MONUMENTUM
EXSTRUXERUNT CARTHUSIANI
FUNDAMENTUM JECIT R.S.S.
BADEN-POWELL OPPIDI MAFEKING
DEFENSOR INVICTUS

THE ARMY

Edward VII summoned him to Balmoral to be presented with the C.B. and to give the King first-hand knowledge of Mafeking, the war and the Constabulary.

On the 21st January 1941, speaking in the House of Lords, the Earl of Midleton (St. John Brodrick) recalled the circumstances of that visit.

When Lord Baden-Powell achieved the first success which made his name in South Africa I was Secretary of State for War and I remember well one point which I think might be properly mentioned on this occasion. Colonel [sic] Baden-Powell, as he then was, was summoned to Balmoral by King Edward in order that he should receive a special decoration. In the excitement which prevailed at that time about our earliest success in the South African War a great reception had been prepared for him, not merely in London at the starting point of his journey, but at Aberdeen and at various places on route. I remember well King Edward expressing the satisfaction he felt that, by some ingenuity, a change of route was devised so that Colonel Baden-Powell eluded all those who wished to make a great offering to him of national respect. That modesty showed the real temper of the man and relieved us to some degree from the exaggerated emphasis which had been given to his particular work in South Africa. I hope your Lordships will not think I am doing amiss in reminding you of an episode which showed that Lord Baden-Powell was not only a brave man but, as was proved for many years, a very modest person in all that pertained to his own personal achievements.

The relationship between King Edward and B.-P. was of a most friendly character. B.-P. greatly admired the King's good sense and his wide knowledge of affairs, gained not from books but by conversation with the principal actors. When leaving Balmoral after this first audience B.-P. received a walking-stick as a memento, and a haunch of venison to give practical expression to the King's opinion, 'I have watched you at meals and I notice that you don't eat enough. When working as you are doing you must keep up your system. . . . Don't forget — eat more'.

In the autumn of 1901 he was able to accept a number of invitations from cities and towns that wished to express their pride in his achievements. His portrait was also painted by two famous artists, George Frederick Watts and Sir Hubert Herkomer. Both invited him to sit to them. Herkomer had written soon after the Relief of Mafeking but it was not until October 1901 that an opportunity occurred, when B.-P. wrote:

I have delayed answering your kind letter in order to see more clearly what my prospective arrangements are. . . . What dress would you like me in? Khaki uniform? Khaki shirt and hat? General's red tunic? General's black tunic? Plain clothes? 'The Altogether'? or what?

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Watts wished to present a portrait of B.-P. to Charterhouse, and the sittings were done during a twenty-four hours' visit. B.-P. later recalled how, in order to pass the time, he told Watts anecdotes of his experiences, but unfortunately the artist was rather deaf, so did not always hear what his subject said, and was constantly putting down his brushes and coming across to have the words repeated. As this delayed the work, B.-P. stopped talking, and presently fell asleep. At last Mrs. Watts came in and said, 'Aren't you going to have tea?' Her husband exclaimed, 'Tea! Why, we haven't had our lunch yet!' He had forgotten all about it.

Mrs. Watts recorded that 'our delightful visitor seemed perfectly happy among paints, gesso and clay', and that her husband was greatly impressed with B.-P.'s 'earnestness and the direction of his aims'.

For both artists, B.-P. sat in his S.A.C. uniform, and his visits to their studios seemed to have revived his interest in modelling as the following letters reveal.

To Mrs. Watts he wrote on his return to South Africa:

Mr. Watts is indeed wonderful to have made so effective a likeness in so short a sitting. I feel most guilty of having failed to help him as I ought to have done. I had so fully intended coming again to Limnerslease to sit before leaving England; but my release from sick-leave was unexpectedly ante-dated, and I rushed off by the first available ship the same week that I got the permission; and now here I am back at my work, which takes up every minute of my time, but at the same time is of absorbing interest, and shows progress every day. In the intervals between difficult questions or extra hard work, I relieve my mind by modelling in clay; it is a delightful relaxation. And then my mind often and often wanders back to the delightful peep I had of a beautiful home life, which I enjoyed at your house.

Two letters were written to Sir Hubert Herkomer from Johannesburg. The first is dated the 16th January 1902.

I am back at my work. The voyage slipped by at a great pace thanks to the lump of modelling clay you were so kind as to send me. I have it now in my office and when I get tired of office work my system is to knock off for a few minutes and do a little modelling — and it is a splendid relaxation. My only tools at present are two old pen-holders sharpened and my thumbs and fingers. By the way, could your excellent studio man instruct some shop to send me a few of the more useful tools for the work? I don't know the names or shapes of them, but if you would tell him what to order I should be most grateful and glad to get them.

On the 11th February he wrote:

I enclose for your amusement some photos of some of my efforts

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with your modelling clay in my voyage out from England. (Portrait of fellow passengers!) I made many others but the photos were failures. The Camera was not able to do justice to such high-class works of Art!

I have just returned from a very interesting trek out on the veld. My only wish is that you could see me now, in order to get my proper flesh-colour . . . My khaki coat is of a much lighter shade than the copper-red of my neck, face and hands.

The Herkomer portrait is now at the Cavalry Club.

All had gone well with the S.A.C. during his absence and his training had been fully justified. The main work of the force had been to help in the rounding-up of the commandos by the system Kitchener had worked out of establishing lines of block-houses. B.-P. had, before going on sick-leave, devised several improvements in methods; thus he used a new type of trench, S-shaped in plan, with horizontal instead of vertical loopholes; he also trained his men when moving across country to use a triangular formation, so that from whichever direction the enemy came there would be one party to take the attack, a second ready to support and a third in reserve.

These and other experiments proved their value in the many skirmishes in which the force was engaged. Its record for gallantry was high, and it fully justified its organizer's care.

Peace was signed on the 7th June 1902, and brought to a close a war on which it is here appropriate to quote the opinion of that distinguished French historian, Elie Halévy.

The entire contest was confined to the two armies and waged according to the accepted laws of war, with considerable obstinacy, no doubt, but with very little savagery. The Boers fought like hunters, the British like sportsmen. The lion hunter does not strike an heroic attitude. He kills his lion or takes to flight. A man who wages war as a form of sport is well aware that he is engaged in the most dangerous of sports. He is therefore, quite legitimately, anxious to restrict the danger by rules, arranged between the opponents. On both sides, officers and men, the moment they saw themselves defeated put up their hands and the firing ceased. The British soldiers knew that, if taken prisoner, they would be disarmed and set at liberty, and the surrenders became so numerous that the imperial Parliament was alarmed for the reputation of British courage. Hence this insignificant guerrilla war became a tournament, almost a child's game, and it is remarkable that the Boer War has in fact bequeathed to England and modern Europe an institution for children. Colonel Baden-Powell had become a popular hero on account of the courage and resource

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he had displayed for months in his defence of the little town of Mafeking on the Transvaal border against the Boers who beleaguered it. Already known before the war by a little treatise on the art of scouting, he conceived the idea of employing the methods which he advocated for the moral education of children. To-day his Boy Scouts are known and copied throughout the world.

On the 16th June the S.A.C. was relieved of army duties and took over its new responsibilities in pacifying the country. These were considerable and varied. B.-P. set before his men the famous words of Lincoln, 'With malice toward none, with charity for all....'

He even went so far as to suggest to Milner that it would be wise to offer Commissions in the S.A.C. to some of the Boer commandants, but the idea was not well received.

At the end of the month he was able to report that:

The various units were despatched with all possible speed to take up their distribution over the whole face of the country for the work of policing it. The organization of the force enabled this distribution to be carried out without any difficulty or delay; a troop — a complete self-contained unit of 100 men — being sent to occupy each sub-district of the two Colonies, its headquarters acting as support and supply depot to its several small out-stations, which were then dotted about the surrounding country. In this way a network of posts and patrols was established over the Transvaal and Orange River Colony in a very short space of time, and in such a manner as to ensure every farm in the land being visited once a week.

A former officer of the S.A.C. writes:

It can easily be imagined how many were the problems which had to be faced and settled on the spot by the far-flung detachments.... But B.-P. had organized and trained us for just such conditions. He expected a great deal, and had no use for any Officer or Trooper who would not face up to any proposition that came his way, or who tried to get out of a difficulty by deciding that it was not a constabulary duty. At the same time everybody knew that, provided he did his best in the circumstances, he was sure of B.-P.'s backing.

B.-P. rode and travelled thousands of miles on tours of inspection. He had his own railway coach, which was detached at points from which he started on tours of inspection. On relays of ponies found by the posts, he often covered a hundred miles during the day. Twice he rode over 350 miles in five days — the first time in the Eastern Transvaal and the second in the Northern. For several months he rarely slept for more than two consecutive nights under the same roof. He accompanied Milner when

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he was supervising the work of repatriation, and he acted as cicerone to Joseph Chamberlain when the Colonial Secretary toured the two colonies.

Early in 1903 B.-P. was offered the position of Inspector-General of Cavalry; he consulted Milner who urged him to accept although it meant leaving the S.A.C. He had, however, accomplished his task, and he always regarded the organization of that force as his most considerable achievement — an opinion which was valid for his life as a soldier, but not for the years to come.

Many tributes were paid to the work of the S.A.C.

When Lord Kitchener left South Africa, he said, 'Officers and men have endured their hardships, isolation and danger with cheerful alacrity and have earned the affection and respect of the rest of the forces. The S.A.C. have now the great and noble task of acting as exponents to the inhabitants of the British character, and Lord Kitchener could not leave the good name of our nation in better hands.'

Joseph Chamberlain on his return from his South African tour said in the House of Commons:

I attach the utmost importance to the South African Constabulary as a great civilizing and uniting influence. It may have been regarded in the past exclusively from its military capacity, and indeed during the war it distinguished itself under military command, and some of the most gallant little actions of the war conferred the greatest credit on this force. Again and again I found by entering into conversation with the men, and with the farmers also, that the former, learning the language of the country, were becoming the friends of the people, were welcomed at every farmhouse, were doing little jobs for the inhabitants, carrying their letters and parcels, giving information and settling their disputes. So much was that the case that I have had a serious complaint from one Resident Magistrate that his duty was becoming almost a sinecure in consequence of the action of a sergeant of the S.A.C. who was settling all the difficulties without bringing them to him. I can sympathize with the Resident Magistrate, but I am bound to say that I cannot help expressing my entire approval of the action of the sergeant of the Constabulary.

Perhaps Lord Milner's brief eulogy is the most impressive.

So complete has been its success in preventing trouble that people, who do not know what I know, have quite forgotten the ever-present sources of possible trouble in a country peopled as this is.

X. THE CAVALRY AND THE TERRITORIALS

To have gained such an important position as that of Inspector-General of Cavalry at the age of 46 was no mean achievement. But he had some misgivings about his qualifications; he had missed Sandhurst, and he had not passed through the Staff College. On the credit side was the fact that during the twenty-seven years of his army life he had seen varied service in India, at home and in Africa. He came, therefore, to his new task with a knowledge of practical rather than of theoretical needs, and he was not likely to be hidebound by traditional methods of training.

On his return to England, he had an opportunity of stating his general views on the subject of army training before the Royal Commission which was studying the lessons of the South African War. He summed up his outlook in the following words:

Junior officers should be given responsibility from their first entry into the service. They should be made to really command their unit, however small, and be answerable for its efficiency and success. They will thus be able to command in any isolated position, or in crises.

The large majority of officers are keen enough and intelligent enough, but want to be given a real job in which to make their name, and develop their professional interest. The so-called chain of responsibility is too often one of irresponsibility. Resource and cunning in the field should be encouraged, especially at manœuvres. Barrack-square drill, and deadening routine should be reduced as much as possible, and competition introduced to a greater extent into practices tending to perfect men. . . . An increased individual intelligence is essential to work in the field. With officers accustomed to work on their own responsibility, and with men using their own intelligence working under them, senior officers will be able with confidence to give their subordinates a free hand in carrying out their orders for co-operative movements, or for special ventures, unhampered by the usual (and so often fatal) tugs on the check strings.

He gave one amusing example of a 'tug on the check strings'. When he took over command of the 5th Dragoon Guards, he decided that as swords were part of each man's equipment, they should be sharp enough for use. 'I had one squadron,' he said, 'which I always kept ready for service at two hours' notice in India, who sharpened their swords . . . but the Ordnance came down and said that I should have to blunt them again at my own expense.'

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It was typical of his methods of work that, as soon as possible after taking up his new appointment, he went to see for himself what was being done in cavalry training in other countries; doubtless this also appealed to his recurrent travel-fever, but he always preferred to learn by observation rather than from reports or from books. During 1903 he visited for this purpose the German Cavalry School at Hanover, the United States — with a glance at Canada — and the Cavalry Schools at Vienna and Saumur. The last impressed him most of all for the training was not confined to horsemanship, but included such subjects as reconnaissance, field engineering, military history, strategy and tactics.

On his return he discussed his conclusions with cavalry officers of experience, and, to quote his own words, the following developments were the result:

- One. Responsibility for junior officers, desirable under the new conditions of service.
- Two. Permanent small groups within the troop for devolution of responsibility and efficiency.
- Three. Single rank formation.
- Four. Triangle formation of double echelon, as a usual principle but not a binding rule.
- Five. Cavalry College to train officers in equitation, reconnaissance, etc.
- Six. Hand signals in addition to trumpet calls and words of command for directing movement.
- Seven. Trained Scouts to be a regular establishment under Scout officer.

His methods of inspection were unorthodox; he had little use for formal parades long prepared and window-dressed. He would go to stay for a few days with a regiment and see the officers and men at their usual work, and any officer, especially one of junior rank, who had devised some new way of increasing efficiency or of stimulating interest was sure of being singled out for praise.

The living conditions of the men were a matter of special attention, and his reports to the War Office drew attention to deficiencies in buildings and amenities. Thus on one occasion he reported from Norwich, 'Barracks in the same unsatisfactory condition as before, except that one kitchen has since fallen down'. As an example of what conditions could be like, he used to recall the complaint made to him by one trooper at Edinburgh.

I used to sleep in a bed at the far end of the barrack-room and now I have been ordered to sleep 'ere. I don't want to move, 'cos at that far

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end I was able to look down through a nice 'ole in the floor and see my 'orse in his stall below.

In 1904 B.-P. started the Cavalry School at Netheravon, and in the following year with some difficulty he got permission to found *The Cavalry Journal*. His letter to the Army Council (22nd January 1905) stated the case with his usual thoroughness.

The development in the efficiency of cavalry on the Continent has been very marked during the past few years.

The general standard of training of our cavalry is in many different ways behind theirs; it has not kept pace with the times. Moreover, our standard is not uniform nor even consistent; it varies considerably in the different parts of our Empire.

The present is rather a critical moment as regards the officering of our cavalry at home, and if we profit by the occasion I believe that we have the chance of making it the turning point for gaining permanently a more professional spirit among the officers. The Cavalry School is a valuable step towards that end, but its effects (until it is on a larger scale) must necessarily be slow — and I feel confident that a journal such as proposed would have a fairly far-reaching and a rapid effect in the same direction. . . . There is a widespread desire among the officers to improve, but it is almost an impossibility for them — even when serving at home — to keep themselves posted in the numerous important developments and ideas which are monthly disseminated abroad; while those serving in India and the Colonies are practically in absolute ignorance of what is going on either on the Continent or in England, or other parts of our own Empire. Suggestions have from time to time reached me from various quarters that a journal should be published which should collect and lay before its readers all the best of the British and foreign ideas as they come out. And I feel confident that if this were done it would conduce to promoting efficiency throughout the mounted forces of the Empire.

In 1906 he accompanied the Duke of Connaught on an official tour of South Africa. At Mafeking the Duke wanted to see everything connected with the siege, and amongst other places they visited the Convent. He noticed a number of patches on the walls each marked with an 'S' and asked what this meant. The Mother Superior replied, 'Shell, your Highness, and if you'd been here yourself, you'd have spelt it without the S'.

After this tour, B.-P. made his way back to England through Mashonaland, Portuguese East Africa, then by sea to Zanzibar, from whence he made trips into German East Africa, Uganda, and British East Africa. From Zanzibar he sailed to Aden and up the Red Sea. In Egypt he inspected the Cavalry.

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One result of this trip was his book *Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa*, published in 1907. This contains a delightful collection of his sketches in black and white, and in water-colour. They show his skill in seizing on the main features of landscape, and his quickness in catching movement whether in man or beast. There are many humorous touches. The letterpress reveals a wide reading of books connected with the countries through which he travelled, and a keen interest in the possibilities of future development. This problem of the future of British territories overseas was often in his thoughts. Few men have travelled so widely in the Empire, or so frequently visited the Dominions. Wherever he went he was eager to learn all the facts; he liked to know the history of places, and their natural resources. When young men wrote to him for advice, as they did in increasing numbers as the years passed, he urged them to look for their futures in those younger parts of the Empire where a man has a chance of winning his independence and of living an open-air life. *Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa* was the first of several books of travel in which he encouraged the rising generation to look overseas for opportunities which the mother-country no longer offered.

The originals of the drawings for this book were exhibited at the Bruton Gallery in 1907, and the Royal Academy that year included a bust of John Smith modelled by B.-P., one result of the interest roused by contact with Watts and Herkomer five years previously.

His appointment as Inspector-General of Cavalry ended on the 7th May 1907; the farewell dinner given to him was attended by many men whose names in a few years' time were to become familiar, such as Haig, Byng and Allenby.

B.-P. was now placed on half-pay with the rank of Lieut.-General (10th June 1907), but already a new interest — the adaptation of scouting to the use of boys — was occupying his mind, and in August he held his experimental camp at Brownsea Island; of this more must be said in the next chapter. His military career was, however, not quite ended.

R. B. Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, had been planning since 1905 a scheme for reorganizing the volunteer forces in the country, and in 1907 the Territorial and Reserve Forces Act became law. As Inspector-General of Cavalry, B.-P. had also been responsible for the Yeomanry; this volunteer force, about 25,000 strong, was transferred to the Territorials as the Cavalry branch. Meanwhile Lord Roberts had been agitating for some kind of obligatory training in arms for the youth of Britain. The conscription controversy was hard fought, and Sir Ian Hamilton entered the lists against the former Commander-in-Chief in favour of Haldane's voluntary scheme. Germany was already looming

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up as a menace, and though B.-P. took no part in the conscription argument, he recognized the coming danger.

As soon as B.-P. was free from regular army employment, Haldane invited him to Cloan to discuss the training of the Territorials, and then asked him to take command of the Northumbrian Division. His rank was above that of such a command, but he accepted the appointment, and set to work vigorously in his own characteristic manner. He had a motor-caravan built so that he could tour the area and be independent of hotels and private hospitality, and the kind of training he devised was not unlike that used by the Home Guard more than thirty years later.

He had his difficulties about equipment, and in his own way succeeded on one occasion in getting what he wanted. Each battalion had been issued with two machine guns and the necessary horses, but without the equally necessary harness. Correspondence on the matter dragged on for some time, until B.-P. sent to the officials concerned a sketch of a horse backing a gun into action, and said he assumed that this was the explanation of the lack of harness. The deficiency was at once remedied.

A former N.C.O. supplies the following note:

I was a Sergeant in the 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, T.A., during the whole period of his command, and every Officer and non-Commissioned Officer will agree that no C.O. ever before, or after, took such a personal interest in the welfare of the troops under him. To use the phrase 'personal contact' appears at first sight to be almost an impossibility but I can assure you such contact was made by B.-P. My Company 'B' of the above Battalion paraded at 8.0 a.m. one fine Sunday morning and proceeded to the pit heaps at Earsdon. Every N.C.O. was personally introduced to B.-P., and each of us was questioned as to what our ideas were for the defence of the Northumbrian Coast.

The training he favoured was what we in those days called skirmishing; i.e., Spread, Advance, Cover, in spasmodic moves. Camouflage was his speciality, and he insisted that the soldier equally with the officer should be fully aware of the object of any and every move.

It was at this period that B.-P.'s portrait was painted by Mr. Harold Speed who recalls that, 'I was very much struck with the simplicity of his life when once I called on him at his mother's house (where he then lived) at Prince's Gate. He was ill, and I was shown up to his bedroom and found him in a plain room lying on an ordinary camp bed of the simplest description — so different from the other appointments of the house'. Later the same artist visited B.-P. 'while he was stationed at Richmond Castle, Yorkshire, and living in the Norman Tower — again in stark simplicity'.

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A speech he made to his officers in May 1908 caused a controversy. B.-P. had taken some pains to ascertain how much truth there was in the German menace, and he was convinced that all the signs indicated the seriousness of the danger. He asserted that the German policy was, 'See clearly what you want; prepare armed force for getting it, and when you are ready strike. You can always find an excuse for doing so when the time comes', a truth which was even less well recognized in 1908 than in 1939. As part of his scheme for giving point to the training, he speculated on when an invasion might come, and suggested an August Bank Holiday on account of weather and also of everyone's preoccupation with holidays. This speech was reported in the local Press, although it was not given at a public meeting.

On the 14th May a Member of Parliament drew the attention of the Secretary for War to a speech made by B.-P. 'of an alarmist character, couched in language likely to be offensive to a friendly Power'. Haldane replied that the speech was made to uniformed members of the unit only and not intended for the general public. He pointed out that the German Army was a natural object of attention on the part of all keen soldiers in view of its special standard of efficiency; the remarks made 'could not be construed as in any way offensive to the German nation'.

When B.-P. saw Haldane and expressed regret at the fuss he had caused, the Secretary for War assured him that there was nothing to regret as it was well for people's eyes to be opened to the danger.

So far indeed was Haldane from reprimanding B.-P. that in the following October he took the Chair at a lecture on 'The Training of the Territorials' which B.-P. gave at the Royal United Service Institution. The lecture followed a familiar pattern: first a clear statement of objects, and then a discussion of the means. B.-P. stated that the object of the Territorials was to have a self-contained force of all arms, organized and trained in a state of efficiency and readiness (1) to check locally sudden raids on our coasts; (2) to support the Regulars in repelling invasion; (3) to take the place of the Regulars for general defence of Great Britain in the event of these being required overseas.

It was a busy year. The first months had been occupied with seeing *Scouting for Boys* through the press; then, when the full edition appeared in May, the floodgates were opened, and B.-P. was faced with the problem of increased demands being made on his time and energy. Another camp was to be held.

In August he wrote to a friend:

My days, and often nights, have of late mostly been spent manœuvring with my 'Terriers'. Things are going very well both

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with the Territorials, and, especially, with the Boy Scouts: this fad really is going ahead to an unexpected extent. I signed an agreement last night granting copyright in Germany, and it is already being translated into Russian and Norwegian. Two days ago I had a very appreciative letter from [Theodore] Roosevelt upon it; and my correspondence on it grows daily bigger. In the last four weeks 5,000 copies of the book were sold! I only wish I had more time to devote to it so that I could meet the development half way and 'make it hum'.

I do wish we were having our camp at Brownsea again but I am obliged to have it up in my own district this year so as to be available for my own work as well. So we go into camp next Saturday near Hexham on the Roman Wall, in a wild country teeming with romance — in fact our theme for two days and nights is 'The Quest of King Arthur' who lies asleep in some hidden cave in that neighbourhood. This will I hope make his story and chivalry very real to the boys.

The Rally of more than 10,000 Boy Scouts at the Crystal Palace in 1909 proved to the public that a new movement had established itself; this brought to a head a problem which had to be faced — the future of its founder. As a soldier he was intensely devoted to his profession, and the fact that at the age of fifty he was a Lieut.-General meant that the highest ranks were open to him. But it was impossible to serve both the Army and the Boy Scouts. Which should he choose?

At this crisis he was summoned to Balmoral to receive the K.C.V.O. which King Edward conferred upon him for his work as founder of the Boy Scouts. The ceremony was performed in unusual circumstances. While B.-P. was dressing for dinner, the King's Equerry came in to say that the King wanted to confer the knighthood at once. Hurriedly the arrangements were made and B.-P. was duly knighted. The explanation was that at the last moment it was discovered that the dinner card bore the title 'Sir Robert', and to avoid a breach of etiquette, the King decided to carry out the ceremony before dinner!

King Edward discussed the question of the future of the Boy Scouts, and at length he agreed that B.-P. should devote all his time to this new organization. He resigned from his Territorial Command on the 31st May 1910. Haldane wrote to express his regret at his resignation, but added, 'I feel that the organization of the Boy Scouts has so important a bearing on the future that probably the greatest service you can render to the country is to devote yourself to it'. B.-P.'s own typical comment was, 'I was not built for a General. I liked being a regimental officer in personal touch with my men'.

Hard as the decision had been, it did not mean complete severance from the Army, for in November 1911 B.-P. became Hon. Colonel of

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the 13th Hussars in succession to his old Commander, Sir Baker Creed Russell.' The K.C.B. was conferred upon him on this occasion. It was indeed a happy reunion with his regiment, and the close attention he gave to its welfare, and the pride the regiment took in him, brought much happiness. During the 1914-1918 War, the Commanding Officer wrote him long letters describing the fortunes of the regiment — letters far more detailed than formality alone necessitated, and his visits to the front were greatly appreciated.

In 1937 he had the joy of spending his 80th birthday with the regiment at Risalpur, and soon afterwards he resigned after more than sixty years' association. By then the 13th Hussars had been mechanized, and he felt that it was difficult for an old dog to learn new tricks. Much as he regretted the passing of the horse he was too good a soldier not to recognize the necessity. And the following scheme which he drew up in October 1938 for 'motor cavalry' shows that the old dog could in fact learn new tricks.

Present campaigns both in Spain and Palestine have shown that armoured cars, tanks, etc., are very vulnerable when opposed by a few resolute individual skirmishers and mine-layers.

Our forces at present lack an organization of such men.

They could easily be supplied by motor cyclists trained to the work and armed with magazine rifles and hand-mines.

Scouting and covering duties could be carried out by these fifty miles ahead of a force.

Mine-laying in front of advancing tanks with high explosive hand-mines.

Rapid seizure of advanced tactical points, taking additional rifle man on each carrier.

Rear-guard action with quick get-away.

Ambush at unsuspected distances.

Pursuit of retreating tanks.

Despatch running, etc.

Their speed, radius of action, small target, powers of concealment, and ability to traverse broken country, foot-bridges, alleys, etc., give them advantages over armoured cars with radius limited by petrol capacity, or over cavalry (Germany still retains some cavalry).

Training. The men would necessarily be trained to exercise personal initiative and enterprise and all the details of scouting, as is already done in the cavalry.

Within the next two years events were to prove in tragic fashion the need for just the training advocated by this youthful-minded veteran of eighty-one.

Part Two

THE BOY SCOUTS

XI. BROWNSEA ISLAND

ALTHOUGH it has been convenient to consider B.-P.'s career in the Army separately from his creation of the Boy Scout Movement, it is a mistake to think that there is any clear-cut division between the two. The previous chapters, it may be hoped, have shown how his ideas developed gradually through practice. He was not a theorist, nor was he an academic philosopher or psychologist. He was typically English in the way in which he made idea and practice go hand in hand. His method was always to define his object carefully and then to devise practical steps to achieve it. The combination of imaginative and organizing powers — so rare as to amount to genius — made it possible for him to succeed where others failed. To this must be added his readiness to consult, and learn from, others. As the following pages will demonstrate, each fresh development in the Boy Scout Movement was begun cautiously and after much experiment. 'Will it work?' was the question he asked before accepting suggestions.

Many times claimants wrote to point out that they should be given credit for the existence of the Boy Scout Movement. The following note by him was written in reply to one such claimant. It is endorsed, 'NOTE for Office to keep in case of revival of arguments later when I am dead. R. B.-P. 17.12.13'.

This man is the 4th to claim that he invented Boy Scouts. I have no recollection of his scheme for training boys which he says he sent to me in 1905 — but he may have sent it and I may have written to express interest in it: it did not in any case make a great impression on me. My idea of training boys in scouting dates from 1897 when I applied it to young soldiers in the 5th Dragoon Guards, having for years previously found the good of developing the man's character before putting upon him the dull routine training then considered necessary for a soldier.

The possibility of putting responsibility on to boys and treating them seriously was brought to the proof in Mafeking with the corps of boys raised by Lord Edward Cecil there in 1899 and led me to go into it further.

When I came home from the War in 1902 I found my book *Aids to Scouting* being used in schools and by Boys' Brigade Officers, etc., for teaching boys. As this had been written for soldiers I re-wrote

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it for boys (after having an experimental camp in 1907). I did not then intend to have a separate organization of Boy Scouts, but hoped that the B.B. and Y.M.C.A. would utilize the idea. However, such a large number of men and boys outside these organizations took it up, that we were obliged to form a directorate to control it.

The movement grew up of itself. In 1910 I had to give up the Army to take charge of it.

The idea of the dress of the Scouts was taken from a sketch of my own dress in Kashmir 1897, in every detail, including hat, staff, shirt, shorts, neckerchief, belt, knife, rolled coat, etc.

The badge was that which I used for Scouts in the 5th Dragoon Guards (since adopted throughout the Army). It was taken from the sign of the North Point of the compass as shown on maps as guide to their orientation.

He does not do himself full justice in that brief note; he makes no reference to the training he had received at home, with his brothers, at school, and in his early days in India; nor to his practical experience as a scout in Ashanti and Matabeleland. But that is the background against which his achievement must be seen.

All this must be combined with his uncanny knowledge of boy-nature, derived not from books or by study, but from his vivid memories of his own boyhood with his brothers and from his delight in the company of children. It may be noted that he never spoke or wrote sentimentally about boys; to him they were not angels in disguise; he preferred them with a touch of the devil. There was nothing Peter Pan-ish about his attitude; he preferred Kim to Peter Pan; he knew that one thing most boys desire is to grow up and be men, and his whole object was to enable them to become sound men in body, mind and spirit. As far as it is possible to analyse in words his appeal to boys, it may be summed up in one sentence: he took them seriously. He was ever ready with a joke, or for fun, but he never assumed that degrading 'talking-down-to' attitude which boys quickly see through and as quickly resent.

Mention has already been made of the numerous letters he received from boys after the relief of Mafeking. When he arrived at Southampton in 1903 from South Africa, he found awaiting him an invitation to take the chair at the annual Albert Hall Demonstration of the Boys' Brigade in May. This was his introduction to boys-in-the-mass, and to William Smith, the founder of the Brigade, and through it of many other parallel movements; it is no exaggeration to say that it was William Smith who helped B.-P. to find his greatest work.

How fully that debt was recognized is shown in the tribute paid by B.-P. on Sir William Smith's death in May 1914.

B R O W N S E A I S L A N D

Our friends the Boys' Brigade have lost their Founder, Sir William Smith. It is already ten years ago since I accepted his invitation to come and review the B.B. at Glasgow on the twentieth anniversary of their existence. They were then 54,000 strong throughout Great Britain.

There were between 7,000 and 8,000 boys on parade. It was the finest muster of boys that I had ever seen — all of them keen, alert, clean, and well set-up. I told Sir William that I would willingly change places to be in his shoes and to look upon those splendid lads as my own.

Then, in a chaffing way, I said he ought to have ten times the number, and would get them if he only gave more variety and attraction to the training. He urged me to re-write my 'Soldier's Scout Training' book for the boys.

I did so, and though it was taken up among the companies of the Brigade, it was also seized upon by hundreds of boys outside that organization within the first fortnight of its appearance. These hundreds soon mounted up to thousands, and we had to start an office to administer the Movement, which thus practically grew up of itself and became known as the Boy Scouts.

It was only a very few years later that I held a rally of Boy Scouts in Glasgow, and Sir William was present at it. The numbers on parade were about equal to those of my former review of the Boys' Brigade. The force was too large to address directly, so I assembled the Patrol Leaders that they might hear what I had to say. A grand, splendid lot of boys they were!

I turned to Sir William. His eyes were suffused as he said in a reminding way: 'Do you want to change places with me now?'

A smaller man would naturally have resented or been jealous of a rival organization coming up on his original invention and almost overshadowing him in his own sphere. But there was none of that in Sir William's great mind.

He knew the needs of the thousands of boys in our teeming cities; he knew that methods which would appeal to one kind might not appeal to another, and he welcomed ours as an additional way of getting hold of the boys; we were working by different roads but all to the same end. From the first up to the last he was always helpful to me and sympathetic to the Scout Movement, and it was thanks to his large-mindedness in this direction that, instead of the friction which might very well have been expected to arise between the members of the two movements, there has existed a strongly fraternal spirit which I can only hope will grow and fructify.

William Smith was the first to recognize and to seize the eager spirit of the boy, and to handle it in the right way for leading the lad, through his own inclination, to a sense of better things. He had that confidence in his fellow-men that enabled him to raise an army of willing workers

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to carry out his instructions. From the smallest beginnings he raised this mighty fabric for good which has spread throughout the world.

He discovered by boldly scouting, the amount of good there is underlying the surface in our manhood as well as among the boys; how men will sacrifice their time and pleasures, will submit themselves to discipline, however red-tapey it may seem; will face the difficulties of poor support and unresponsive pupils, till by faithful service and a persistent pluck they bring their efforts through to a grand, successful issue.

To other movements coming after his the work is light. His was the spadework, his was the groping through the dark tangle — always looking to the light ahead — his was the inspiration which has brought men and movements speeding after him in the glorious work of clearing dark places and opening up the fair field for an enlightened rising generation for our race.

The first sketch of how scouting could be applied to boy training was sent to William Smith early in 1906. It is of importance in tracing the growth of an idea.

The ulterior object of the following scheme is to develop among Boys a power of sympathizing with others, a spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism, and generally to prepare them for becoming good citizens.

The method suggested for effecting the above is to make Boys observant of details, and to develop their reasoning powers, and at the same time to inculcate in them the spirit of self-denial and of obedience to duty.

The instructor should read to the would-be scouts a detective tale from Gaboriau or Conan Doyle (Sherlock Holmes), laying special stress on the clues to the crime, and the deductions therefrom. He should examine the Boys to see that they have grasped the idea of drawing conclusions from small signs.

He should then give instruction in noticing details and remembering them; such as looking in a shop window for one minute and then moving away — to try and state all the articles in the window; noticing the difference and details of passers-by, and deducing their occupations and characters; points of the compass by the sun, moon, stars, etc.; learning in the country or parks the tracks of people, horses, carriages, etc., their age and meaning; the art of lighting a fire and cooking; judging distance; knowledge of first aid; revival of apparently drowned persons; personal hygiene; ability to swim; writing brief reports, etc.; the place of Great Britain among the nations; the British Colonies; the Union Jack and its meaning. Duty to your country and to neighbours to be the first guide in taking any step, your own pleasure or convenience to come second. Need of good citizens. Using your power of noticing

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details to spot people in everyday life who are wanting help, and to help them in however small a way.

Captains of Companies will doubtless be able to devise many more subjects suited to their local conditions, in which the young scouts might advantageously be educated, but I would suggest that in devising them the object given in my first paragraph above should always be kept in view.

Tests. — After being instructed as above, the scouts should be tested in a qualifying examination such as the following:

1. Look into five successive shop windows, one minute at each. Then write down the contents of, say, the 2nd and 4th from memory.

2. Look at six passers-by and describe from memory, say, the 2nd, 3rd and 5th, and what you reckon them and their business to be.

3. Remember the numbers of the first two cabs that pass, and presently write them down from memory.

4. Describe the compass-direction of certain streets, landmarks, etc., by the sun; or, if dull weather, 'box the compass'.

5. Read tracks and their meaning — if in the country (or park) send someone out to make a fairly clear track (using walking stick, etc.). Each Boy tracking for a few minutes in turn, or till he fails.

6. The instructor lays a 'paper chase' (in town or country), not with paper but with small signs such as buttons, bits of cloth, card, etc., all of one colour, some on the ground, some on bushes, trees, etc., to make the Boys use their eyes. (Objects all of one colour to be used to prevent confusion with ordinary rubbish.) Boys follow the track, each one being given the lead in turn for four or five minutes or till he fails.

7. Lay two fires and light them, using two matches only.

8. Cook $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour and two potatoes without the help of cooking utensils.

9. Draw a sketch of the Union Jack correctly.

10. Scouting race. Instructor stations three individuals or groups, each group differently clothed as far as possible, and carrying different articles (such as stick, bundle, paper, etc.), at distances from 300 to 1,200 yards from starting point. If there are other people about, these groups might be told to kneel on one knee, or take some such attitude to distinguish them from passers-by. He makes out a circular course of three points for the competitors to run, say, about a quarter of a mile, with a few jumps if possible.

The competitors start and run to No. 1 point. Here the umpire tells them the compass-direction of the group they have to report on. Each competitor on seeing this group writes a report showing:

1. How many in the group.
2. How clothed or how distinguishable.
3. Position as regards any landmark near them.
4. Distance from his own position.

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He then runs to the next point and repeats the same on another group, and so on; and finally he runs with his report to the winning post.

Marks. — Full marks, 5 for each correct and complete description of a group — that is an aggregate of 15 marks for the course. One mark deducted for every ten seconds later than the first Boy handing in his report at the winning post. Marks or half marks deducted for mistakes or omissions in reports.

Soon afterwards he drew up two circulars, one giving the reasons for applying the methods of scouting to boy training, and the other setting out details of the scheme. Two paragraphs from the first circular must be quoted:

The following scheme is offered as a possible aid towards putting on a positive footing the development, moral and physical, of boys of all creeds and classes, by a means which should appeal to them while offending as little as possible the susceptibilities of their elders.

It is intended to be applicable — and not in opposition — to any existing organization for boys, such as schools, boys' brigades, messengers, cricket clubs, cadet corps, etc., or it can supply an organization of its own where these do not exist — *for there are one and three-quarter million boys in the country at present outside the range of these good influences, mostly drifting towards hooliganism for want of a helping hand.*

The idea was constantly in his mind, and he discussed it with friends and indeed with anyone who would listen to him. One lady recalls how he began explaining the scheme to her at a garden party and when she said that her ideas about scouting were rather vague, he offered to take her straight away to a neighbouring wood to teach her the elements. 'However,' she writes, 'we did not escape the eye of our host who headed us back to talk to other people asked to meet the hero of Mafeking.'

It was during another country visit in 1907 that B.-P. secured the interest of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the publisher, and of his Literary Manager, Mr. P. W. Everett. The latter, who was from then onwards to be B.-P.'s right-hand man in the organization, has recorded what took place.

In the early summer of 1907 General B.-P. was staying with Pearson at his country place in Surrey, and was just then looking for a man with the right sort of influence and experience to help him launch his scheme, to interest the great public and to draw into his net the right type of organizers to aid him.

There was a house-party — the guests were amusing themselves, but the host was preparing to slip away. Baden-Powell strolled up beside his waiting motor-car.

'Where are you off to, Pearson?'

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'Oh, I am just running over to see a children's cripple home in which I am interested.'

The car slid off down the drive and B.-P. was left thinking. What he thought was 'Here is my man; a lover of children, a famous organizer, a great newspaper proprietor — he will know how I should man and launch my ship'.

So he discussed his ideas with Pearson, and in consultation with him worked out his plans for bringing Scouting to the notice of the public.

I always look back on that little incident as one of the great landmarks of Scouting in this country; also with much personal pleasure, as it was the direct cause of my joining the Movement in its initial stages and of assisting in the arrangements for giving the scheme to the world through the handbook *Scouting for Boys* and in the founding of the Scouts' own organ, *The Scout*, in April 1908.

Meantime B.-P. was studying the methods used in the training of boys in other parts of the world. The customs of initiation to manhood amongst Zulu and other native tribes supplied some hints; the various codes of chivalry gave others; the open-air gymnasia instituted by F. L. Jahn in Germany attracted his attention; he examined the working of such existing movements as the 'Woodcraft Indians' of Ernest Thompson Seton, and the 'Sons of Daniel Boone' organized by Dan Beard of America. But, as we shall see later, there was little that he gained from these modern experiments.

Far more important than these studies was the camp he held on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour from the 25th July to the 9th August 1907. Here he tried out his methods with a mixed company of twenty boys drawn from many sections of society. He had the help of the Boys' Brigade officials in Bournemouth in finding the site and securing the equipment as well as in finding the boys.

In some respects it was not an ideal site, but it was an island with plenty of woodland, and that made up for other deficiencies.

B.-P.'s nephew, Donald, was present as orderly; Major Kenneth McLaren — once his fellow subaltern in the 13th Hussars — came to help, and Mr. P. W. Everett there saw scouting in action for the first time.

The following is B.-P.'s report on the camp:

The troop of boys was divided up into 'Patrols' of five, the senior boy in each being Patrol Leader. This organization was the secret of our success. Each patrol leader was given full responsibility for the behaviour of his patrol at all times, in camp and in the field. The patrol was the unit for work or play, and each patrol was camped in a separate spot. The boys were put 'on their honour' to carry out orders. Responsibility and competitive rivalry were thus at once established,

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and a good standard of development was ensured throughout the troop from day to day. The troop was trained progressively in the subjects of scouting. Every night one patrol went on duty as night picket — that is, drew rations of flour, meat, vegetables, tea, etc., and went out to some indicated spot to bivouac for the night. Each boy had his great-coat and blankets, cooking pot and matches. On arrival at the spot, fires were lit and suppers cooked, after which sentries were posted and bivouac formed. The picket was scouted by patrol leaders of other patrols and myself, at some time before eleven p.m., after which the sentries were withdrawn and picket settled down for the night.

We found the best way of imparting theoretical instruction was to give it out in short instalments with ample illustrative examples when sitting round the camp fire or otherwise resting, and with demonstrations in the practice hour before breakfast. A formal lecture is apt to bore the boys.

The practice was then carried out in competitions and schemes.

For example, take one detail of the subject, 'Observation' — namely, tracking.

1. At the camp fire overnight we would tell the boys some interesting instance of the value of being able to track.

2. Next morning we would teach them to read tracks by making foot-marks at different places, and showing how to read them and to deduce their meaning.

3. In the afternoon we would have a game, such as 'deer-stalking', in which one boy went off as the 'deer', with half a dozen tennis balls in his bag. Twenty minutes later four 'hunters' went off after him, following his tracks, each armed with a tennis ball. The deer, after going a mile or two, would hide and endeavour to ambush his hunters, and so get them within range; each hunter struck with his tennis ball was counted gored to death; if, on the other hand, the deer was hit by three of their balls he was killed.

This was our principle for teaching most of the items.

Discipline was very satisfactory indeed. A 'court of honour' was instituted to try any offenders against discipline, but it was never needed. In the first place the boys were put 'on their honour' to do their best; in the second place, the senior boys were made responsible for the behaviour of the boys forming their patrol. And this worked perfectly well.

The camp was roused in the mornings by the koodoo horn which B.-P. had captured in the Matabeleland Campaign.

The camp was not without its amusing incidents. Thus, when B.-P. was stalking a Patrol, he failed to observe one of his own injunctions 'to look up', and he was captured by his own nephew who had concealed himself in a tree. One evening the male members of a house party

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which the owner of the island, Mr. Van Raalte, was entertaining, decided that they would try to pay the camp a surprise visit. They had not gone far, however, before two of the boys sprang out from cover and 'arrested' them; the prisoners were marched into camp and had to pay a suitable ransom.

Mr. P. W. Everett in after years recalled the fascination of the camp fires when B.-P. held the boys spellbound.

I can see him still as he stands in the flickering light of the fire — an alert figure, full of the joy of life, now grave, now gay, answering all manner of questions, imitating the call of birds, showing how to stalk a wild animal, flashing out a little story, dancing and singing round the fire, pointing a moral, not in actual words, but in such an elusive and yet convincing way that everyone present, boy or man, was ready to follow him wherever he might lead.

The success of the camp encouraged B.-P. to go forward. The writing of a handbook was the next urgent business; a name for the scheme was necessary, and in September 1907 Mr. Pearson wrote:

I do not think the title 'Imperial Scouts' is a good name. For one thing, I think it would get mixed in the public mind with the Imperial Legion of Frontiersmen. It seems to me we should certainly use the word 'Boy'. I do not think you will improve upon 'Boy Scouts'.

Mr. Pearson provided a one-room office in Goschen Buildings, Henrietta Street; he promised to finance the movement for the first year, and to begin the weekly paper for boys, *The Scout*. Meanwhile B.-P. undertook to address public meetings to make the idea known, and to get on with the handbook.

Scouting for Boys began to appear in January 1908, and was published in six fortnightly parts at fourpence a copy.

In order to work in peace at the writing of the book, B.-P. rented a room in the Windmill on Wimbledon Common. Mr. P. W. Everett supervised the publication, and he recalls that B.-P.

was much more businesslike than most authors and artists, partly, perhaps, because he adopted that excellent labour-saving device of returning your own letter with appropriate comments against each paragraph. In this way I could always depend on a quick and satisfactory reply to any queries. Sometimes I would have to wait at Wimbledon while he finished a chapter. It was fascinating to watch him writing and sketching, now with the right hand, now with the left. He is an omnivorous reader of books and papers, and was quick to find and use any fact or incident which would be helpful. He was also most careful to check any statement made, and I can only remember one instance in which he was misled. He had sent to me the story of a boy who had shown

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great presence of mind in a case of poisoning. This was being set up for use when I received a characteristic note. 'Please delete the story I sent you for *Scouting for Boys* of the lad who saved his mother's life from poisoning. Subsequent inquiry shows he half killed her with the wrong remedies! R.S.S.B.-P.'

The magic initials B.-P. on the covers were sufficient to capture the attention of boys all over the country. They began doing the things suggested and playing the games described; soon they formed themselves into Patrols and began worrying any likely men to become Scoutmasters. The appearance of the first issue of *The Scout* on the 14th April 1908 helped to add to the numbers of these early Boy Scouts. They began writing to 'the General' (as B.-P. was known in those days) for advice and for badges. The small office—which was more that of *The Scout* than of a movement—found it difficult to cope with the many requests, of which the following is an example:

Pleas will you send me a dozen cards which will allow us to go into fields without being persecuted at 4d. a dozen.

Letters such as this also came from harassed adults:

'MY DEAR GENERAL,

I was assailed yesterday by two smart boys here for information as to how they and six pals can become one of Gen. B.-P. Boy Scout Patrols. I promised to find out for them. Is the formation possible in this isolated sort of fashion? Yours very truly, A. B.'

B.-P. tried to persuade his younger brother, Baden, to act as Manager of the office, and on his refusal, got Major Kenneth Maclaren to undertake the work.

The following is typical of what was happening all over the country; it is recorded by one who did great service to the movement for many years.

One day, my friend the Schoolmaster produced a book called *Scouting for Boys* and gave it to me to read, remarking that he thought it a marvellous effort. I took it, with some mistrust, skimmed through it, did not understand it, mislaid it, found it on a wet day and read it properly. When I returned it, the Schoolmaster asked me if I would help him to start a troupe.

It is as well that the future is hidden from us, and I little thought that with this request came an entire alteration in my life. Perhaps, could I have looked into the future, I should have shied away from it. Indeed, I am sure I should. However, I said 'Yes'.

I pictured myself as the benevolent patron into whose pocket the Scoutmaster might dip within reason, and I saw myself going occasionally to their meetings, say once a quarter, and with a benevolent smile

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saying, 'Well, boys, and how are we getting on, eh?' and patting the smallest on the head, if clean enough.

Shortly after these reflections I found myself on a torrid August evening in a small room over my kitchen, in company with the Scoutmaster and eight boys, trying to master the tenderfoot knots.

B.-P. was keeping in touch with the scouting experiments being tried in a number of companies of the Boys' Brigade, and also discussing his ideas with other organizations such as the Y.M.C.A.

The following notes on the early association with the Y.M.C.A. were written by Mr. Charles E. Heald:

It was in the autumn of 1907, following the Brownsea Experimental Camp, that Sir Robert Baden-Powell called at the Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters and interviewed me as the National Secretary for Y.M.C.A. boys' work. In the conversation that followed, the General explained his ideas of how work with boys might be made more attractive and more effective. He said that in his scheme of Scouting for boys he was endeavouring to co-ordinate the many agencies used by workers with boys into a progressive method which would be:

1. Attractive to boys.
2. An aid to men who wanted to help boys but did not know how to begin.
3. Capable of use by older boys themselves.

In the talk that followed there was a valuable exchange of ideas, loan of books, etc. It was quite evident that at that period there was no idea of founding a new organization, but an earnest desire to help all existing organizations as well as individual workers.

By January 1908 the General was ready to give his scheme to the world as quickly and effectively as possible, and with the help of Mr. W. B. Wakefield, the Hon. Secretary of the Boys' Department, I arranged for the General to address a number of Public Meetings to be organized by the Y.M.C.A., to which workers with boys, schoolmasters, clergy and ministers were invited. The very first of these meetings, the first public description of scouting for boys, was held in this Hall (Birkenhead Y.M.C.A.) on January 24th 1908. Meetings followed in Y.M.C.A. centres at Manchester, Nottingham and other places of which I have no definite record. At the same time a letter was addressed from the National Office to all Associations drawing their attention to the new scheme of scouting for boys, giving them the preliminary leaflets, and advising them that these leaflets would very shortly be supplemented by a series of handbooks containing the working details. Thus was scouting for boys launched in England.

The next phase in the development now began to appear. That was the need for some kind of organization to guide the growing movement, which was catching on like wild-fire.

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It is interesting to note how the demand for organization was pressed by the Y.M.C.A. It was voiced at a Y.M.C.A. Scoutmasters' Conference held at Nottingham in July 1908 — probably the very first conference of Scoutmasters ever held. The resolution ran as follows:

In view of the discretionary freedom which General Baden-Powell has given to all organizations, resolved that the National Junior Committee be requested to produce an organization to direct and develop the scout movement within its borders.

The Conference expressed the hope that Mr. W. B. Wakefield would undertake this task.

When this resolution was discussed by the Y.M.C.A. leaders, if my memory and notes serve me rightly, Mr. Wakefield hesitated to act without the General's agreement and appointment. How quickly this was given and how the first two Commissioners, then evidently called Inspectors, were appointed, is recorded in the memorandum of a Committee Breakfast held in October 1908. Speaking at the Breakfast with reference to Boy Scouts and his position, Mr. W. B. Wakefield stated that General Baden-Powell had appointed Mr. Eric Walker, who was present with them, to be Chief Inspector for the South of England, and that he himself had undertaken a similar duty in the North of England; together they hoped to evolve some order out of the present chaos. As it was, boys were going about calling themselves scouts under conditions which were a real danger to the Movement.

Reference has already been made to the Humshaugh camp in Northumberland in August 1908; the boys explored the Roman Wall under B.-P.'s guidance, played scouting games, learnt how to imitate bird calls, and were shown how to do many of the things described in *Scouting for Boys*.

One of the campers recalls that B.-P. was 'the life and soul of the camp, helping the boys in their work and play, always smiling and ready to answer any questions. At the camp fire he was great and kept the pace going with song and story'.

B.-P. was very busy during the later months of 1908 answering letters, addressing meetings, interviewing likely supporters, and attending to many details of organization. A representative letter of the period shows something of his methods.

DEAR EVERETT,

25.11.08

Many thanks for the Circulars.

The pamphlet or leaflet of the 'Scout' will do very well on paper instead of card. I don't like the heading 'Britain's Boy Scouts' — much best stick to 'Boy Scouts' pure and simple.

On the same page it commences, 'I want every boy' — but there is nothing to show who 'I' is!

This Circular does not mention the Handbook, and where it can be got.

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In the Circulars *re* organizing committees, etc., they have again used that damnable old die which purports to be my signature. Could you kindly have that die cremated and only the proper one used?

None of these Circulars show what Scouting is — and that is the question that I am being asked at every turn. People all seem to think it has something to do with the Territorial Army!!

I thought we had something more explanatory and that is why I asked for some circulars. If we have not I think it is most desirable to get something printed for Scoutmasters and others to circulate to potential people in their neighbourhoods and thus spread the movement very effectually. I can write one if necessary.

The Photos might be our very best advertisement; they give the really attractive side of the organization and ‘photos cannot lie’, and thus bring it home to boys and to parents alike. I don’t quite know what is the best way to spread them, whether by post cards or by an extra sheet in the Xmas number with extra copies for distribution, but I am certain that anyone who sees them will take up Scouting! They are the most attractive and telling advertisement we can issue. Would it be very expensive to make large sized post cards of them — Or could we make a sheet of them for say the *Graphic* to issue as a ‘Scouting Supplement’ with one of its numbers?

As regards my contribution to the Xmas number would not my last week’s article do — viz. Personal adventure in Matabeleland.

I shall be in London about 30th I expect.

Yours sincerely,

R. BADEN-POWELL.

During 1908 numbers increased; the offices became too small; further staff had to be employed. J. A. Kyle was appointed as paid Managing Secretary in February 1909, and a few weeks later new offices were taken in Victoria Street. *The Headquarters Gazette* (now *The Scouter*) appeared in July of the same year. This contained the first official list of ‘Warrant Scoutmasters’ — numbering 422.

B.-P. was in the meantime having a holiday in South America, and this resulted in the formation of the first foreign Boy Scout organization — that of Chile.

A third camp was organized, this time at Buckler’s Hard, Beaulieu, and on C. B. Fry’s training ship, the *Mercury*. The parties changed over at the end of the first week, and from that time Sea Scouting became part of the scheme. In this B.-P. received great help from his brother Warington who wrote the official handbook *Sea Scouting*.

Earlier in the year a Patrol of eight Scouts had made a tour in Germany, the first official foreign contact. The boys were practically taken charge of

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by the German Army. A return visit of the Wandervögel was paid to England in the following July.

In September the first big Rally was held at the Crystal Palace with a Conference of officers. Rain poured down just before the 'March Past' which had to be held indoors; B.-P. made a quick change from Scout to General's uniform to take the salute. Some 10,000 boys attended, as well as a few self-organized 'Girl Scouts' who thus forced attention to the need for 'doing something about them'.

Other helpers had now been persuaded to join the organization; General Sir Edmond Elles was appointed Chief Commissioner, with Colonel Ulick de Burgh as his Deputy. An Advisory Council was also formed, and amongst others B.-P. invited Sir William Smith of the Boys' Brigade. He was unable to accept as he felt that his work as Secretary of the Brigade needed all his energy. B.-P.'s reply to his refusal failed to make him change his mind.

The Castle
Richmond, Yorks
Xmas Day, 1909

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I was very distressed at your letter — and I do sincerely hope, for the sake of the boys, that it is not final.

My object, as you know, in starting this Scout idea was, not to form an additional organization, but to give to the B.B. and C.L.B., etc., an extra attraction and additional character-education to their respective schemes of training. And I thought that if it were taken up by both it might prove something of a bond which might eventually bring them into closer co-operation in their work. But so many outsiders took up Scouting that, against my desire, it blossomed into yet another separate organization 'on its own'.

But I fully recognize that until all these movements are working on some system of mutual co-operation we are only dealing with the fringe of the boyhood, whereas if leagued as a 'combine' we might tackle the whole mass effectively and really make a nation of good, Godfearing, virile citizens in the next generation.

With this in view I want to get the policy of the Boy Scouts directed by the heads of the other organizations so as to fit in with their aims. And in this way — if the heads are all working together — the local leaders will follow suit. With these working in co-operation with each other and parcelling out their respective districts, etc., we may hope to get hold of everything there is in the shape of a boy, without any of the present overlapping or gaps, and without local jealousies or frictions.

We all naturally look to you as the leader of the boy movement — if you decide to help in directing the policy of the Scout Movement, the

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other heads will follow suit, and I believe that in so doing you will be adding a very big step to the one which you first made for the good of the boys as a whole. The possibilities are then enormous. The Scout movement wants to know where to help the others, but is in the dark. But I see nothing more than very partial results if we are all working as separate organizations taking our own separate lines.

Even if you should prefer this, you may be sure of my earnest desire to work in co-operation with the B.B. at all times, and whenever you like to give me a hint for any special course.

However, I hope very sincerely that you will see your way to coming on our Advisory Council and to thus taking a hand in our policy. It need not demand more of your time than one meeting a year, nor any subscription, etc. The Prince of Wales is in favour of such amalgamation of aims and would, I believe, become the President of such Council if formed.

Yours very sincerely,
R. BADEN-POWELL.

The Movement was now firmly established, and the following chart shows that 1909 was an important year in its history.

<i>December 1908</i>	<i>December 1909</i>
OFFICES, parts of 2 rooms at Henrietta Street	10 rooms in Victoria Street
STAFF PAID, 4	15
STAFF UNPAID, nil	8 exclusive of 'Commissioners'
EQUIPMENT, haphazard	Badges all registered. Dept. organized.
NUMBERS ENROLLED, about 60,000	about 100,000
PUBLICATIONS: <i>Scouting for Boys</i> <i>The Scout</i> Two pamphlets	Added a full set of explanatory literature including Badge pamphlet, price list, Rules, Girl Guides 'A', 'B'. Many 'official' books and H.Q. <i>Gazette</i> . <i>Scouting for Boys</i> already translated into 5 other languages
ORGANIZATION, nil	Local Committees everywhere in Great Britain, and New Zealand with separate H.Q. 'Commissioners' in Ireland, Wales, London, N. England, Midlands, most Colonies, as well as Chief Commissioner, Deputy Chief Commissioner, and Commissioner for Overseas at H.Q. Informal H.Q. Committee started and nucleus of Council got together

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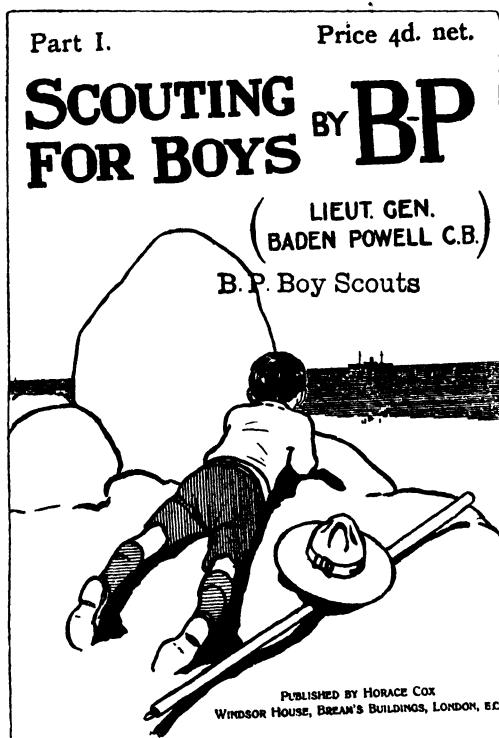
RECOGNITION, practically nil

King's Patronage; promise of Royal review; B.-P. knighted; official participation in Empire Day (first parade); official participation in Lord Mayor's procession

It is therefore not surprising that B.-P. realized that he must face the personal problem of his future — Army, or Boy Scouts.

XII. 'SCOUTING FOR BOYS'

THE boy who in January 1908 bought the first Part of *Scouting for Boys* by B.-P. could hardly fail to be captured by the idea of scouting. In its sixty pages he found a varied programme of instruction, yarns, activities and games written by a man who knew how to appeal to the



Original issue of *Scouting for Boys* with cover design by John Hassall

boy's craving for adventure and longing for activity. A grown-up might, at first glance, describe the booklet as scrappy and snippetty — so indeed it is for an adult accustomed to concentrating on a well-developed argument. But boy-minds do not work in that way; a text-book on scouting planned on progressive lines would not have created the Boy Scouts. The book is indeed an excellent example of the 'Softly, softly, catchee monkey' principle.

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Part One opens with a few notes for the Instructor — described as ‘any man or lad who takes up the training of either a Patrol (i.e. six to eight boys), or a Troop (i.e. several Patrols joined together)’. Then follow four Camp Fire yarns: the first opens with a talk about the boy cadets of Mafeking, and at once the key-note of the need for preparing oneself for service to the community is struck; a few paragraphs on the work of frontiersmen, explorers and settlers introduce the story of Kim from Kipling’s novel. The second yarn explains the kinds of things a Boy Scout learns, and opens with the sentence, ‘To become a Boy Scout you join a Patrol belonging to your Cadet Corps, or Boys’ Brigade or club. If you are not a member of one of these, or if it does not as yet possess a Patrol of Scouts, you can raise a Patrol yourself by getting five other boys to join’. The yarn is interrupted for actual practice, such as ‘Play Kim’s game’, or with a note to the instructor such as ‘Make each boy lay a fire in his own way and light it. After failures, show them the right way’. A story of an observant boy who helped to solve a murder mystery ends this section. The third yarn explains all about the various tests and badges. The fourth yarn is devoted entirely to the Scout Law. Then comes a section of scouting games, and this Part ends with a short play, ‘Pocahontas’.

From this outline it will be seen how varied was the fare offered to the boy of 1908 who bought Part One of *Scouting for Boys*; there is a skilled mixing of romance, instruction and activity.

The contents of the next four Parts may be briefly summarized by the titles of the yarns: observation of sign and tracks, spooing, reading ‘sign’, stalking, animals, plants, pioneering, camping, cooking, life in the open, pathfinding, signalling, how to grow strong, health-giving habits, preventing disease, chivalry, self-discipline, self-improvement, accidents and how to deal with them, aid to the injured, our Empire, citizenship.

Part Six consists of more games and outdoor activities, and ‘Notes for Instructors’ on general aims and methods.

When the Parts were reprinted in book form, the same general scheme of contents was followed, and in spite of frequent revisions since 1908, *Scouting for Boys* is substantially the same now as then. It has been translated into most common languages, as well as into a few uncommon ones, and up to B.-P.’s death over half a million copies of the English version had been sold.

It is not difficult to see why boys were fascinated by this book; it encouraged them to do just the kinds of things they longed to do: they were urged to light fires and cook out of doors; to play the detective in reading the meaning of signs and tracks; to take part in scouting games combining the skill of the Red Indian with rough and tumble combats; in short, to

rely on themselves with the self-sufficiency of an explorer or frontiersman. Some boys were attracted because the scheme gave meaning to their interest in wild life; others because they needed an outlet for their romantic imaginings; some because they found the usual team games of school life unattractive. The boy 'gang' or the 'secret society' transformed itself into the Patrol and surprisingly found itself praised instead of cursed. Scouting was the answer to a real hunger for adventure which no organization had been able to satisfy.

The Movement, however, meant more than these things, for B.-P. had skilfully linked up the natural desires of the boy in a system of training calculated to develop in the individual qualities of character which would make the boy a good citizen. It has already been pointed out that B.-P. used the term 'character' in a special way; by itself the word simply means the sum of the qualities — good and bad — which go to make up a man's nature. To him the word came to have a more specific meaning; when he used it, he implied the character which makes a man a good member of society — self-sufficient yet always ready and able through training to help others. Nothing could have been more abhorrent to him than the idea of training all boys to the same rigid pattern. To him — from his earliest army days — the individual personality was sacred, and he saw that the more a man develops his personal qualities and abilities, the richer is his contribution to society, provided — and this was the paramount consideration — he used his gifts for the benefit of his fellows.

Other attempts had been made to encourage outdoor activities amongst boys; one of the most notable was the Woodcraft Indians scheme of Ernest Thompson Seton — to whom B.-P. always acknowledged his obligations, though in actual fact Scouting owed very little to Seton's ideas. Why did the Woodcraft Indians, and indeed several similar organizations, fail to capture the mass of boys? On the surface, it might have been thought that 'playing Indians' would make an irresistible appeal; so indeed it does for a brief period in some boys' lives, but once the make-believe breaks down all the trappings appear tawdry. B.-P. wisely drew upon a much more varied field of suggestion than this questionable interpretation of the North American Indian preached by Thompson Seton. B.-P. had the considerable advantage of having lived and worked and fought amongst the native tribes of South Africa; his knowledge was not academic but severely practical, nor was he tempted to idealize the 'noble savage'. Yet he was quick to appreciate the natives' good qualities; as we have seen he had been impressed many years previously by the various methods used in some Zulu tribes for testing a youth's fitness for the privileges of manhood: this is but one example of how he

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drew upon his own observations for suggestions when he came to work out a system of boy-training. The result was a scheme which would appeal not only to a young boy, but one which by its breadth and variety would hold his interest for some years.

An even more important reason for the success of Scouting as compared with the Woodcraft Indians is that B.-P.'s whole scheme was devised as a means — a very attractive and exciting means — to a well-defined end; that end was, as has been said, the development of a community of good citizens; the emphasis was not on the individual achievement as a feather in the cap, but as a step towards becoming more useful to others. By contrast the personal achievement was in Seton's Indians literally a feather in the cap, as an elaborate system of 'coups' or 'standards of honourable exploit' permitted the wearing of feathers in the 'war-bonnet'. The tests laid down in this scheme demanded a high standard of skill — but they led nowhere in particular, the object of the movement being stated as 'the promotion of interests in Out-of-Door Life and Woodcraft, the preservation of Wild Life and Landscape, and the promotion of Good Fellowship among its members'. These are indeed admirable objectives within their set limits, but B.-P.'s statement of the purpose of Scouting forms an interesting contrast.

The whole object of our scheme is to seize the boy's character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm, and to weld it into the right shape and to encourage and develop its individuality — so that the boy may educate himself to become a good man and a valuable citizen for our country in the immediate future.

The emphasis here is on training for service, and, as we shall see, this is stressed from the very beginning; at first sight this may not seem attractive to boys, and yet B.-P. was here showing a far sounder insight into juvenile nature, for the boy — however shy he may be of saying so — does like to feel that he is of use in the society in which he lives.

One further example of this insight is shown in a comparison between the Scout Law and the Laws of the Woodcraft Indians as set down in *The Birch-Bark Roll* of 1908. All the Scout Laws are positive and set up standards of behaviour; they are not prohibitions. The Woodcraft Laws include such provocative injunctions as, 'Don't rebel', 'Don't kindle a wild fire', 'Don't make a dirty camp', 'No smoking', 'No firewater', with a list of punishments to follow.

It may be said in summary that the success of B.-P.'s scheme is largely the result of his accurate reading of boy-nature; this in turn was based on his many years of acute observation of human nature in many countries and under varied conditions.

As we have seen, he did not find the Boy Scouts without previous experience of training youths, for he had given particular attention to this during his regimental career. It should be remembered that the young soldiers of 1880 to 1900 were fairly rough material, many of them hardly literate. To the unimaginative officer the only method of 'licking them into shape' was by drill, drill, drill, and then more drill until the victims were reduced to unthinking automatons. Such methods were repugnant to B.-P. with his own strongly developed individuality; so he set to work to devise attractive methods of giving to each man a personal pride in his own progress.

The basis of the B.-P. method was the giving of responsibility to the individual. To achieve this, drill in the mass was replaced by competition between small groups of half a dozen men under a leader. In the Boy Scouts this is known as the Patrol System, and it is one of B.-P.'s most characteristic contributions to educational method. It is described in his own words in the following passage:

Many Scoutmasters and others did not, at first, recognize the extraordinary value which they could get out of the Patrol system if they liked to use it, but I think that most of them seem to be realizing this more and more. The Patrol system, after all, is merely putting your boys into permanent gangs under the leadership of one of their own number, which is their natural organization whether bent on mischief or for amusement. But to get first-class results from this system you have to give the leader a real free-handed responsibility — if you only give partial responsibility you will only get partial results. By thus using your Leaders as officers you save yourself an infinite amount of the troublesome detail work. At the same time, the main object is not so much saving the Scoutmaster trouble as to give responsibility to the boy, since this is the very best of all means for developing character. It is generally the boy with the most character who rises to be the leader of a mischief gang. If you apply this natural scheme to your own needs it brings the best results.

It is the business of the Scoutmaster to give the aim, and the several Patrols in a Troop vie with each other in attaining it, and thus the standard of keenness and work is raised all round.

Unless the importance of this Patrol System is realized, it is impossible to understand B.-P.'s contribution to the training of youth.

Giving responsibility does not imply simply investing the boy with the power to order others about; it implies trust. But the boy is not left without guidance; that is supplied in the Scout Law. It needs courage to draw up a code of conduct, but B.-P. never lacked that, though he must have

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known that he was inviting criticism, and many wrote to him to point out omissions which they offered to supply. As he wrote:

Authorities have come along to improve the Scout Law, and not recognizing the active side of it, have changed it to the reverse — a series of 'Don'ts'. 'Don't', of course, is the distinguishing feature and motto of the old-fashioned system of repression; and is a red rag to a boy. It is a challenge to him to do wrong.

So he refused to issue edicts against smoking, or gambling, or this, that and the other. Thus on the question of 'strong drink' he wrote to a correspondent:

I have seen as much as, if not more than, most people of the evils resulting from drink — how they are brought about and how they are corrected. I have realized the failure of the imposition of artificial restrictions from without as compared with the encouragement of the natural resistance through will-power from within.

Thus Pledge Taking and Prohibition are only very partial in their effects and are to some extent responsible for the increase in drug taking and in corruption of police, etc., without much real diminution of alcoholism and crime.

To eradicate an evil you have to supply an effective substitute and in the above cases this principle has been neglected.

Our aim in the Scout Movement is to *prevent* drinking by employing natural means, namely by strengthening the character (i.e. the moral will-power, self respect, and self control) of the individual and by supplying hobbies and activities that tend to fill a man's life with interests.

The Scout Law sets positive standards of conduct; in its final form it states:

- (1) A Scout's honour is to be trusted.
- (2) A Scout is loyal to the King, his country, his Scouters, his parents, his employers, and to those under him.
- (3) A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
- (4) A Scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what country, class, or creed, the other may belong.
- (5) A Scout is courteous.
- (6) A Scout is a friend to animals.
- (7) A Scout obeys orders of his parents, Patrol Leader, or Scoutmaster, without question.
- (8) A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties.
- (9) A Scout is thrifty.
- (10) A Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed.

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When the boy becomes a Scout he makes the following promise at a simple ceremony of investiture:

On my honour I promise that I will do my best:
To do my duty to God, and the King,
To help other people at all times,
To obey the Scout Law.

To quote again:

The investiture of the Scout is purposely made into something of a ceremony, since a little ritual of that kind, if carried out with strict solemnity, impresses the boy; and considering the grave importance of the occasion, it is only right that he should be impressed as much as possible. Then it is of great importance that the Scout should periodically renew his knowledge of the Law. Boys are apt to be forgetful, and it should never be allowed that a boy who has made his solemn promise to carry out the Scout Law should, at any time, not be able to say what the Law is.

Once the Scout understands what his honour is, and has, by his initiation, been put upon his honour, the Scoutmaster must entirely trust him to do things. You must show him by your action that you consider him a responsible being. Give him charge of something, whether temporary or permanent, and *expect* him to carry out his charge faithfully. Don't keep prying to see how he does it. Let him do it his own way, let him come a howler over it if need be, but in any case leave him alone and trust him to do his best.

Giving responsibility is the key to success with boys, especially with the rowdiest and most difficult boys.

The object of the Patrol system is mainly to give real responsibility to as many of the boys as possible with a view to developing their character. If the Scoutmaster gives his Patrol Leader real power, expects a great deal from him, and leaves him a free hand in carrying out his work, he will have done more for that boy's character expansion than any amount of school-training could ever do.

The 'Good Turn' was, as we have seen earlier, an idea which B.-P. had put to boys who wrote to him some years before the Boy Scouts were founded. This is perhaps the best known feature of Scouting, but it is often misinterpreted. B.-P. believed in the importance with boys of linking up idea with practice, and practice with idea; a beginning is made with one good turn a day—that is, deliberately looking for some way of helping others. The dangers of priggishness have been overrated, and the evidence that this simple practical encouragement has succeeded can now be provided by men who were Boy Scouts.

The practical side of Scouting with its strong emphasis on the out-of-

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doors is naturally of more immediate importance to the boy than the ultimate purposes: he grows into a realization of the ideals through the activities carried out in company with his fellows, amongst whom there is unquestionably developed a corporate spirit of companionship and helpfulness.

The most important — and attractive — of the activities was camping. It is difficult for us to realize that in 1907 there was no popular camping movement; those few who did camp were regarded as eccentrics. It is true that the Boys' Brigade had started camping as far back as 1886, but this type of large, organized camp was little to B.-P.'s mind; he felt that too much was done for the boys and not enough by them. He stated his views in a note to Scoutmasters written in 1910.

As the camping season is now upon us, I may say that one or two of the camps which I have already seen have been unfortunately on wrong lines, though others were very satisfactory. I strongly advise small camps of about half a dozen Patrols; each Patrol in a separate tent and on separate ground (as suggested in *Scouting for Boys*), so that the Scouts do not feel themselves to be part of a big herd, but members of independent responsible units.

Large camps prevent scout-work and necessitate military training; and one which I visited the other day, though exceedingly well carried out as a bit of Army organization, appealed to me very little, because not only was it entirely on military lines, but the Patrols — the essence of our system — were broken up to fit the members into the tents.

Patrols should be kept intact under all circumstances. If more than six or seven Patrols are out at the same time, they should preferably be divided into two camps located at, say, two miles or more apart.

The Badge System was devised by B.-P. as a result of its successful use in the 5th Dragoon Guards. There are two groups of badges: the first is to encourage all-round scouting efficiency; these are the Second and First Class Badges, and the tests as set out in 1910 were as follows:

SECOND CLASS

1. Tie four of the following knots in less than 30 seconds each knot: Bowline, fisherman's bend, reef knot, clove hitch, sheet bend.
2. Track a deer's 'spoor' (made with tracking irons) or a horse's track for a quarter of a mile in not more than fifteen minutes, or, in a town, describe satisfactorily the contents of one shop window out of four observed for one minute each.
3. Go at Scout's Pace for one mile in not more than 13 minutes.
4. Know the Scout's Laws and Signs.
5. Know the composition of the Union Jack and the right way to fly it.

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FIRST CLASS

6. Point out the direction of different points of the compass where he stands.
7. Make a journey alone of not less than 15 miles from point to point by walking, riding, boat or bicycle.
8. Describe or show the proper means for saving life in case of one (selected by the Court) of the following accidents: fire, drowning, runaway carriage, sewer-gas, ice-breaking; or bandage an injured patient, or revive apparently drowned persons.
9. Be able to read and write.
10. Have at least sixpence in the savings bank.
11. Show that he has brought a recruit to the Boy Scouts, and has taught him to tie the principal knots.
12. Lay and light a fire, using not more than two matches, and cook a quarter of a pound of flour and two potatoes without cooking utensils.

While details have since changed, the general scheme of these two badges remains unaltered.

The second series of badges, those for proficiency in service subjects and hobbies, has at times been criticized, partly because its purpose has been misunderstood, and partly because some Scouts, especially in the early days, became badge-hunters and gloried in displaying on their sleeves numerous badges which looked like an outbreak of measles. B.-P.'s attitude is best expressed in his own words.

Our aim is merely to help the boys, especially the least scholarly ones, to become personally enthused in subjects that appeal to them individually, and that will be helpful to them.

We do this through the fun and jollity of Scouting; by progressive stages they can then be led on, naturally and unconsciously, to develop for themselves their knowledge.

But if once we make it into a formal scheme of serious instruction for efficiency, we miss the whole point and value of the Scout training, and we trench on the work of the schools without the trained experts for carrying it out.

Our standard for badge earning — as I have frequently said — is not the attainment of a certain level of quality of work (as in the school), but the AMOUNT OF EFFORT EXERCISED BY THE INDIVIDUAL CANDIDATE. This brings the most hopeless case on to a footing of equal possibility with his more brilliant or better-off brother.

We want to get them ALL along through cheery self-development from within and not through the imposition of formal instruction from without.

The large number of different badges is intended to ensure that every

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boy — however limited his ability — may find amongst them something to stimulate him to better achievement; the badge is the carrot to lure him on.

At Brownsea Island there had been no set uniform, and it soon became clear that some kind of suitable dress was desirable. It is not necessary to describe the Boy Scout uniform; the adoption of shorts was the most revolutionary feature, and the Boy Scouts have certainly helped to promote the wearing of a freer kind of boys' dress than was considered proper in Edwardian days. B.-P.'s own note on the uniform is of interest.

I knew from experience with boys of all sorts in our first experiments in Scouting that one fellow got his trousers all torn and wet going through a scrub, another wearing a small cap got his face — very nearly his eyes — badly scratched by thorns in going through the bush at night, and the rain ran down his neck, others got too hot in their coats and waistcoats, another, going bareheaded, got sunstroke, and so on. So it became necessary to suggest some kind of dress that would suit all phases of Scouting and yet be healthy and inexpensive and comfortable. Then everybody would come to be dressed much the same as his neighbour — in fact, in uniform. So I thought out what would be the best patterns to adopt. Now — and here is a useful tip for you — whenever I went on an expedition of any kind I kept a diary and that diary included a list of the clothing and equipment I took with me, with a note of what I need not have taken and also of what I had omitted to take. All this information came in useful when one was going on another expedition. Also I drew a sketch of myself showing what dress I found to be most convenient for the job I happened to be doing. At one time it was in India, another in South Africa, also Scotland, Canada, West Africa, Himalayas, etc. etc.

From these data I compiled what I thought would be a dress applicable to most countries. I had used it to some extent in dressing the South African Constabulary when I formed that Corps, and so a good deal of the idea came into the Boy Scout uniform when I devised that. But there was nothing military about it. It was designed to be the most practical, cheap and comfortable dress for camping and hiking, and in no way copied from soldier's kit.

No hard and fast system of training was devised for Scoutmasters to follow. Here B.-P. was true to his own inclinations. He himself found it impossible to work happily to an imposed plan, and he would not therefore ask others to do so. At the beginning of *Scouting for Boys* he wrote, 'The ideas given here are merely offered as suggestions'. In 1910, when someone proposed a handbook of programmes, he commented, 'My idea in making *Scouting for Boys* informal is to discourage this infernal creeping in everywhere of formality (drill) and red tape. We want

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elasticity and not hard and fast rules, nor even the semblance of them. And wherever I go I get evidence that our success with Scoutmasters is largely due to our abstention from red tape'.

One result of this elasticity in those early days was, for example, that Scoutmasters devised their own uniforms. Some looked like North West Mounted Police and others as if they were members of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Critics could not understand why B.-P. seemed so unperturbed about all this Comic Opera behaviour. He preferred to let such details (to him they were relatively unimportant) settle themselves by example and by suggestion; it was as if he wanted to put off as long as he could the framing of rigid rules. Writing in *The Scout* in September 1908 he said:

We do not, I think, want an expensive uniform . . . we want, rather, something that can easily be made up, that gives freedom for work, that gives some sort of uniformity, and at the same time can serve as a pattern to the boys as regards neatness and smartness of turn-out in their own dress. I think if these points are kept in view it is sufficient as 'Dress Regulations' for the officers.

However, in the following year it was felt necessary to be more precise, and the Regulations included the injunction that 'Aigulets, Spurs, Swords, Revolvers, Gauntlets and Riding-Crops must not be used'.

As new needs arose, so details of the scheme were changed, but the essential principles and methods suggested in those six fourpenny Parts of *Scouting for Boys* remained; the test of experience proved their soundness.

XIII. MUSHROOM OR ACORN?

So rapid was the rise of the Scout Movement that some people wondered if it might not prove to be a mushroom growth; events were to prove that the shoot came from an acorn. The greatest surprise was that the idea took root in other countries almost simultaneously with Great Britain. *Scouting for Boys* was, as we have seen, quickly translated into other languages, and in the spring of 1909 when B.-P. went to South America for a holiday he was not only seen off at Southampton by Boy Scouts, but others greeted him at Buenos Aires, and within a short time Chile formed an Association.

We have seen that the beginnings of an organization were appearing during 1909; in the following year — when B.-P. resigned from the Army — this began to assume the form which it has retained. B.-P.'s principle of 'give responsibility' was applied. The general direction of the Movement was in the hands of an Executive Committee with B.-P. as chairman and Sir Herbert Plumer as vice-chairman; amongst the members were some whose names will always be closely associated with the building up of the Movement — Sir Edmond Elles, Mr. C. C. Branch, Colonel Ulick de Burgh, Mr. P. W. Everett and Mr. H. Geoffrey Elwes. County Scout Councils with County Commissioners constituted the next link in the chain; District Commissioners with Local Associations were the link between County and Scoutmaster. Throughout, the aim was to leave the Scoutmaster as free as possible to do his work on the general lines suggested in *Scouting for Boys*. Such a loose scheme has its dangers; everything depends on the quality of the Scoutmaster; his initiative as well as that of the boys is being developed; he cannot as a convenient resource fall back upon a drill-book, for Scouting has no such manual. B.-P. was fully alive to these dangers, but he never swerved from his belief that the risks and occasional failures were more than compensated by the gains in character-values.

Something must be said of his attitude towards drill. His strong objections to drill as a method of boy-training were based on his army experience. Here for instance is a typical note:

In the Army the well-meaning boys who came to us as recruits had been taught their three R's in the day schools, but they had no idea of having responsibility thrust upon them, of having to tackle difficulties or dangers, of having to shift for themselves, and having to dare from a sense of duty.



1912



THE CHIEF SCOUT TESTS THE BRIDGE, 1925

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These things and the many other attributes of good soldiers, which may be summed up in the word *character*, had all to be instilled into them before one could consider them as fit for drill and military smartness. These are, in reality, only the final polish, and not, as many seem to think, the first step in making a fighting man.

The Boers were never drilled, yet they made very good fighters, and stood up to our drilled troops through a campaign of over two years.

Why was this? Because they had all the proper ground-work of character for the work — they were self-reliant and resourceful, practised at using to the best advantage their courage, common sense, and cunning (the three C's that go to make good soldiers). Those men only needed the final polish of drill and a little stronger discipline to make the very best of soldiers.

That is the sequence of training that is wanted. If you apply it the reverse way, you get the veneer. You must, as an essential, first have *character* established as your ground-work.

In the same way he argued that drill had little or no value in the training of boys as citizens; so strongly worded indeed were some of his attacks on drill that one might suspect some deep-seated 'complex'! Actually his regimental record shows that his men were as correct in the necessary drill as other soldiers; he saw the various elements which go to provide a full training in their right proportions, and in his opinion the place of drill was a minor one.

He summed up his views in *Scouting for Boys*:

I am continually being asked by officers — not by the boys — to introduce more drill into the training of Boy Scouts; but although, after an experience of thirty-four years of it, I recognize the disciplinary value of drill, I also see very clearly its evils. Briefly they are these:

(1) Military drill gives a feeble, unimaginative officer a something with which to occupy his boys. He does not consider whether it appeals to them or really does them good. It saves *him* a world of trouble.

(2) Military drill tends to destroy individuality, whereas we want, in the Scouts, to develop individual character; and when once drill has been learned it bores a boy who is longing to be tearing about on some enterprise or other; it blunts his keenness. Our aim is to make young backwoodsmen of the boys, not imitation soldiers.

Just as some found his attitude towards drill peculiar, so others were surprised at his opinions on the subject of physical training. In 1908 most people thought of health-training as chiefly a matter of physical jerks of the Army type. Here again B.-P. was ahead of his day. He felt that it was dangerous for the untrained Scoutmaster to put his boys through a course of regular physical exercises as, through ignorance of boy and adolescent

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physiology, permanent harm might be done. So too he frequently warned Scoutmasters against straining the boys by feats of endurance — such as long treks or hikes or bicycle rides. His method was, first to teach six very simple exercises to be done daily; secondly to encourage physical development by games in the Troop (out of doors as far as possible); thirdly to promote fitness by camping, hiking, climbing and other 'natural' means (as opposed to 'artificial' jerks and drill); and fourthly to teach the boy simple health practices (cleaning teeth, the daily shower or rub down, etc.) and impress upon him his personal responsibility for his own health.

Once the framework of an organization was set up B.-P. left it to function without constant interference; he himself concentrated on gaining support for the Movement by public lectures usually combined with inspections of local Scout Troops, and on winning the active interest of any likely men of influence as Commissioners or Scoutmasters. As an example of his activity the following programme of visits during February and March 1910 may be given:

February. 2nd, Harrogate. 5th, S.E. London. 15th, Ipswich. 19th, Oxford. 26th, Coventry. 28th, Plymouth.

March. 1st, Exeter. 2nd, Torquay. 5th, Shropshire. 7th, Cardiff. 8th, Swansea. 9th, Devizes. 14th, Belfast. 15th, Dublin. 16th, Cork. 19th, Edinburgh. 21st, Perth. 22nd, Aberdeen. 23rd, Hawick.

His visits to Troops were never formal inspections; they kept him in touch with the needs of both boys and leaders, and he was always quick to recognize and praise any new idea or experiment even if it seemed trifling. He wanted no stereotyped form of training which would reduce Scouting to text-book repetitions; least of all did he claim a monopoly of ideas; his readiness to consider suggestions from all sources was indeed one of his notable characteristics.

Visits were not limited to the United Kingdom, for interest in the Movement was rapidly spreading abroad. Thus in this same year B.-P. went to Russia to discuss the Boy Scouts with the Tsar. The contrast between Scout and military methods could nowhere have been so marked. This is brought out in B.-P.'s recollections, written in 1918, of a visit to a Moscow Cadet School.

The school staff entertained me at luncheon as a preliminary to the inspection. Needless to say they were all in uniform, wearing swords, etc. The head master was an ancient colonel who had been in this position for over thirty years!

Before we were through the '*zakoushka*', or *hors-d'œuvres*, my hosts

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were hard at it endeavouring to fill me up with wine, which still remained the surest sign of Russian hospitality. It is true that by the exercise of a certain amount of camouflage I got through the ordeal safely. But the fact of the attempt speaks for itself.

The parade of the Cadets was wonderful for precision of drill and smartness, the dormitories were spotless, each commanded by a non-commissioned officer from the Army. The discipline was of the very strictest; no games were countenanced, natural tendencies were repressed in every direction, the boys were taught to fear and to obey.

Yet those lads had all the boyish go and spirit in them waiting to be utilized.

Such Cadet-training was to me like an ordinary cyclist riding a motor-bike, and arduously propelling it by the pedals from outside, when all the time the spirit that was within would have run the whole thing for him if he only liked to apply it.

The spirit was there right enough. A guard of honour of the Russian Boy Scouts was formed up at the station to see me off; rigid as stone they stood in their ranks, but one could see the life and soul of the boy blazing in those excited eyes as one walked down the line.

It struck me so much that I could not leave them with a mere glance, so I walked back, shaking hands with each. As I neared the finish their feelings became too much for them. There was a sudden cry, they broke their ranks and were all over me in a second, shaking hands, kissing my clothes, and everyone bent on giving me some sort of keepsake out of his pocket. The eager enthusiasm of boyhood was there, ready to respond even to a stranger and a foreigner.

To me it was typical, and accounted for much of what has happened since on a large scale in Russia.

Give a natural flowing stream its run in the right direction and it will serve you well. Dam it up with artificial restrictions, and some day it will burst the bonds and maybe become a raging, ruinous flood. Imposed discipline leads to reaction; discipline from within needs none.

Moral: Don't trust to military training as the best preparation for modern citizenship. For up-to-date self-government up-to-date self-education seems the right preparatory step.

In the summer of 1910 he took two Patrols of Scouts to tour Canada, and he also visited the United States. The Movement had reached that country as a result of a 'Good Turn' done by a Boy Scout to an American publisher, William D. Boyce, when he was visiting London. On his return to his own country he took back with him copies of *Scouting for Boys* and of various pamphlets.

A dinner was given to B.-P. in New York on the 23rd September by the pioneers of the Boy Scouts of America. It was presided

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over by Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. The official *History* records that:

Baden-Powell modestly said he was not going to prescribe for us, as he outlined the work in England. He stressed the general idea of the need of Scouting, its aims, and the English method of carrying it out and some of the results attained. He touched on the fundamentals in boy life and congratulated us on our progress. Those who heard him understood, in part at least, why the Boy Scout Movement had succeeded. This timely visit of the creator of the modern Boy Scout gave a sharp impetus to our work in America.

More and more public men were beginning to take an interest in this new Movement. We have seen how Edward VII had shown his sympathy; he showed it not only in honouring B.-P. but by permitting boys who had gained certain qualifications to be called 'King's Scouts', and by expressing a wish to review a Rally at Windsor. Unhappily he died before the plans for this could be carried out, but George V showed the same interest and on the 4th July 1911 about 30,000 Scouts were present in Windsor Great Park. Spectators were amazed — and some possibly startled — at their sight of a Scout Rush — a form of Rally devised by B.-P. Instead of having the boys drawn up in serried ranks patiently or impatiently waiting to be inspected, they were concealed at some distance round a wide circle. At a given signal, they leapt up and rushed wildly forward yelling their heads off — a fearsome spectacle to the stranger; then when they reached an arranged position they stopped dead in complete silence. A cartoon by Bernard Partridge in *Punch* was well entitled 'The Capture of Windsor Castle' as it showed a Boy Scout cheering from the battlements.

Two pronouncements on the Movement are typical of many during the early years. In March 1911 Lord Haldane again took the chair at a lecture given by B.-P. at the Royal United Service Institution but this time the subject was 'Boy Scouts' and not 'The Territorials'. In his introductory speech Lord Haldane pointed out that:

in this country our educational organization had been very limited in scope, and what General Baden-Powell had done was to bring into it new elements of development. . . . The differential quality of General Baden-Powell's plan was, first, its elasticity, and, in the second place, this fact, that it appealed to certain instincts which were deeply implanted in the British boy, and which were perhaps more easily taken hold of than any other instinct. . . . They were able to see how different the boys were after they had gone through their course of training. They saw the result of awakening in a boy a sense of responsibility.

A few months later Lord Kitchener, who was President of the North

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London Scouts, said at a Rally in Leicestershire, that the Boy Scout Movement

breaks down class prejudice, promotes comradeship, discipline, resourcefulness, self-reliance and sympathy . . . There is one thought I would like to impress upon you — once a Scout always a Scout. You will find the Scout Law and Scout training very useful through life, so never allow Scouting to be looked upon as a game that is over.

A third prominent supporter was Lord Rosebery. In addressing a Rally of Scouts in Midlothian he said:

You have no connection with politics, and I hope you never may have. You have no connection with military matters. As to that I say nothing. But what you are is this — a high fellowship, embodied to preserve and observe great principles — self-help and help to others, patriotism and loyalty, honour, faith, and duty. Those, as I gather from your rules, are the objects that the Boy Scouts have in view. They wish to form character and to form citizens, and all that I can say of them is this, that if I were to form the highest ideal for my country, it would be this, that it should be a nation of which the manhood was exclusively composed of men who had been or who were Boy Scouts, and who were trained in the Boy Scout theory. Such a nation would be the honour of mankind. It would be the greatest moral force that the world has ever known; and, therefore, I ask you boys to carry from your meeting to-day this memory — that you will impress on yourselves as faithfully as may be the principles it is designed to sustain. Carry them out in yourselves. Impress them on others, and make them the rule of your coming lives. Then you will bless yourselves, and be a blessing to your country.

The view of the general public was well expressed by Mr. H. G. Wells in *The New Machiavelli*, published in 1911.

There suddenly appeared in my world a new sort of little boy — a most agreeable development of the slouching, cunning, cigarette-smoking, town-bred youngster — a small boy in a khaki hat, with bare knees and athletic bearing, earnestly engaged in wholesome and invigorating games — the Boy Scout. I liked the Boy Scout.

It must not be assumed from these specimens of public support that there was no criticism; apart from the ridicule which the uniform at first excited — and it needed courage in the early days to appear in shorts, especially in towns — the chief attack came from those who, to quote one, said that the object was ‘to foster among the boys of Britain a bloodthirsty and warlike spirit’. The most sustained attack came from a Captain Noemo (presumably a *nom de guerre*) who wrote in 1912 a book entitled *The Boy Scout Bubble: a Review of a Great Futility*. He found easy game

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in those early Scoutmasters who devised their own fantastic uniforms; he gave instances of bad camping, lack of discipline, and of inefficient Scoutmasters. There was some truth in these accusations — they were just examples of the price to be paid for allowing such freedom of action to the leaders; a price, it has been noted, B.-P. thought worth paying, and his judgement has been fully justified.

Captain Noemo, however, showed a complete misunderstanding of the principles underlying the Movement when he came to criticize the Scout Law and objected that such offences as 'theft, slander, or worse' are not forbidden.. He went on to urge that the well-tried activities of an English sportsman were better than Scouting. 'Whether it is wise to substitute for the old and well-tried sports, country rambles, etc., a form of organized amusement based on romance and make-believe is extremely doubtful.' Against this B.-P. noted in his copy, 'or loafing'; and on another page he wrote, 'sense of humour a little deficient'. The critic inevitably raised the military bogey, and it is necessary to consider this point more fully as it was for long the most frequent ground of objection to the Scout Movement.

Everything depends on what is meant by 'militarism': if it means the teaching of military drill and movements, then Scouting is patently not military; it is indeed a common complaint that the marching of a Scout Troop, when this is necessary, is a sad spectacle! If by militarism is meant the teaching of a jingo patriotism, it is only necessary to refer to the work done by Scouting in helping to draw the youth of all nations together; of this aspect, much more must be said in a later chapter. 'Scouting', said B.-P., 'is not drums and flags, but life in the woods and the open.' The truth is simply that B.-P. always stressed the possibility of a citizen having to fight for his country, and the qualities of character developed in Scouting are valuable under all circumstances, preferably in peace, but if necessary in war as well.

B.-P. did not often trouble to reply to public criticisms, but he could not resist one opportunity provided by a correspondent who accused the Movement of being pacifist. He wrote:

The Scouts Association may well be grateful to the anonymous 'Cadet Officer' who has pointed out that the Movement has got into the hands of Pacifists as this will tend to dissipate the accusation made that it is in the grip of Militarists.

Which are we to believe? As a matter of fact the Movement is on a well-established basis of its own which is independent of parties, or fads; it is merely an educational step which aims at helping parents and teachers to develop the boy physically and morally, in his spare time,

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towards becoming a capable and happy man, and a good citizen.

It is quite true that, in spirit, we encourage the youngster to think in terms of peace and friendliness towards others and towards other nations; and that in practical training we avoid military method. The reason for this is that however instructive it may be it is not educative; it tends to make the boy part of a machine instead of developing his individuality and character. But this does not prevent Scouts as they grow older from taking up military or naval work for their country if needed. They are taught that if a man wants to claim rights as a citizen he should also be prepared to earn them by shouldering his responsibilities and duties for the good of the community.

The origin of this charge of militarism is probably simple. B.-P. was a soldier; the Scout Movement came into prominence just at the time when Parliament was discussing his 'German invasion' lecture to his Territorial officers; moreover many of the early Scout Commissioners held military rank, due very largely to the fact that B.-P. naturally approached former fellow-officers or those who had served under him. These things put together spelled militarism to some critics, and no strength of argument could shake them. It is very doubtful, however, if they did any harm. Certainly no criticism hindered the development of the Movement.

Reference has already been made to the disconcerting presence of 'Girl Scouts' at the Crystal Palace in 1909. It was clear that something would have to be done about it! As a temporary measure the girls were allowed to register themselves at Scout Headquarters, and within a year some 8,000 had done so. B.-P. then persuaded his sister Agnes to undertake the organization of a Movement parallel to the Boy Scouts to which he gave the name 'Girl Guides'. For several years he was unable to give much attention to this new development — for there were limits even to his energies — and it went through a difficult period due as much to prejudice against any schemes which seemed part — as indeed it unconsciously was — of the 'women's rights' movement, and the suffragettes happened to be particularly militant during the early years of the Girl Guides. The *Handbook for Girl Guides* by Agnes Baden-Powell was published in 1912.

That same year saw the granting of a Charter of Incorporation to the Boy Scouts Association, and the beginning of an experiment in which B.-P. was very closely interested — the Scout Farm at Buckhurst Place in Kent. The main purpose was the training of Boy Scouts on the land to prepare them for farming in this country, but particularly overseas. The whole method of control was based on the principles of the Patrol system. There were

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all kinds of difficulties, but these were gradually being overcome when war broke out and the experiment had reluctantly to be abandoned.

In January 1912 B.-P. set off on a world tour to study the problems of Scouting in the Dominions and Colonies; he also saw something of the Movement amongst European boys in China and Japan, and of its rapid growth in the United States. Wherever he went he was received with enthusiasm by the local Scouts, and his visits did much to educate the public as to the true aims and methods of Scouting.

Lord Frederick Hamilton in his book of reminiscences, *Here, There and Everywhere*, records the following incident:

The Trinidad negro being naturally an indolent creature, all the boatmen and cab-drivers in Port-of-Spain are Barbadians. As we know, the Badians have an inordinate opinion of themselves and of their island. Whilst I was in Trinidad, General Baden-Powell came there in the course of his world-tour inspection of Boy Scouts. On the day of General Baden-Powell's arrival, all the Badian boatmen and cab-drivers struck work, and the Governor's aide-de camp, who was in the town, met serried phalanxes of dark faces hurrying to the landing stage. On asking a Badian what the excitement was about, the negro answered with infinite hauteur:

'You ask me dat, sir? You not know dat our great countryman General *Badian*-Powell arrive to-day, so we all go welcome him.'

B.-P. was followed to the West Indies by Major Fetherstonhaugh who was helping with the organization of Scouting overseas. The latter provides this record of the tour.

I was to have met him at Kingston, Jamaica, he preceding me in the R.M.S.P. Co.'s *Arcadian*, then a new ship and the first to have a swimming bath, which became a great attraction. I found he had not left that ship at Kingston after all; but he did leave me a letter which said that he had had a very rough passage out, that the ship had rolled badly, and, like most new ones, had leaky decks, so that the driest place in the ship was the swimming bath after all the water had been flung out. I followed him round the West Indies on various jobs and could not make out why he stuck to that ship like a limpet.

The explanation is provided in the recollections of a fellow-traveller:

In January 1912 Sir Robert Baden-Powell was a fellow passenger with my husband and myself in the old *Arcadian*, on a voyage to the West Indies, Panama, etc. He was seen off by Scouts at Southampton and met by Scouts at all the various ports of call, receiving a tremendous ovation from black ones at Trinidad. In the same ship Miss Soames — the future Chief Guide — was travelling with her father, and according to ship's rumour the romance began by his admiration of her skill and

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grace in the sports. The General was a great stand-by in the ship's concerts, and I remember a clever water-colour sketch which he did as we were passing Nombre de Dios, of the sea shown in section with Drake lying below. We saw no more of him after New York, where we had to leave the ship, which went on round the world, but oddly enough, in the following year, we came across the couple, then on their honeymoon, at Hammam Mesokoutine, in North Africa.

B.-P. had noticed Olave St. Clair Soames in London; he had been attracted by her determined gait.

I happened to notice that she had a spaniel with her.

This was while I was still in the Army and I was going into Knightsbridge Barracks at the time. I thought no more of it.

Two years later, on board my ship for the West Indies, I recognized the same gait in a fellow-passenger. When introduced I charged her with living in London. Wrong. My sleuthing was at fault; she lived in Dorsetshire!

'But have you not a brown and white spaniel?'

'Yes.' (Surprise registered.)

'Were you never in London? Near Knightsbridge Barracks?'

'Yes, two years ago.'

So we married — and lived happily ever after.

From the *Arcadian*, Miss Soames wrote to her mother, 'The only interesting person on board is General Baden-Powell, the Scout man'. No announcement of an engagement was made until B.-P. returned from his world tour as her father felt that, on account of the differences in ages, a delay was desirable.

Amongst the guests at a dinner in the Mercers' Hall to celebrate the official engagement was General Louis Botha, the Prime Minister of South Africa, who happened to be in England. He raised his glass to toast 'the lady who has captured the man we could never catch'.

It is impossible to express all that marriage meant to B.-P. in added happiness and companionship. Now at last there was someone to exercise some control over his too generous expenditure of time and energy for the causes in which he was interested, and for him to be interested meant an active share in the work. Lady Baden-Powell was able also to watch his health more carefully than he himself ever did. Few meeting him realized that frequently the cheerful greeting concealed his true physical condition. To intimates he admitted that at times he was not fit. 'I am getting some of my "heads" again which make me very stupid at getting work done, so be lenient!' Or again, 'I am all right one day and baddish the next. My doctor has typed out for me a long dissertation on my

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complaint, but it is so full of bad words that I scarcely understand that it is more than a mild form of migraine. This I used to think was what ladies suffered from when they smell a vinaigrette — but I find it is brain-fag in ordinary terms. Great nuisance!

But the greatest happiness of all came with the children — Peter in 1913, Heather in 1915 and Betty in 1917. Only those who knew the B.-P.s at home — at Ewhurst, at Little Mynhurst Farm, or at Pax Hill — can realize the gaiety and comradeship of that family life.

In January 1913 the B.-P.s sailed from Southampton for Algeria; from Biskra they set out on a tramping camp amongst the desert mountains. As on all such expeditions, B.-P. collected ideas from his experiences to pass on to the boys through the pages of *The Scout*, or by means of books of yarns written for them. Here is a specimen note:

We were awfully sorry to finish our tramping camp. It was over much too soon, but in the short time that we were at it we picked up lots of health and enjoyment, and also a good many useful camp hints.

One of these — like so many great discoveries — was found by accident.

My wife, like a good Scout, kept everything very clean in camp, and our joke was that whenever there was a moment to spare she would set to work to scrub the saucepan. That seemed to be her favourite job, using a handful of sand and a twist of coarse grass, and the result was a bright, clean saucepan in which to cook our food.

A good deal of sickness comes in camps when dirty saucepans are used.

When she was not cleaning the saucepan her other spare minutes were spent in cleaning up the camp ground, and burning all scraps.

One morning when doing this she made a great discovery. It was this — how to make toast without a good fire. She had wrapped some unused slices of bread in some waste paper, and put the whole lot among the ashes of our palm-leaf fire in order to burn them.

The paper gradually charred and burnt itself away, and left the bread behind it nicely roasted into crisp brown toast!

Another tip which we learnt in camp was how to find truffles. These are a kind of root akin to a mushroom, which grow entirely underground. They are very nice to eat, and command a good price in the market.

In France the people find them with pigs; the pigs are able to scent them, and proceed to root them up with their snouts, when the man steps in and collars the truffle.

The Arabs showed us how to find them in the desert, where they are quite plentiful.

We had to examine the ground pretty carefully as we went along,

MUSHROOM OR ACORN?

and where we saw a few little cracks in the surface leading out from one centre where the earth bulged up a little — there we dug down two or three inches and found the truffle.

B.-P. returned to a full programme of work; he became Master of the



'Scouting is developing steadily'

Mercers' Company, having been a Warden since 1910. Membership of this most ancient of the Livery Companies of London has for a long period now been hereditary, and the name of Powell goes back many generations. The office of Master is by no means a sinecure, and it involves constant attendance on the multifarious business of the Company connected with its educational and benevolent trusts and funds. The Mastership carried with it the Chairmanship of the Governors of St. Paul's School — a most congenial task for B.-P. as three of his brothers had been at the school.

Another interest was the London Sketch Club of which he was an active member for some years. In 1912 some of the artists, including

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John Hassall, Phil May, and Tom Browne, put together a portfolio of original sketches for sale in support of the Scout Movement.

The great Scout event in 1913 was the Exhibition of Scoutcraft at Birmingham which for the first time opened the eyes of the public to the valuable work being done by the Movement in encouraging leisure time activities and various crafts which might enable a boy to discover abilities which had so far been latent.

Meanwhile the Movement was developing and expanding in many directions; it certainly seemed as if this was no mushroom growth but an acorn which was taking firm root. Within a year of the Birmingham Exhibition it was to be tested as no young Movement had ever been tested before.

XIV. THE WAR YEARS

JANUARY 1914 seemed to usher in a year of promise for the Scout Movement. Numbers were growing steadily and many plans were under consideration for further developments and advances. Thus in the first issue for the year of the *Headquarters Gazette*, B.-P. began a series of articles on 'Scouting for Scoutmasters' as a means of training them for their work. In April there was an important Conference at Manchester combined with a Rally and Demonstrations; such topics as the following indicate the problems which the Movement was facing: 'Scouting and Education', 'Senior Scouts', 'The Religious and Moral Basis', and 'The Badge System'.

In June, Queen Alexandra inspected 11,000 London Boy Scouts, and for the first time the juniors, the Wolf Cubs, were seen at a public Rally. This new development was almost inevitable. The younger brothers of Scouts naturally wanted to join in the fun; sometimes they were allowed to do so because the Scoutmasters were not hard-hearted enough to refuse. But small boys dressed as Scouts and carrying staffs tended to bring ridicule on Troops and to deter older boys from joining. It was not long before some Scoutmasters began to experiment with Junior Scouts and to write to B.-P. to tell him of their problems. He saw at once the nature of the problem and the necessity for finding a solution, so he encouraged experiments and examined reports on what was being done. He sought advice and suggestions from any whose opinions he felt were likely to be helpful and gradually a scheme began to take shape. In December 1913 he wrote:

Junior Scouts should be as simple an organization as possible — but I believe in its importance. I'd call the branch by another name, less school-like, e.g. Young Scouts, Wolf Cubs, Colts, or something of the kind.

After the period of inquiry and experiment had passed, the drawing up of a scheme was done by Mr. P. W. Everett, and this was published in the *Headquarters Gazette* in January 1914. A special salute and badge (a Wolf Cub's head), a very simple promise of duty and helpfulness, and some easy tests were devised suited to the age period of 9 to 11 or 12. A handbook by B.-P. was 'shortly to be published', but events delayed this for two years. The stroke of genius in the scheme, however, was the use he made of the Mowgli stories from Kipling's *Jungle Books* to provide an imaginative background for the activities. This not only made an irresis-

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tible appeal to the small boys, but it gave the Wolf Cubs a distinctive character as compared with the Boy Scouts, one which was suited to the psychological needs of the younger age.

The new branch soon proved popular and by the end of the year 10,000 small boys, wearing a distinctive uniform, were enthusiastic Wolf Cubs.

Another problem had also to be faced. What of the boys over 16? Practically all these were at work and some were breaking off their connexion with the main Movement. B.-P.'s first solution has some interesting features. He decided to link up these boys with the National Health Insurance Scheme which had come into operation in 1912. The proposal was to form a Scouts' Friendly Society with, to quote his draft, the following objects:

- (1) To keep Boy Scouts in touch with each other and with the Movement when they have to leave their Troops and go out to battle with the world.
- (2) To preserve the ideals of good citizenship which they have been taught as Scouts.
- (3) To attract to the Movement young men who have not been Scouts, and to give them the opportunity for doing a service to their country.

The Society was shortly afterwards registered, and in March the first 'Camp' (corresponding with the Lodge of the older Friendly Societies) was formed at Toynbee Hall with Dr. Lukis of East London as Head Man.

Had it not been for the dislocating effect of the war which broke out a few months later, it is quite possible that the scheme would have developed in the way in which B.-P. so much desired, but the 'Camp' idea had no chance to take root as very soon the members were scattered before the paramount needs of the country.

Yet another Scout service occupied B.-P.'s time and thoughts during the early months of 1914. At the beginning of February, an appeal was issued for the establishment of an Endowment Fund for the Movement: it had the support of the President, the Duke of Connaught. At the end of a letter to the Press, B.-P. said:

If you cannot give yourself for the work, will you give us a donation of such size as will mark your sense of its importance? Let us, in the words of the highwayman, have 'your money or your life'.

He toured the country to appeal for support; during the first six months the £100,000 mark was passed, then this effort too had to be abandoned on the outbreak of war.

In spite of all these activities he found time to visit Homer Lane's 'Little

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Commonwealth' and to examine and admire the methods used to rehabilitate young criminals. A visit he had previously paid to the George Junior Republic in America provided him with an interesting comparison in principles.

Those who realized how much he was doing were not surprised to read this note in his '*Outlook*' in the *Headquarters Gazette* for August:

A recent number of the *Gazette* drew attention to the fact that I was 'leading a double life', that in addition to these various duties in the Scout Movement, I had also plenty to do in my capacity as Honorary Colonel of the 13th Hussars, and President of three societies for promoting the welfare of old soldiers, in addition to the pretty arduous work attaching to the Mastership of the Mercers' Company in London, which, in itself, involves two to three days a week of work. These duties, however, would have been fairly simple had I not been working under the handicap of overwork, dating back to two or three years ago; that I have been able to do so is entirely due to the splendid assistance given to me by the Staff. Fortunately for me, the brunt of the work comes to an end this autumn, and the doctor decrees that a good bit of rest will set me up and put me in a position for returning to work with greatly increased efficiency.

The Heads of the Movement in South Africa are anxious for me to pay a visit there, and I am equally anxious to go, in order to promote the very important step of consolidating the organization there, and of getting the Boer boys into brotherhood with the British born, and so bringing them into mutual touch and sympathy, which will be of value in destroying the prejudices naturally enhanced by the South African War, and making them into one nation as far as possible. So my purpose is to go to South Africa in the autumn and, after seeing the Scouts in their various centres, to take my wife for a long trek on the veldt, away from all posts and telegrams, for the best of holidays — the simple life in the open.

But this plan was defeated by the outbreak of war on the 4th August, and B.-P. added as a footnote to his '*Outlook*' a call to service. His brief comment on the cause of the War reads:

It shows how little are the peoples of these countries as yet in sufficient mutual sympathy as to render wars impossible between them. This will be so until better understanding is generally established. Let us do what we can through the Scout brotherhood to promote this in the future. For the immediate present we have duties to our country to perform.

In the next issue of the *Gazette*, he developed more fully his thoughts upon the war:

War is going to be on its trial before a jury of the nations. It has to

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show whether its causes and the ultimate results can justify the immense destruction of the best manhood of a continent, the vast commerce, the reversion to brute force and bloodshed, and the misery inflicted upon millions of innocents.

Whether war is, as the various authorities would have us to suppose, the work of armament makers, or of ambitious monarchs, or simply of human nature that sweeps aside without a thought the palaces of peace, the office-made rules of the game of war, the protests of anti-militarists, and so on, we have yet to know.

The Damoclesian sword of war ever hanging over a country has its value in keeping up the manliness of a people, in developing self-sacrificing heroism in its soldiers, in uniting classes, creeds, and parties, and in showing the pettiness of party politics in its true proportion.

In any case, this war will have proved how essential to the safety of a nation it is to be prepared, in season and out, not merely for what may be probable, but for what may even be possible.

The waste of wealth involved in maintaining this state of readiness has grown to be enormous. Though it may be true that the money is spent within the country, it is nevertheless a non-profit-bearing turnover and does not, therefore, add to the nation's wealth or prosperity. It is at best an insurance of our ship against storms.

The point to be considered is whether these storms are due to laws of Nature, to the hand of God, or to the machinations of men. If the latter, could not some more effective method be devised than this clogging preparation which in the end not only fails in its object of preventing war, but brings it about on a bigger scale when it eventually comes?

These are matters which every lover of his kind and of his God should think out and fit himself to pronounce judgment upon.

The awful drama is being unfolded before him; he may himself before long be an actor in it; he will, in any case, have ample opportunity for studying the question.

But the lessons of this war, when grasped, should not then be thrown away and forgotten; they should give urgent reason for a more effective education in the brotherhood of man such as shall prevent the recurrence in future generations of the horror now falling upon us and upon millions of innocent fellow sufferers of all nations.

I believe that with the dawn of peace after this terrible storm-cloud has rolled away our Scout brotherhood may take a big place in the scheme of uniting the nations in a closer and better bond of mutual understanding and sympathy such as will tend to fulfil that hope.

The Scouts were immediately engaged in all kinds of national service jobs: acting as messengers in Government offices and elsewhere; patrolling railway lines; guarding bridges; helping hospitals; collecting waste paper

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and other salvage; flax harvesting; and as buglers to sound the 'All Clear' after air-raids. These are but some of the great number of tasks undertaken by Scouts during the four years of the war. The quick response and the efficiency shown were a remarkable tribute to the standard reached by the six-year-old Movement.

Indeed when war came some believed that the Movement must collapse under the strain. As many Scoutmasters volunteered for Kitchener's Army and for other kinds of service, it did seem as though many Troops would perish. But this testing period only served to prove the soundness of the Patrol System. In some cases women took the places of men, but in far more instances the boys carried on with the Court of Honour as the directing body. Of course there were failures, but these came where the Troop had not been run on the lines laid down by B.-P. The Scoutmaster had perhaps done all the organizing himself and had failed to give responsibility to the Patrol Leaders.

The finest work done by the Scouts, however, was in coastguard service. Lord Kitchener had suggested that Sea Scouts should be used for this work to free the coastguard men for service afloat where the need for men was urgent. The scheme was organized under the Admiral Commanding Coastguard and Reserves and it was in force from the 5th August 1914 to the 7th March 1920, during which period some 30,000 Scouts passed through the service.

B.-P. inspected as many stations as he could, and he must indeed have felt that all his work was more than fully justified when he found how reliable the boys proved under service conditions. Here is part of an account of what he had seen:

It revived old memories of night reconnaissance when I found myself walking along for a short spell with the Night Patrol of Coast Watching Scouts. Their energetic Commissioner was with them, nor was it the first time he had turned out to share their nocturnal tramp. Down by deviōus tracks along by the shore we went, the boys evidently knowing every inch of the ground, and well they might for the despatch that they were carrying, that is the extract of their day's log and that of the next Patrol beyond them, was numbered 1119. For eleven hundred and nineteen consecutive nights since the war began had these Patrols passed on their despatches all down that rough coast, in foul weather as well as fair, in spite of storms and snowdrifts, until they reached the Naval Base Commander. The despatch carrying is not their only task. As we went along my guide suddenly remarked a light shining in a farmhouse window and thither we made our way. He knocked and politely but firmly desired them to screen their window. When I turned to go I found he remained

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behind, as he afterwards explained it was to see that the order was carried out as 'he did not trust those folk one yard'. The culverts of the railway line where it ran close beside the sea all had to be examined as also the underground cable and the overhead wire.

On one occasion they had caught a suspicious stranger lurking there and he had been taken over and marched off by the military escort.

The Coastwatching Patrol live in most cases in a two or three-roomed cottage where the boys do all their own domestic work of cooking, housekeeping, housemaiding, and gardening, plus lots of handyman work to make their quarters snug. In every case the Leader kept the ration accounts and the daily log or record of special items at every single station. At every single station I visited, different incidents showed the varied nature of their work, such as these — 'Warned a destroyer off the rocks in a fog', 'Sighted and reported airship going S.S.E., five miles distant', 'Provided night guard over damaged seaplane which was towed ashore by drifter', 'Light shown near — at 3.15 a.m. for seven minutes, and again from apparently the same spot at 4.35 a.m.', 'Trawler No. — came ashore. Permits all in order except J— M— who had none. Took his name and address to Police Superintendent at —'. 'Floating mine reported by fishing boat No. —. Proceeded with the Patrol boat which located and blew up the mine', 'Provided guard over wreck and stores three days and nights in — Bay'. In addition to these duties there was a mounted Patrol of cyclists whose duty was to ride with despatches for the Naval Commander, with messages and warnings to fishermen about the coasts, and so on, and I was told they had done invaluable service.

These lads completely won my admiration not only by their smartness in appearance and their keenness, but by their reliability. You must remember that in many of the stations visited there are no Coastguards or local Naval Officers, the boys are entirely on their own under their Patrol Leaders. They are visited occasionally by their Commissioner or Coastguard Officer but the Leader has all the time to act on his own responsibility in keeping the duties effectively performed and the Scouts properly fed and housed. These have been at the same work week after week, month after month, yet they do not seem tired of it. There has been only one case of sickness, chicken pox, among the whole lot; their healthy faces and their enormous bills for boot repairs show the work that they do. It all proves what boys can do when their heart is in their work and when they are trusted as reliable beings.

Two questions have frequently been asked: Why was B.-P. not employed on active service during the war? Did he do any Secret Service work — in particular, was he in Germany?

When war broke out, he was 57 years of age; only four years had

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passed since he had retired to organize the Boy Scouts. Plumer was the same age; Allenby and Haig were only four years younger, and French was five years older. Many people at the time wondered why B.-P. was not given a command. He naturally put himself at the service of the War Office as soon as war was declared, and offered to raise a regiment of ex-officers and men of the South African Constabulary; this offer was carefully considered by Kitchener, but he decided that it would be better for these men to be distributed amongst the new battalions to stiffen the inexperienced younger men. It has already been noted that he called upon the Sea Scouts at once to provide a coastguard service, and his high opinion of the value of the Boy Scouts explains the following footnote in Sir George Arthur's *Concerning Winston Spencer Churchill*; in discussing the question of the Antwerp Relief Force, Sir George, who was Kitchener's Secretary, says:

When it was proposed that a division should be assigned to General Baden-Powell, the War Secretary said that he could lay his hand on several competent Divisional Generals, but could find no one who could carry on the invaluable work of the Boy Scouts.

The persistent rumours that B.-P. was in Germany on Secret Service work will probably never be killed, in spite of his emphatic statement that he was not in Germany during the war. Even he himself could not get this fact accepted by a naval officer who declared that he had taken special care of B.-P. when carrying him across to Germany! He was in touch with the Intelligence Service during his army career, and his knowledge of some of the German agents over here enabled the authorities to arrest them when war was declared. His only foreign visit which had any direct bearing on the Intelligence Service was when he went to Spain in 1918 to inspect the Scouts. He was then able to make some inquiries into the use German submarines were then believed to be making of Spanish ports.

America, however, was more definite on the subject, and in May 1916 B.-P. received the following information from one of the Press Associations:

11th May, 1916

DEAR SIR,

A letter has just reached me from our New York office stating that a rumour is in circulation in the States to the effect that you are at present sojourning in the Tower of London under a charge of espionage.

Recalling Mark Twain's historic remark that the report of his death was exaggerated, I am sure that a similar statement direct from you

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in this connexion would be received with much satisfaction by your many friends in America.

Trusting that you will find it convenient to drop me a line, I am,
Yours very truly,

A. B.

To this B.-P. replied:

May 15th, 1916

DEAR SIR,

I regret that the report that I am sojourning in the Tower of London, under a charge of espionage, cannot be correct, as I was taken out and shot over a month ago (according to a Chicago newspaper). I am not clear which country I was spying for, but at the moment I am fairly busy on work for Great Britain.

Yours truly,

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

The announcement in one American newspaper was as follows:

BADEN-POWELL SHOT AS A SPY

January 15th, 1916. Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHOT to death by English soldiers on his return to England as a German spy.

That is what happened to Major-General Robertson [sic] Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, hero of the defence of Mafeking in the Boer War, and organizer of the Boy Scouts, when he went back to London and was caught with papers in his possession, showing maps of Great Britain's fortifications that he is said to have been selling to the enemy of England. — This statement is made by a man who says he is a Britisher and that the execution was witnessed by his brother.

'My story is a true one,' he declared to-night. 'I can tell you nothing else. My brother saw the execution with his own eyes. My brother explained that Baden-Powell marched to his place of execution without a quiver, and, as the cover was being placed over his eyes, said only these words: "May God have mercy". If reports be true, and I am sure that my brother is to be relied upon, England has put into his last sleep one of the bravest soldiers who ever headed her armies in foreign lands'.

B.-P.'s comment was, 'It was really worth being shot as a spy to gain so sweet an epitaph as that'.

Those who know how fully occupied he was during the war period realize that there was little, if any, spare time for spying expeditions. He was not only very active in the Scout Movement: during 1915, for instance, he gave much time to the provision of huts in France in association with the Y.M.C.A. He was naturally most interested in the Mercers' Hut

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which he had been instrumental in getting, and later in the Scout and Guide Huts, as well as their Ambulance Cars. By the end of 1916 the Scouts provided four huts in France and seven ambulances. Lady Baden-Powell was very actively engaged in the same work and together they ran the Mercers' Hut for some months. When the first Scout Hut was opened at Etaples, he wrote to Mr. P. W. Everett in a letter dated 2nd January 1915:

We are awfully busy here. We opened the Scout Hut at Etaples yesterday with greatest success. Though supplies are scarce and no Scoutmasters have come to take up work, we thought it best to get the hut under way if only to give the men shelter and warmth in this filthy weather. And I am glad that we did for it has been a big success. The place was crammed to standing room yesterday the moment that the doors were opened, and has been so all day.

We got a very good concert entertainment for them last night after the Commandant here had formally opened the place — and the trade done at the bar was tremendous. My wife, Miss B.A., a Scoutmaster from another hut, a man we picked up here, and a helpful ex-Scout or two — as well as myself — had as much as we could do in serving the men in the evening. The men are delighted with the place.

My wife and I gave a tea to ex-Scouts before the place was opened and about 40 turned up.

The following letters written in November 1915 give examples of the kind of service B.-P. rendered. The first is to General Allenby.

5th November, 1915

DEAR ALLENBY,

I am just now at home collecting funds for more Y.M.C.A. Huts in France. The demand for them goes on increasing, and I am not only hard put to it to raise funds, but also to get the necessary men and women to run them. People are, however, very good in coming forward to help.

In the meantime I am anxious to arrive at some idea of how many more are wanted, and I therefore venture to bother you at this very busy time to ask whether you would like any Y.M.C.A. marquee-institutes sent up to your front for the coming winter. The 2nd Army has already asked us and we have sent up some, and I should be glad to do the same for you if you wish it.

Best of good wishes to you personally for your further successes.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

The other two were to Mr. Oliver H. McCowen, the Organizing Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. with the Expeditionary Force in France.

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20th November, 1915

DEAR McCOWEN,

I have been into the question of huts asked for in III Army — with General White, and he is most anxious to be helpful in getting them up.

To-day General Allenby took me round some of the proposed centres — and I also saw General Lambton about those proposed for the 4th Corps.

Forceville is a particularly useful centre in point of numbers of men resting and passing through. I believe that the General would give a barn or building.

Hedanville is a small place but a useful one.

Bray in the X Corps has a large number of men but is liable to shell fire. I think a magazine would be needed here and a dug out refuge for the staff.

Suzann seems to me almost too liable to be under fire when any active operations come on.

Meaulte is a small place — would need a marquee. It is however within two miles of Albert where there is lots of house accommodation, and there is already a Soldiers' Club there.

Hennecourt and *Mellincourt* are both small places a mile apart. Both full of troops of 81st Division. One hut or barn might serve both, at any rate to start with.

Bouzincourt we might get a building.

I visited the institute at Beauguesne. It is well managed and much used by the men. The Manager wants material sent up for building a lean-to about 120 × 20 feet. The Engineers will help to put it up if the material could be sent.

It seems to me that in many villages we could do as the R.A.M.C. have done and do up old buildings to serve as institutes. For such purpose it is well to get up a number of rolls of waterproof felt.

Or in some cases it may be possible to hire the church from the village priest.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

26th November, 1915

DEAR McCOWEN,

I have just been on a tour in Manchester and Liverpool with Yapp with a view to extracting money for more huts at the Front, and I am delighted to say that we were exceedingly well received and there is every promise of our getting a pretty substantial sum — probably about £12,000.

The people are evidently willing to give in so good a cause so you will be able to go ahead with a good number of huts for the front line immediately.

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I hope that we shall shortly be able to get a number of capable women to come and run the huts at the bases and thus release a good number of the male staff to go on and take up work at the front centres.

I have just had an earnest application from the 48th Division for a hut if it can possibly be supplied. Perhaps you will kindly do what you can for them.

If there is anything I can do while at home, please let me know. I hope to be out again at the middle of December, and shall be very glad if the Scout Hut at Etaples can be then ready.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

He paid several visits to the Front and was always a welcome guest amongst his many friends on the Staffs. His own regiment was in France in 1915 so he was able to visit it, but later it left for the Middle East, and he had to be content with following its fortunes through reports and letters from the Commanding Officer. His mere presence was a tonic to the Troops and his lectures to the Troops were unusually popular. Many of his listeners were acquainted with a small book he had written at the outbreak of hostilities under the title *Quick Training for War*; this had had a phenomenal sale and provided many a raw recruit with useful practical hints and encouragement.

Another book he wrote at this time was naturally popular for it was entitled *My Adventures as a Spy* (later called *The Adventures of a Spy*). This related amongst others some of the episodes referred to in an earlier chapter. He also saw through the press his *Indian Memories* based upon his letter-diaries. He was at work on a book of yarns for Scouts entitled *Young Knights of the Empire*, and *The Wolf Cub's Handbook*, both of which were published in 1916.

Meanwhile the Scout and Guide Movements continued to grow and to make more and more calls upon his time, and he was constantly thinking and planning for their welfare.

The Guide Movement profited from the broadening of women's life which the war quickened. Many of the former prejudices disappeared as women proved eager to share in the national effort. It was fortunate that at this crucial stage there was one available who could supply the necessary inspiration. During the early part of the war, Lady Baden-Powell had been very interested in urging women to take part in Scout work; but in 1915 she became Guide Commissioner for Sussex, and her success in reorganizing the County showed that she had considerable gifts of her own to bring to the Movement. In the following year she

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became Chief Guide Commissioner and applied on a larger scale the ability displayed in her County work.

B.-P. was naturally happy in this progress, and he set to work to rewrite the handbook for the Movement under the title *Girl Guiding* (1917). He was delighted when in 1918 the Guides elected Lady Baden-Powell to the new position of Chief Guide. From that time the parallel Movement has steadily grown in strength and influence.

Innumerable problems connected with Scouting and war-service, and the general policy of the Movement, were coming to the front. There was constant need for guidance and for watchfulness. B.-P. supplied both, but never in the form of autocratic edicts. Commissioners at Headquarters would receive notes of ideas and suggestions jotted down on odd bits of paper and written at odd times, for, as he wrote to a friend, 'Whenever I get a slack moment, I get an idea'. But such notes were for discussion and consideration and not intended for unquestioned adoption — such was not his way. He had an eager man's natural impatience of thick-headed opposition, especially if he was told that 'it is against our Rules'. On one occasion his reply was, 'Damn the Rules: call it an experiment!' and this particular suggestion proved a success, so the Rules and not the idea suffered.

An interesting example of this lack of a desire for domination is given in the following extract from a letter to Mr. P. W. Everett dated 19th September 1915.

We had a rather argumentative Headquarters Committee meeting this week. After considerable enquiry among education authorities, etc., on my recent trip, I suggested that the Committee might consider whether we might institute a badge to encourage good work at school or factory among the boys — thus enlisting the goodwill and possible co-operation of education people, teachers, employers, etc. Personally I see a very big possibility about it if properly handled, and was rather dreaming about it, when I was awakened by a bang in the eye by being told that there were quite enough badges already, and there was no need for this one! I hadn't intended to pass it then and there, nor even a motion to abolish Headquarters Committee — but it was received as if I had done both.

In the next paragraph he suggests that possibly the Committee wants some fresh blood!

I've told W. to send you a copy of my notes on my tour of inspection. It was all most gratifying, especially the keenness and ability of several of our workers. I wish we had some of them on H.Q. Committee! Or as a H.Q. Advisory Board as representatives of the work of the Provinces.

Neither of these suggestions materialized though he was always trying to find some means of making Committees more representative. He ruled out as impracticable a Committee elected by the Scoutmasters, not that he was opposed to the principle but he could not see how any scheme could be devised which would work.

Every idea he put forward was backed by reasoned argument. Here, for instance, in a letter to Mr. P. W. Everett he proposed another new badge — this time successfully.

Bird Warden. For one thing we want an activity for *country* boys. They are debarred from so many Scout badges that are open to town boys, technical schoolboys and others. We want to teach natural history and kindness to animals especially to country boys through self-expression. The wardening of Birds seems a special line by which we could give the country boys a lift in this direction, and I had in my mind the appointment of boys to be Bird Wardens in their district after they had qualified by certain tests, and that a badge would be given them not so much as an award as a *distinguishing badge* — say a feather in their hat or something of that sort. To the outside public this Wardenship would appeal very strongly. Also it would be a step in the direction of Nature Study which is badly needed.

It combines all four of our training aims Character (observation, kindness, etc.), Physical (open air exercise), Handcraft (nesting boxes, etc.), Service (Bird Protection).

One of his war-time schemes was for a Scouts' Defence Corps to provide pre-military training. The idea was inevitably attacked by those who were eagerly on the watch for the least sign of 'blood-thirstiness' in the Movement, but it was put into practice and about 7,000 older Scouts went through the training. It was not intended as a permanent feature of the Movement, and after the war it dropped out of the scheme.

In 1917 a Conference of Scout Commissioners was held at Matlock Bath, when seventy men from all parts of the country met to discuss present problems and future prospects. Such subjects as the following were debated: 'The Patrol System', 'Senior Scouts', 'The Training of Scoutmasters', 'The Duties of Commissioners', and 'Sunday and the Scout'. This was the first of a series of such Conferences which did so much not only to get ideas ventilated but to bring the men of the Movement into closer contact with B.-P.'s invigorating personality.

One of the problems he faced was the increase in juvenile crime during the war, and he took much advice from those who seemed to him knowledgeable men. Amongst other suggestions he put forward for consideration was the use of the cinema which had become so popular during those years. He deplored the lurid nature of many of the films shown, but

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argued that the way to improvement was to offer something better, and he urged that clubs, Scouts and other organizations should unite in showing humorous, clean stories, films of industrial processes, travel adventures and nature observation. He wrote:

Our citizens of the future have before them a tremendous campaign in the industrial and commercial competition that is coming after the war. The real victors in the great war will show themselves 10 years hence.

It is our business to train them and equip them for it if our country is to hold its own and to emerge without poverty and distress from the ruinous expense of the present war, and superior to our adversaries in moral tone.

But just at the moment when we ought to be preparing for this by utilizing what has in the past been allowed to become waste human material we are allowing our future manhood to rot away to a worse extent than ever through neglect and lack of organization.

He was a forward-looking man. There was much to be proud of in the record of those who had fought in the war — 150,000 Scoutmasters and old Scouts served, of whom 10,000 did not return, and amongst the honours gained were eleven V.C.s. But what of the future? What part could Scouting play in developing a saner and happier world? In 1917 while there was much discussion going on about terms of peace, he wrote this note on 'Scouting as a Peace Agent'.

The Nations, disillusioned by this war, are seeking some better security for peace in the future than is conveyed in an agreement which may at any time be treated as a 'scrap of paper' by unscrupulous statesmen.

Hostages or money securities in one form or other are suggested, but apart from such material ties it appears that a development is possible in the personal sentiment of the peoples concerned, such as would itself give the best assurance of permanent peace.

The Boy Scout Movement, though on a comparatively small scale at present, yet has its branches among the boys in practically every civilized country in the world and it is growing every day. It is conceivable that if in the years to come a considerable proportion of the rising generation of citizens of each nation were members of this fraternity they would be linked by a tie of personal sympathy and understanding such as has in the past never existed, and such as would in the event of international strain or difference exert a strong influence on its solution.

The future citizens of the different countries, through being Boy Scouts together, would be habituated to the idea of settling their mutual differences by friendly means.

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They would view the situation in terms of peace and not, as heretofore, in terms of war.

To some, that seemed an idle dream, but it is no exaggeration to say that he devoted the rest of his life to its realization.

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THE ten years following the Armistice of 1918 were of crucial importance to the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements. Both had come out of the war period with increased strength and confidence; they had become established and a recognized part of the national life. There is always danger in becoming accepted; criticism, even ridicule, either kills or promotes more vigorous life; but absence of either may lead to self-satisfaction and stagnation.

Fortunately, B.-P. was at the height of his great powers, and he was not a man to rest satisfied with what had been achieved; he was constantly planning for further development. Three main lines of advance occupied his thoughts. First was the need for putting the training of Scout Officers on a permanent footing; second, the solution of the older Scout problem had still to be found; and third, the expansion of the Movement through the Empire and the World was calling for encouragement and consolidation. Here were enough problems to engage the mind of any one man, but his interests were by no means confined to Scouting.

Very early in the history of the Movement he had seen the necessity of providing training for Scout Officers. Several experiments were carried out before 1914; courses of lectures and demonstrations of activities had been given, and he had taken a close interest in the results. He encouraged Commissioners and others to try out their own ideas in training. One training camp which he visited in 1913 drew from him the following comments:

I think we want to arrive, first, at what are the *essential* points for a Scoutmaster to know, and to set out to teach these — all others must be subsidiary. Now, I take it the essentials are what we find laid down in *Scouting for Boys*. Therefore my idea would be to take that book as the programme of work, dividing it off into the number of days available, and then going through it as practically as circumstances will allow. The book is arranged on that idea. The second point about the training camp would be I think to give Scoutmasters practical instruction as to how a camp should be run. For this purpose I should be inclined to pitch the camp as it should be done for a Scout camp — each Patrol tent on its own ground in a wide circle round the central (Scoutmaster's) tent. The Scoutmasters should of course be in Patrols for the course, under their own Patrol Leaders and so learn Patrol discipline.

As far as possible they should run the camp — taking it in roster and

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be camp commandant for the day, quartermaster, and so on, so as to learn practically the work and requirements of these offices.

The whole principle of the Scout Movement should be impressed in the training, viz.—*Backwoodsmanship*, with life-saving as an important adjunct.

Later that year he amplified these suggestions and drew up a detailed syllabus. His suggestions included the following:

The Scoutmasters would be divided into Patrols of five; each Patrol having its own tent; each Scoutmaster taking it in turn to be Patrol Leader for 24 hours. Each Patrol in turn would supply for 24 hours a Scoutmaster to manage each of the following departments in Camp:

Routine duties and discipline.

Equipment, stores and issue.

Purchase and issue of food supplies.

Cook and serve meals.

Sanitation, medical and ambulance arrangements.

During the war the need was emphasized by the support Scout methods had received from many leaders in the educational world; the Fisher Act—the President of the Board of Education from whom the Act took its popular name was a strong supporter of the Movement—opened up further possibilities, which were unhappily frustrated. B.-P. saw at once that trained Scoutmasters would be of great value in this forward programme, especially in connexion with the proposed continuation schools. He felt the necessity for making quite sure that the men training the boys should understand fully the principles of Scouting. A further consideration he stated in a memorandum drawn up in 1917.

The difficulty of persuading men to join who are diffident of their powers and knowledge would be removed if we could give them the opportunity of learning something of the work by means of classes of instruction. We do not want to be swamped by a crowd of men entirely ignorant of what is expected of them.

He hoped that it might be possible to organize classes in the prisoners' camps in Germany.

Little, however, could be done during the war, but the need was never long absent from his thoughts. Any scheme would necessitate some permanent training headquarters and for this there were no immediate funds available. Towards the end of 1918 Mr. W. de Bois Maclare, District Commissioner for Rosneath, offered to purchase a camping ground near enough to London to be accessible for East London Scouts. This at once pointed to Epping Forest as the most suitable area, but Maclare thought it 'too near chimney pots' until the District Scout Commissioner

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took him up to High Beech. After several estates had been found unsuitable, Gilwell Park near Chingford proved to be exactly what was wanted. It was away from any main road; the Forest bounded it on one side and was close to it on another; it stood high with a fine view over the King George Reservoir. The news was sent to B.-P. and he replied:

This is good news indeed *re* the place for the Officers' Training School. It sounds ideal — except that I presume it will want some doing up — drains looking to, etc., to make it fit for habitation. I should like to see it but since you all agree on it, I feel sure it is what we want. . . . I want if possible to get a few possible instructors down to camp with me at home at Easter as a preliminary step. But I am awfully checked by A.B. not being able to accept the directorship of the school. I can't think of another man, can you? His personality is all important to the Movement just now.

His quickness to seize on essentials is well illustrated by the above note A fine site — yes, but what about the drains? And most important of all — the *personality* of the man who will run the place.

Gilwell had been unoccupied for some years. At first it was thought best to pull down the almost derelict Hall, but its historical associations — going back to the Tudors — appealed to B.-P. and he called in Clough Williams-Ellis, the architect and a friend of his, to advise on how best to retain the building.

A pioneer camp was held at Easter 1919 by some Rover Scouts of East London, and shortly afterwards parties of local Scouts set to work to clear the gardens and grounds. The formal opening was on the 25th July, and on the 8th September the first Training Camp for Scoutmasters was held under the Camp Chief, Francis Gidney. In him B.-P. had found a man of exceptional personality who carried out the scheme of training as laid down by B.-P. with a touch of genius which ensured its success from the beginning.

That scheme was evolved from earlier suggestions which have been already noted, and based upon the series of articles which B.-P. had contributed to the *Headquarters Gazette* during the early war years. These were published in book form in 1919 under the title *Aids to Scoutmastership*. The framework of training at Gilwell was set down by B.-P. in the following notes:

GILWELL PARK

DIPLOMA COURSE FOR THE WOOD BADGE

Open to all warranted Officers of the Boy Scouts Association

I. THEORETICAL: *Aims and Methods of the Scout Training* as defined in *Aids to Scoutmastership*, *Scouting for Boys*, and *Rules* in such subjects as Organization according to ages. Four lines of

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training: Nature lore for soul health and sex knowledge; National need and possibilities of the training.

A course of four studies either by correspondence in the *Headquarters Gazette*, or by week-end attendances at Gilwell Park as desired by candidate. This will form a Winter course.

II. PRACTICAL: In four groups of subjects:

1. Troop ceremonies and Campcraft.
2. Field work and Pioneering.
3. Woodcraft and Scout games.
4. Signcraft and Pathfinding.

The training will be at Gilwell Park in four week-end courses or 8 days in camp as most convenient to candidate.

III. ADMINISTRATION: The practical administration of his Troop or District as shown by results of 18 months' work.

AWARDS: *One Bead on button hole*—for passing Nos. I and II satisfactorily. *One Bead on Hat String* and Diploma — for passing all three satisfactorily.

Two Beads on Hat String and Diploma — for passing with special qualifications for becoming a Camp Chief.

Approved District Schools or study circles under Camp Chiefs will be eventually carried out on similar principles but the *double beads* will only be awarded at Gilwell Park.

The 'beads' were copied from those on a necklace which B.-P. had captured from Dinuzulu in 1887. Another link with the past was the koodoo horn of Matabeleland and Brownsea Island which was given to Gilwell by B.-P. to rouse the camp.

The method of organizing the Training Camp was that proposed by B.-P. in 1913; the Scoutmasters were divided into Patrols, and each member took his turn as Patrol Leader; the Patrol was throughout the unit for camping, for practical work and for games.

Having laid down the general principles and methods, B.-P. left it to the man in charge to work out the details. He watched progress, and made suggestions from time to time, but he did not interfere with 'the man at the wheel'. Such was his usual method; if, after fair trial, things began to go seriously wrong, he would step in with a firm decision. Whenever possible in the early days of Gilwell, he visited each Course, or the Scoutmasters saw him at Headquarters. But he had his eye on the Commissioners as well as on the Scoutmasters, and in June 1920 he held a camp for them at Gilwell.

I was on the Staff that summer; it was my first close contact with him; previously he had been a figure at a Rally to me, and, like most Scout-

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masters, I felt a natural awe of him. It came as a surprise to me to find how easily one could talk with him and how quickly one forgot his prestige and position. Others were also surprised that week-end. I recall how Commissioner after Commissioner arrived by car, or by the station horse-cab, with piles of impedimenta, and how B.-P. gently chaffed them about coming to camp burdened like Tommy the Tenderfoot. There were more knee breeches and stiff collars than shorts and scarves. His own gear was small. He pitched his Ashanti hammock tent on the Training Ground and strolled about in shirt and shorts ready for a chat or a laugh with anyone. Some — if they were awake — must have been amazed very early the next morning to see B.-P. doing his exercises outside his tent; here was a leader who actually practised what he preached!

Though he rarely interfered with the details of training, he watched the main principles and methods employed and from time to time made suggestions. Thus in 1922 a pamphlet was published with the title *The Training of Scout Officers*; on this he wrote the following note:

I don't like the term 'Scout Officers' at the head of this pamphlet because the word 'officer' gives an entirely wrong notion of the standing and duties of the man in charge of Scouts.

His standing is that of elder brother; his duties are mainly those of a patent combined steering wheel and accelerator to give the direction and the incentive to the boys' activities. To continue the simile, this means he is also the carburettor since he gives out the right spirit; and to do this he must be full of the right spirit and understanding himself.

Before long the alternative term 'Scouter' was adopted to cover all adults actively engaged in training the boys.

At that period a wave of Red-Indianism was sweeping over the Movement; otherwise sedate middle-aged men danced strange dances round imitation camp-fires, said 'How' to each other, and signed themselves 'Little-Owl-the-long-eared'. B.-P. was asked to denounce the new cult. But he saw no need to worry provided a sense of proportion was kept. He expressed his views in the *Headquarters Gazette* in the following terms:

I have been asked by two different Scoutmasters whether I approve of the 'Red Indian or Woodcraft Movement' in the Scouts.

Well, this is, to begin with, a mix-up of terms. There need be, and is, no special 'movement' to that end that I know of, though there used to be one in America which was eventually merged in the Boy Scouts.

Woodcraft is, as I have often pointed out, the key activity in Scouting. For this frequent camping, boating, and hiking are essential, coupled with their accessories of pioneering, Nature lore, and backwoods-manship generally.

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Where these are not so easily accessible Red Indian activities can in many cases be a valuable help.

But it does not need a separate movement in our Brotherhood, and such a step would, for more than one reason, be a bad one.

Personally, I like Red Indian Craft. I was brought up on Catlin and Red Indian stories. It is true that when I came to know the Red Skin personally he was no longer all that history and romance had painted him; so-called civilization had played havoc with him morally and physically.

At the same time, the picturesque achievements, ritual, and dress of these braves have a strong appeal for boys — aye, and even for men in some cases.

One is told that it is ridiculous for a town-dweller to assume some woodcraft name, and to add a sign drawing of it after your signature in imitation of the Indian way. Well, that is true, but I can assure you that when I was given the title of 'The Lone Pine on the Sky-line' by the Red Indian Boy Scouts of America in Olympia the other day, I felt just as thrilled and pleased as when the real Maoris presented me with one of their most treasured war tokens for service in South Africa, or when the Matabele warriors hailed me with the title of 'Impeesa' for work done in the field.

So, although it may be merely make-believe, yet, as a variation to the ordinary Scout training, Red Indianism can take hold, and can well be applied, *for a period*, in a Scout Troop.

But the Scoutmaster should remember that its appeal must not always be relied upon to be a lasting one, and boys are apt to tire of it, or to be ridiculed out of it. Moreover, the Indian training ceases to appeal so strongly when the boy begins to become the young man, and therefore more sensitive to the ridiculous.

Whether its practice is a success or not in the Troop depends very much on the sympathy of the Scoutmaster himself. If he can enjoy Indian Lore and enter into the make-believe, and knows the backwoods and their craft, he will make a big thing of it; but boys are critical beggars, and quickly see through the man who does not believe or who has not 'been there'.

His advocacy of outdoor living was not confined to the men in the Scout movement; in 1919 he became President of the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Such positions were never regarded by him as carrying no obligations; he took a keen interest in all the club activities, contributed articles and sketches to its journal; visited camps when he could, and attended the Annual Dinners whenever he was in England.

The problem of the older Scout had not been solved by the end of the war. As we have seen, B.-P. hoped that the Scouts' Friendly Society might

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prove the nucleus of some kind of fellowship. He also drew up an elaborate scheme for 'Senior Scouts' which was published in June 1917. The general purpose of this was to provide special attractions for the boy of 15 and over with a view to helping him to make a career, and it was hoped that its elaborate system of badge-work could be fitted in with the work of the Local Education Authorities. The scheme fell flat; the good Scoutmaster can hold his boys until the age of 18 as Scouts; he therefore did not favour a new badge-system. Nor did the boys show any enthusiasm. Public opinion, which killed the compulsory day-continuation school through indifference or suspicion, gave the new venture no backing. So it was all quietly dropped, for B.-P. did not believe in thrusting ideas on Scoutmasters in defiance of their wishes and experience.

But still, something was clearly needed for the older Scout and ex-Scout: gradually the Rover Scout scheme was evolved. Badges were not desired by older boys — so a badge system was not developed. What they needed more than anything else was an objective, an ideal, with some guiding principles as directions; the working out of details could be left to them according to circumstances and needs. The ideal was provided in the word 'Service', and the general principles in the ideas underlying the orders of chivalry.

His own view of the need and methods were expressed in the following memorandum:

My own feeling is that the Rover stage is the third progressive step in the education of the Boy Scout, and its importance is that it completes his education and also holds him under good influences and in good companionship at the critical period of his life.

But you can't hold a lad without giving him some definite objectives and activities. So we offer Service. For this his previous Scout life, both as Cub and Scout, has been a progressive preparation.

Under 'Service' I should include three progressive steps:

1. *Service to Self*, viz. (a) To get himself established in a career so that he is not a burden to his relations.
(b) To develop his health by outdoor activities, hiking, etc.
(c) To work energetically at his employment as his contribution to the national welfare.
2. *Service to the Scout Movement*. In this direction (until they become too numerous) Rovers can give a lot of help in various degrees according to their respective capabilities; but should be the main source of our supply of Scouters.
3. *Service to the Community*. This gives point to the Rover's study of 'Civics' and is the final step in making him a good citizen.

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The rendering of 'Service' of any kind is, of course, the Scout's method of expressing his promise of Duty to God.

I am against making the Rover branch in any way a form of religious movement, otherwise it will be shunned by the wilder spirits, and those are the lads we want to hold straight.

If men from outside, i.e. non-Scouts, want to come in as Rover Scouts attracted by the good companionship and worth while aims and Service — so much the better.

To an early conference of Rover Leaders he sent the following six points for their guidance:

- (1) That Rovers are *Scouts* and the Scout spirit and the out-of-door atmosphere are essential.
- (2) That Service is not extraneous to the Rovers' daily life and work. Carrying on their professions well is part of their service for the community.
- (3) That Rovering is partly preparation for life and also a pursuit for life.
- (4) That stickability is a branch of character that is most rare and most valuable and therefore most needed in the youth of to-day. It can be developed through Rovering.
- (5) That in formulating any rules or schemes for Rovering, for goodness sake let them be elastic. Look wide, since if broad-mindedly set out, they will apply not merely to London or Puddlington-in-the-Marsh, but to our far-reaching Dominions overseas and to foreign countries who all look to us for direction and example.
- (6) That Rovering is not intended to make a man a self-satisfied prig or a melancholy saint, but to help him to direct his joyous youthful energy into paths which will bring him greater happiness through living a life that is worth while in its service to others.

When the question of a handbook for Rovers arose — comparable with *Scouting for Boys* and *The Wolf Cub's Handbook* — B.-P. did not at first see his way clear. He wanted the new Branch, as stated in his six points, to be elastic and not tied down by rules and regulations; nor could there, in his view, be any hard and fast scheme of practical training. When the book did appear in 1922 with the title *Rovering to Success* it proved to be a book of advice and guidance in the many problems of young manhood, and as such it has had a remarkable success far beyond the Movement itself. B.-P. had a close knowledge of what those problems were, for he was constantly receiving letters from young men asking for advice in their difficulties. When these referred to particular situations where first-hand knowledge of facts and personalities was essential before help

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could be given, he refused to advise, but there were numerous other cases where he was able to suggest a line of conduct. Two examples may be quoted.

The first was in answer to a youth who felt that he was not as sociable as he should be.

I have known lots of men like yourself who don't 'mix', and they are none the worse for it. If they are young, they grow out of it in most cases. Some continue to be a bit apart from their fellows, but there is no harm in them. If you can enjoy rambling and angling, what more do you want? Personally, I am happiest when I am alone, and that is why, when fishing, I never take a gillie with me. All the explorers and big game hunters that I have known have been what you call solitary men, i.e. self-sufficing in the best sense of the word. So keep on with your camping and hiking in your own way. You will be developing an individual character of your own, all the better for not being shaped by others, but don't keep aloof from other people with an idea of being different. Mix when you can and laugh with others.

To another youth who was overburdened with a sense of the problems of living, he wrote:

I don't know whether you play golf, or use a scythe, or are a fly-fisher, but if you did any of these you would understand the rule 'Don't press' — meaning — 'let your implement do the work and don't be over anxious to use your individual strength in pushing it on to its job'.

I have found the same principle useful in life.

It is quite right to think over your future, but if you take yourself too seriously and ask yourself too fervently about your own ability to rise to ideals, you will not go so far towards success (that is the high enjoyment of life) as if you thought a little less of your own individuality and more of the interests of your fellow men and how to help the community. If you narrow your outlook, you become introspective and morbid — if you broaden it out to include others, life becomes a joyous adventure.

The establishing of the training scheme and the building up of the Rover branch did not by any means exhaust B.-P.'s thoughts and energies. He found time to pay visits of inspection where these would be of special value, and these usually resulted in a careful report to the Commissioners concerned, giving praise for things he liked and advice on how to strengthen weak places. One brief example from a report of 1919 may be quoted.

I was very glad indeed in my short visit to have the opportunity of

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seeing your County Scout Council in being and to realize that they mean business in the matter of developing the Movement in the County.

It reflects the greatest credit on all the officers that Scouting has managed to keep going in spite of all the war difficulties, and I hope that it will now make a fresh start and go ahead on to a far bigger scale than before. It has the power of doing a great good for the community if its membership can only be more widely extended among the boys.

Two essentials to successful development on the part of the District Commissioners are:

1. Inculcation of the right spirit.
2. Organization.

By the *right spirit* I mean the desire from within to attain efficiency rather than conformation to orders in doing so. As far as I could see this spirit is already there.

As regards *organization* the District Commissioner has most of the — I was going to write burthen — let me say fun. That is, he has to give the incentive to his Assistant Commissioners, Local Associations and Scoutmasters to press on with their work. This can only be done by his own personal belief in the Movement and his keenness in getting it developed.

From what I have seen in other counties I am convinced that the secret of success lies in live and active Local Associations, where the Executive is formed of men who take each a responsible share of helping the Troops in their work, but who refrain from interference with the Scoutmaster in his internal administration of the Troop.

Among the minor points for criticism (not in any carping spirit) noticed at the Rally are the following:

The small number of Wolf Cubs. This may have been due to the difficulty in getting leave of absence from school, but in any case, from experience elsewhere, I can strongly recommend the formation of Wolf Cub Packs as feeders to the Scout Troops. Also I hope that the Sea Scouts will develop on to a good scale in the County where such exceptional facilities for boat work exist.

As a point of minor discipline, sudden silence is a desirable feature after the run in in a circular Rally. Also the blowing of bugles and tapping of drums off a parade conveys the worst possible impression to the public of the minor discipline of the Movement — besides giving annoyance to many.

I hear of the revival of wrestling among the clay workers, and also of folk singing and dancing. These give valuable subjects for training Wolf Cubs and Scouts.

Let me thank you once more and also your officers for the very successful Rally which you organized for me in spite of the difficulties

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of the times. My object in coming just now was of course not so much for the boys, as to learn what preparations were being made to reorganize and develop the Movement in the County. I have come away full of hope and confidence.

Nor was he too busy to answer problems put to him. For instance, I wrote to him because I was worried about the difficulty of coping with the numbers of boys who wanted to join my Troop; he had stated in *Aids to Scoutmastership* that 32 boys was the maximum desirable number for any one man to train. His reply was typical.

With regard to your question about large Troops — there is no harm in having larger Groups than 32 boys provided that a reasonable adult head has charge of each Troop of about 32 boys. In fact there are plenty of such (e.g. Manchester Grammar School, Harrow County School, etc.). It is rather a matter of nomenclature. To avoid confusion one would prefer the word Troop should include the ordinary unit of about four or five Patrols. This not only ensures the fact of individual and personal training, but it also ensures some fairness in *inter-Troop competitions*, comparisons, etc. A group of Troops should not therefore be called or count as a Troop. It should have some other name to distinguish it such as a 'tribe', a 'clump' or 'band', or something that does not bring us back to 'company' or 'battalion', etc. (N.B. A 'clump' was the medieval term for a body of spearsmen.)

But the evident remedy for what you put forward is to get more Scoutmasters. Either make a genuine well organized campaign to get them, or promote some of the 'splendid Patrol Leaders' to be Assistant Scoutmasters.

The recognition of large units as 'Troops' would, I am afraid, stultify our training and be unfair on Troops that adhered to the scheme as everywhere accepted. We have to cater for the powers of the average Scoutmaster, not for the geniuses, otherwise the average get left!

This quotation illustrates his instinct for suitable words. Soon, through his agency, the word 'Jamboree' was to take on a new significance. It was not an invented word, but he had come across it somewhere and it had stuck, with the result that the *Oxford English Dictionary* now contains the following entry:

JAMBOREE. (Of uncertain origin.) 1872. 1. A noisy revel; a carousal or spree. U.S. slang. 2. Cards. In railroad euchre, a hand containing the five highest trumps, which entitles the holder to score sixteen points. 3. A rally of Boy Scouts: orig. applied to the international rally held at Olympia in Aug. 1920.

In 1916 B.-P. had proposed that the tenth anniversary of the founda-

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tion of the Movement should be celebrated by some kind of festival in 1918. The war inevitably delayed this event, but soon after the Armistice, plans were discussed for such a Rally in 1920. At first the scheme was for getting together as many as possible of the British Scouts from Great Britain and Overseas. Then B.-P. threw out the idea, 'Why not invite the foreign Scouts as well?' So the Jamboree — no one seems to recall when he first used the word — became International.

Olympia, London, was chosen as the site for this first Jamboree, with a Camp in the Old Deer Park, Richmond, to sleep some 6,000 Scoutmasters and Scouts. Had the gathering been one of British Scouts alone it would have been remarkable, for all parts of the Empire were represented; but there were representatives of twenty-one other nationalities. During twelve years the Movement had spread throughout the world, and Olympia saw Boy Scouts from the United States and China, from Norway and Siam, from Chile and Japan — all united by one code of conduct and practising common activities. B.-P. was frequently reminded of his past adventures; thus amongst the South Africans were three boys whose fathers had been in the forces which besieged Mafeking.

All — British and foreign — looked to him as their real Founder, so it was not surprising that towards the end of the Jamboree they acclaimed him as Chief Scout of the World.

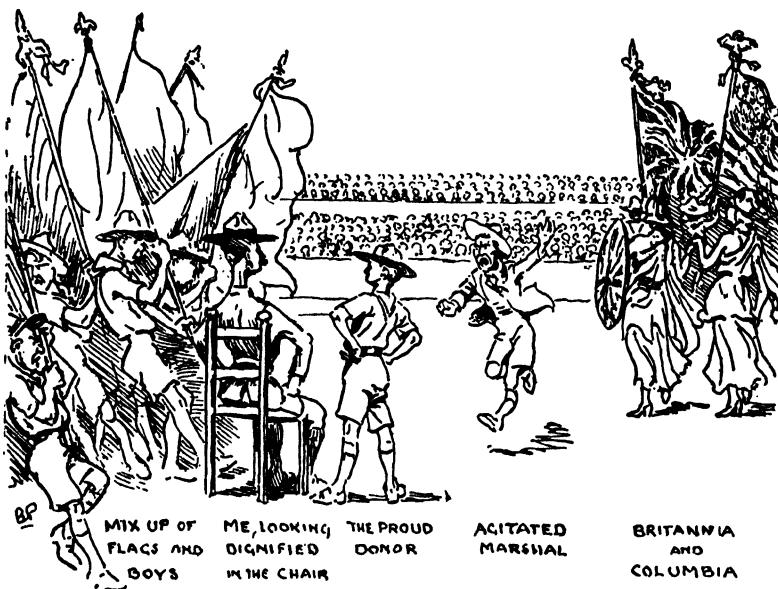
The full story of that week — of the Displays and Competitions, the Demonstrations and Pageants — is told in the official record; the public was amazed and enheartened by this Rally of Youth — a feeling well shown in Bernard Partridge's *Punch* cartoon of the War-weary World saying, 'I was nearly losing hope, but the sight of all you boys gives it back to me'. Few present then will ever forget the great service in the arena on the opening Sunday when the Archbishop of York (Dr. Lang) preached to a congregation of 8,000 Scouts. His final words were, 'You are now a great power, which can make for peace, I exhort you to take this as your aim — the bringing into existence the peace of the world. This is my message to you, Boy Scouts. Keep the trust'.

Then on the final evening came the most amazing scene of all. B.-P. was always quick to seize dramatic possibilities — not as some would say for publicity, but as a sure means of leaving an indelible impression in a boy's mind. A pageant symbolized the friendship of Great Britain, represented by the figure of Britannia, and America represented by the figure of Columbia; the other nations assembled round them. Then B.-P. faced the assembly, and his strong, ever-youthful voice rang out:

Brother Scouts, I ask you to make a solemn choice. Differences exist between the peoples of the world in thought and sentiment, just

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as they do in language and physique. The War has taught us that if one nation tries to impose its particular will upon others cruel reaction is bound to follow. The Jamboree has taught us that if we exercise mutual forbearance and give and take, then there is sympathy and harmony. If it be your will, let us go forth from here fully determined



that we will develop among ourselves and our boys that comradeship, through the world-wide spirit of the Scout Brotherhood, so that we may help to develop peace and happiness in the world and 'goodwill among men. Brother Scouts, answer me. Will you join in this endeavour?

The answer came with no uncertainty; then the boys took charge; B.-P. was picked up and carried across the arena and at length released as wave after wave of cheering brought the first Jamboree to a close.

His own sometimes whimsical spirit led him to pick out the following incident of that evening — an incident which must have annoyed the Managers, however much it delighted him.

A vast rally of Scouts from dozens of different countries was assembled in the arena at Olympia, before an equally vast concourse of interested spectators. Displays were given by the boys and it wound up with a processional pageant, carefully planned and worked out by a group of enthusiastic Scouters, mostly American, and adept at this

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sort of thing. It was calculated to rouse the patriotic fervour of the veriest louse among the onlookers. First came the band, braying out a grand and popular march, then a super-sized Union Jack and Stars and Stripes, marching side by side. These were followed by the stately figures of Britannia and Columbia, represented by handsome and dignified actresses, proceeding majestically hand in hand. I was directed to follow these slowly and at a respectful distance. Behind me came a forest of flags of all the nations; and these were succeeded, in their turn, by phalanx after phalanx of Boy Scouts of all the assembled countries.

It was a wholly impressive spectacle — or at least it should have been if I had not blundered and spoilt the whole show, more or less. As we marched past, with the eyes of thousands upon us, I tried to ‘throw a chest’ and look the part of a hero, but I felt more like an abject worm, just the sort that Bateman could draw so well. My mind was in a sort of blank confusion. A Boy Scout suddenly stepped forward from nowhere carrying a chair, and plunked it down in front of me.

‘Eh? What’s this?’ ‘For you to sit on, Sir,’ he said.

‘What, now?’ I asked, thinking this must be an incident in the proceedings.

‘Yes, Sir, that’s it.’

So I sat down, rather wondering how this came into the programme. It didn’t, as I soon discovered. The band marched on. The stately figures of Britannia and America sailed on after it without looking back, and I was left stranded in my chair. The mass of flags behind me came to a sudden and confused halt. The rear members piled up to those in front and phalanx after phalanx piled up behind them in a mass of wondering boys. A startled marshal of ceremonies rushed up quickly followed by others.

‘What the . . . ’ etc., etc., and so on!

Then it turned out that this gallant little Scout had made this chair for me, all on his own. He had not so far had an opportunity of seeing me and presenting his gift, but when he recognized me coming along — alone and not otherwise busy — he seized the chance to make his well-meant offering. What he had intended for a private occasion, thus became, though unrehearsed, a public presentation of a top-hole character — and it brought top-hole trouble to the marshal of the pageant. But I got the chair!

One of the most important outcomes of the Jamboree was the formation of an International Committee and Bureau — this was made possible by the generosity of an American citizen, Mr. F. F. Peabody, and its continuance owed much to the support of another American, Mr. Mortimer Schiff. During the war an S.O.S. (Save Our Scouts) Fund had emphasized the comradeship of Scouting and the gathering at Olympia had further

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demonstrated that there was reality behind the sentiment. Some of the older leaders were not enthusiastic about such a Bureau; they feared it would mean interference, but B.-P., even in the darkest period of the war, had believed in the future possibilities of Scouting as the basis of friendship between boys of different nationalities. Thus, in 1916, one Commissioner had gloomily foretold disaster if Scouting became an international Movement; he even suggested that the Movement was already 'tottering to its fall'. B.-P. sent him the following note:

Don't be frightened, you take too serious a view of the whole thing. If the Movement is tottering, let it totter. As a matter of fact it has plenty of vitality under the surface, and is quite capable of doing a very big thing in promoting international amity — and, what is more, *it is going to do it.*

It was therefore with B.-P.'s full support that the International work of Scouting was put on a more regular footing. When the first world census was taken in 1922 it was found that there were 1,019,205 Boy Scouts in 32 countries. By 1939 this figure had risen to 3,305,149.

Two years after the Olympia Jamboree, a Posse of Welcome was organized to greet the Prince of Wales on his return home from his Empire Tour. The word 'Posse' came into use because when the Scouts formed a Guard of Honour to the Prince at Buckingham Palace on a former occasion, they had spontaneously broken out into cheers and had waved their hats on their staffs. King George V. had been watching the arrival and he felt that 'Guard of Honour' was a misnomer for such a youthful company; he suggested that a more suitable term might be found. B.-P. suggested 'Posse'; he had in mind the sheriff's posse of the Wild West, and also the 'posse comitatus' which came to arrest Sir Robert, the Baron of Shurland, as recorded in the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

On the 7th October 1922, some 60,000 Scouts and 19,000 Wolf Cubs met at the Alexandra Palace to greet the Prince. Before the Rally, B.-P. was decorated with the Legion of Honour. In previous years he had received many honours from foreign countries, and on this occasion he wrote to a friend:

Really, between ourselves — I wish they wouldn't! I feel ashamed of the cheap way of winning them — when the whole work is a joy to me and I only wish I could do more. At the same time, it means that they appreciate the Movement and its possibilities, and that is something.

It was an amazing spectacle. One of the Scouts who was there recalls the following incident:

I was only a young Scout and separated from the rest of the boys

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I knew — and probably looking frightened! A crowd of us was moving along when what we thought was a Scoutmaster came along with us. He chatted freely to us, asking where we had come from, how long we had taken to travel there, if it were our first trip to London and other such small talk until we arrived inside the room. Then to the overwhelming surprise of each of us, he made a cheery parting and walked up on to the platform. He was the Chief Scout!

An adult spectator recorded the following impression:

Personally, I shall not easily forget those wonderful boy crowds, nor shall I forget the eagerness of the Prince, who apparently finds it so hard to leave boyhood behind, the smiling interest of the Duke of Connaught, the keen, humorous humanity of the Chief Scout, and the tireless eminently practical enthusiasm of his staff, most of them mature men leading busy professional lives.

When the Empire Exhibition was held at Wembley in 1924, it was suggested that an Empire Rally of Scouts should be organized at the same time. This was a project much after B.-P.'s heart, and he energetically set to work to get such a Jamboree organized. The response was immediate, and amongst the 12,500 Scouts in the Camp in Wembley Paddocks were boys from all parts of the Empire. Echoes from his past must have sounded in B.-P.'s ears as he heard the Rhodesian Scouts shout:

WHO ARE YOU? — MATABELE!

WHO ARE YOU? — MASHONA!

WHERE DO YOU HAIL FROM? — RHODESIA — WAH!

Or when touring the Exhibition he met scouts from the Gold Coast and Ashanti, sons of men who spoke of him still as Kantankye — 'he of the Big Hat.' With the Gold Coast natives was Captain R. S. Rattray who was head of the Anthropological Department in Ashanti. He was typical of the new school of colonial officials who were studying native customs with a view to encouraging development along congenial lines. He was an enthusiastic supporter of Scouting, and he interested B.-P. in the use of the Ntumpane or talking drums, and with some Scouts he made use of them for sending messages in Morse. An African Boy Scout successfully sent messages to Captain Rattray through the dense forest country, and at Wembley an English Scout Troop learned how to use the drums.

Immediately after the Imperial Jamboree, the second World Jamboree was held near Copenhagen. Here were gathered boys from 33 nations; part of the time was spent in camp with the usual displays, pageants and

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competitions, and part was spent by the boys as guests in the homes of Danish Scouts.

Few men have been so hero-worshipped as B.-P. was at these Jamborees, but it had no visible effect on him; he remained as companionable as ever and the youngest Scout could feel at ease in his presence. His sense of humour was too keen for him to stand on a pedestal, aloof and unapproachable. It was that sense of humour too which brought laughter at times when it was most needed. Thus on the final day of the camp when the King of Denmark inspected the Scouts, the rain poured down and all were drenched. When the time came for B.-P. to announce the results of the competitions, he looked at the boys massed in front of him, and with a laugh said, 'I have seen great numbers of Scouts in my life, but I have never seen any as wet as you!' Even those who did not understand English recognized the tone, and faces broke into smiles.

His own thoughts on the Jamboree are a fitting comment.

For the boys themselves I am confident that the Jamboree has been a valuable experience — they have met Scouts from every part of the world and have realized something of the wide extent of the brotherhood, they have realized that their self training in good citizenship is taken seriously by their elders, and thus they realize something of the responsibility and importance which rests upon them. They feel that they are valued and trusted. They have learned the need for discipline. In their travels about the country, visiting its farms, factories, castles and museums, they have picked up a good deal that will be of educational value to them. But most important of all will, I think, be the friendships they have struck up both with the Danes and their brother Scouts from other countries. This as the result of mutual goodwill, sympathy, and understanding should have a very real value on their actions in after life, and have a very palpable political effect later on in international relations.

As a result of the whole Jamboree and conferences I am confident that in those few crowded days the Movement has made a great step forward. It is no longer in the experimental stage. It has stepped out into position as a pioneer in a line of civic education that has never before been attempted. It has demonstrated to parents, pastors, teachers, and patriots that Scouting can, quite as well as any military form of training, turn boys into manly men and patriotic citizens; and, moreover, it gives a wider outlook of a brotherland beyond the borders of the Motherland. It has opened the eyes of all of us to the fact that boys are alike all the world over and that they are by nature free from the prejudices and suspicions of us their fathers, and that therefore we have virgin soil to work upon.

No one could have foreseen five years ago what we have now

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seen in this camp — viz. boys of different nations who were then at desperate war together now living together in cheery comradeship. This fact alone should be an inspiration to continue to foster that comradeship and to strengthen our net of scouting and spread it yet wider. Here lies before the leaders, before every member in fact of our brotherhood, a wonderful opportunity of vast and far-reaching promise for the future peace and happiness of the world.

XVI. COMING-OFF-AGE

As soon as the Boy Scouts became an established organization, B.-P. was approached by organizers of many good causes in the hope that he would make pronouncements supporting them or bring to them the backing of the Movement. There were of course some who merely wanted to get inexpensive service and they traded on the idea of the 'good turn' so frequently that at last he had to state that Scouting 'is not a messenger agency for the convenience of the public'.

Misunderstanding was caused through lack of appreciation that the Movement was concerned solely with the shaping of character and conduct, and not with the moulding of opinion. B.-P. firmly held to his purpose, and it was indeed a triumph that he was able to prevent the Boy Scouts from being associated closely with any one political philosophy or religious creed. But this did not prevent difficulties from time to time.

He himself was not a supporter of any political party; indeed he sometimes expressed himself strongly on the evils of the party system, and had the typical soldier's attitude towards hot-air politicians. When the conscription campaign was in full swing between the South African War and 1914, Lord Roberts invited B.-P. to stand for Parliament, but the answer was not encouraging as it read, 'Delighted — which side?' An amusing newspaper controversy was once opened by a correspondent who claimed that he could prove from *Scouting for Boys* that B.-P. was a Conservative. The reply came from a Wesleyan Minister who stated that he could prove from the same source that B.-P. was 'a Socialist, a Liberal, or Conservative'.

Some years later B.-P. received from a young Communist a model of a black coffin as an expression of that Party's attitude. Indeed, when preparations were being made for the Coming-of-Age Jamboree at Birkenhead in 1929, an Anti-Scout Campaign was started on the grounds that Scouting is 'an organization to complete the work the Schools have begun in training the workers' children to be supporters of capitalism, imperialism and militarism'. And the Teachers' Labour League condemned the Movement whole-heartedly in this pronouncement:

The militarists and nobility in control, the capitalists who provide the funds, all alike agree with the aims of the Scout Movement. These are to train working class children to be 'loyal' to their employers and traitors to their class, to be ready to serve as cannon fodder in the approaching war which modern imperialism is leading to and

for the preparation of which the Jamboree forms an essential part.

And when the Secretary of the Young Communist League interviewed B.-P. and declared that 'the gloves are off', and 'we are out to fight to a finish', B.-P.'s reply was that 'he need not worry, it takes two to make a fight, and we are not out to fight, as our aim is to help the poorer boy, independent of all political questions, to get his fair chance of happiness and success in life'.

While such attacks could be ignored, it was more difficult to get people to understand why Scouting could not identify itself with movements inspired by the highest motives and for purposes which had wide support.

Thus time and again the Movement has been attacked on religious grounds. Unlike, for instance, the Boys' Brigade or the Church Lads' Brigade, the Boy Scouts are not linked with any religious organization; Troops can be, and are, attached to individual Churches, but this is purely a matter for local decision. This is partly explained by the origin of Scouting, since it was intended as an additional activity for existing organizations. But it went deeper than that. B.-P. wanted to find common ground on which boys of varied denominations could meet; his vision broadened to include boys of religions other than Christianity, all worshipping God, but each according to the teaching of his own Church. Even more anxious was he to bring in boys of no religious upbringing in the hope that by practising the Scout Law and through contact with Nature they would be drawn into the Churches.

Such an outlook was almost inevitably misunderstood. The stress B.-P. put on the value of the outdoor life as an aid to religion was interpreted by some as pantheism; he would have agreed with Wordsworth that

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,

and,

There's not a man
That lives who hath not known his god-like hours,
And feels not what an empire we inherit
As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

But like Wordsworth, B.-P. did not rest there; contact with Nature was but a step towards realization of God. Nor is it without significance that both men were members of the Established Church. B.-P. by his early training would be described in an outworn term as a Broad Churchman: although his father had died before he could influence his son, the know-

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ledge that the contributor to *Essays and Reviews* was regarded by some Churchmen as a heretic, must have had its effect on the son's outlook. He was not so much interested in formularies and creeds as in bringing the influence of religion into the everyday life of the boy as a matter of practice. Where he differed from many was in the methods by which he believed a boy's religious instincts could be quickened and satisfied. He based his ideas on the fact that boys prefer to be active rather than passive, and he therefore laid great emphasis on the 'good turn' as a beginning in the exercise of the duty to one's neighbour; by practice he believed the habit would be formed of thinking of others, and so developing more fully that love which is the basis of all religion.

Here is one of his statements on the problem.

We in Scout-work recognize as a first step that everything on two legs that calls itself a boy has God in him. The worst little hooligan has inherent glimmerings of good moral qualities — at least he can admire pluck and daring, he can appreciate justice, he can show loyalty and chivalry for a pal and thriftless openhandedness — which all means the spark of divine love is there, although he may — through the artificial environment of modern civilization — be the most arrant little thief, liar, and filth-monger unhung.

Our job is to give him a chance. We have to probe and discover those sparks of good and blow upon them till they glow and burn away the dross that covers them: in other words we can help the soul to develop itself by giving it good work to do on lines that interest the lad and lead his God-given instinct into daily-life practice.

Another statement amplifies his view:

The average boy and girl (if there be such a thing as an average one!) does not want to sit down in school and be the passive recipient of instruction, he wants to be active in self-expression, i.e. in doing something.

The abstract does not appeal to him, while the concrete does. By utilizing this trait we can get best results. With Scouts and Guides we do not insist so much on their learning Biblical History or the Scriptures as a first step, but rather we take them out into the woods and fields to learn something of the concrete facts of nature, the wonder of the natural law running through plant life and animal life and their aesthetic beauty, until, through this means, the child's tone of thought is raised to a sufficiently high plane to realize God the Creator and what he sees around him.

And then through performance of his daily 'good turn' his 'playing the game for his side', his active patriotism for the community, the boy becomes Christian by practice rather than by profession, and

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develops within himself that love and charity for others that is the Love of God.

In the early days of the Movement B.-P. consulted the leaders of the Churches as to the wisest policy to lay down for the guidance of the Scoutmasters. This policy safeguards the religious obligations of the boys who are members of Churches. The best testimony to its success is demonstrated in the following passage from a sermon preached by Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, at the Coming-of-Age Jamboree on the 4th August 1929.

It may be well now to recall to you the attitude which I have always held towards the Boy Scout movement. Almost at the outset I was honoured by being consulted by its founder, the Chief Scout, who very courteously sought my advice. I discussed the whole matter at considerable length with him, and I was assured that Scouts would always be taught to follow the voice of their conscience and to worship God as they best knew how; that those who had well-defined religious convictions would be helped and encouraged to worship God in accordance with those convictions; that there would be no attempt to gather all Scouts together in some newly conceived form of worship; above all, that Catholics would have full freedom for that worship of God which is set before them as a duty of conscience by the Catholic Church; and that neither directly nor indirectly would any attempt be made to hinder or impede their complete religious freedom.

After twenty-one years I am glad to bear testimony that, except in some rare and isolated instances — due to the unwitting mistakes of subordinate officials, and always promptly checked and corrected when brought to the knowledge of higher authority — these very definite assurances have been loyally observed.

Supporters of the League of Nations, and of the Peace and Disarmament policies of the between-wars period, naturally thought that in the Scout and Guide Movements they would find official support, since both were world-wide on a basis of friendship between the nations. They were surprised when B.-P. firmly refused to commit the boys and girls to any declaration of opinions on such matters. He himself became a Vice-President of the League of Nations Union, but he kept true to his principle that the Movements he had founded were not intended to do more than develop character of a kind which would lead to good citizenship, but not to any one type of political thought. Moreover, he constantly stressed the fact that no treaty or pact could lead to peace between nations unless the hearts of the peoples were friendly. As he said:

If we are to have a League of Nations and not merely a League of Governments, we shall do well to utilize the spirit of brotherhood

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which can have effect where no amount of legislation can ever penetrate.
And again:

The object of the Scout and Guide Movements is to provide health-giving, character-forming *recreation* for girls and boys; also, through its wide expansion, to breed among its members the spirit of brotherhood without regard to differences of country, creed or class. In this way we hope to develop more generally in the oncoming generation the qualities of good citizenship and the Christian practice of mutual goodwill and co-operation in place of the prevailing self-interest and mistrust which is the main obstacle to the establishment of peace in the world.

Our Movement is in no sense militant, nor is it concerned with politics. It accepts all boys and girls irrespective of their parents' political views.

For this reason and recognizing our responsibility to the parents, we regret that we cannot utilize our boys and girls as a body for promoting causes, however worthy in their aim, nor can we encourage them to record their opinions on questions of policy in which their immature judgement cannot be of any real value.

Some of his speeches were at times misinterpreted by those who had not taken the trouble to understand his principles. He did not believe that the 1914-1918 war had ended war—he hoped it had done so, but as long as there was any doubt, he believed people should be prepared, and that young men, for instance, should be encouraged to join the Territorials.

Pacifists were angry and puzzled at the seeming paradox of the leader of a world-wide brotherhood advocating military preparedness, and in 1937 he replied to their criticisms in the following terms:

I think everyone realizes now that we are living in an as yet uncivilized world where treaties and agreements are treated as scraps of paper, where bullies are looking round for weaklings among the nations whom they can attack.

So it is for the grown-up Scouts I advocate learning, while they can, these duties, should occasion ever unfortunately arise when defence of the country should be necessary. Much will, of course, depend on the circumstances that may cause the need for defence, so it is impossible to lay down beforehand a hard and fast rule of conduct, for the Scouts. As boys, they are not needed for fighting, but they can be prepared to help others and prevent suffering by knowing first-aid work and being useful in a hundred other ways as the Boy Scouts in China and Spain are doing so admirably to-day. This need not imply inculcation of warlike ideas.

It is unfortunately inevitable that in war as we have it to-day, friend

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will, in many cases, have to fight against friend in carrying out his duty.

But our aim should be to work to bring about the spirit of goodwill and brotherliness so widely that before long the will of the people will supersede that of aggressive rulers and bring about peace in the world.

That is what we must all strive for and is what we are actually gaining to some extent through the World Scout Brotherhood; but we haven't got it yet, nor shall we get it, if we all evade the issue in trying selfishly to serve our own individual views and interests.

Some years before this statement he had tried to get Labour more fully represented on the Council of the Boy Scouts Association. It was always his aim to make that Council as truly representative of the national thought as possible, and Mr. Will Crooks was for a time a member, and in 1923 B.-P. tried to persuade Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to join the Council, but without success. Mr. MacDonald replied:

12th January 1923

DEAR SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL,

I am glad to receive your letter with its remembrances of that extraordinary lunch and the conversation which Nicholson, you and I had.

I have always as an outsider taken great interest in your Boy Scout Movement. A warm controversy is going on at present amongst my friends as to whether it is not being militarized, and whether as a matter of fact it is not under the effective control of masters who mean quite definitely that it should be so. I remember your assurances on the Terrace of the House of Commons given to Mr. Crooks and myself and I am sure that so far as you are concerned they still hold good. You are after the making of clean minded, chivalrous souled, healthy, resourceful youth; in my own limited way so am I. If, however, I agreed with your proposal, it would be adding one more internal trouble to what is my chief concern at the moment, the Labour Party. Nothing would justify that. So pray let me remain a sympathetic friend to your Movement as you explained it that night and believe me to be

Yours very sincerely,
J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

A few months afterwards, B.-P. wrote to Mr. George Lansbury about some remarks the latter had made on Boy Scouts at a meeting. Mr. Lansbury's reply was as follows:

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DEAR SIR,

I have your letter of the 3rd. I have always very much regretted that I could not see eye to eye with you about the Scout Movement. There is so much of it that I believe is not only good but really fine for boys

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and girls; but there always seems to me so much of patriotism and union jack flying, that I am somehow choked off from it.

You see, my point of view is that love of one's home and parents and love of country ought always to lead on to love of humanity; and if we stress our own interests, defence of our own land too much, the international side just gets blurred out.

As to war: I know that you do not teach fighting, but I think it is also true that the doctrine of defensive warfare is taught, and every war that I know anything about has been defended as a defensive one. My view is contrary to this. All wars so far as I can judge them are in the ultimate offensive. You may tell me of the evils which will come upon us unless we are prepared to fight: I can only say that the unknown and known horrors of the fighting seem to me to eclipse, or at least to equal, any evil that might befall us.

I ought not to have bothered you with so long a letter about my point of view; but I do want you to know that I appreciate very much all that you have done to help make boys strong and healthy and take a virile interest in living; but I also wanted you to know why I felt bound to say what I did at the Caxton Hall, and why it is not possible for me to join in the Movement.

I hope sometime there will be one flag symbolizing the human race and not nationalities.

Yours truly,
G. LANSBURY.

To this B.-P. replied:

6th July 1923

DEAR MR. LANSBURY,

I am very grateful for your letter and I am not going to bore you with a long letter in reply. Although you say you don't see eye to eye with me, I on my part do see eye to eye with you — particularly in the matter of world brotherhood, and as you say when we can bring this into actual being there can be no need even for defensive armament. But we have a bit of road to travel before we get there which means unity and goodwill in our own countries as a first step. I send you a copy of our Scout International Journal in the hope that you may find time to read the points marked which will better explain our line.

If you would care to see our Training School in Epping Forest which is now being attended by men and women from all parts of the world, you could see for yourself what we are teaching. I think it would show you that we are out very much for your ideal of a world brotherhood of peace and goodwill and that we are working on practical lines to bring this about.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

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Six years later, Mr. Lansbury had an opportunity of expressing his views on Scouting publicly at the Coming-of-Age Jamboree.

It had been decided to hold an International Jamboree every four years, each time in a different country. By this rule the Copenhagen Jamboree should have been followed by one in 1928 in some country other than England or Denmark. But it was felt that as 1929 would be the Coming-of-Age year, the Jamboree should be held then in the country where Scouting began. Arrowe Park near Birkenhead was chosen as the site, but before the Jamboree opened two events must have given B.-P. special delight.

At the end of July 1928 a Reunion of the survivors of the Brownsea Island Camp of 1907 was held at B.-P.'s home, Pax Hill, Bentley. Of the original twenty-five, seven had died — some of them in the war, and six were abroad. Twelve met together to recall that early experiment. Only B.-P. and Mr. P. W. Everett were still active in the Movement.

Then at Charterhouse a pleasant incident occurred. The 'Masque of Charterhouse' was performed, and at the roll-call of famous Carthusians, Peter Baden-Powell called 'Adsum' for his father. A scene in the Masque was devoted to the foundation of the Boy Scouts, and the performers were boys of the School Troop. The lines spoken were these:

ORATOR. Now the old heroes of a former day,
Have struck their shadowy tents and stol'n away,
Their voice is still, and hushed their music's strains;
The legend of a living man remains,
Who, youthful yet at three score years and ten,
To manly service trains the sons of men.
In our own Copse he learnt the tracker's art
Wherewith to unlock the door of boyhood's heart,
Called the world's youth to adventurous brotherhood
And generous effort for the common good.
Now young and old alike his work acclaim,
And bless our school for Baden-Powell's name.
See here an eager band of roving boys,
Seeking the open road with all its joys,
Woodland and valley, stream and mountain height,
The scorching noon tide sun, the starry night.

(*A trek-cart enters, and a group of Scouts are welcomed by others around a Camp Fire.*)

When the Jamboree opened on the 31st July 1929 there were gathered together Scouts from forty-one nations of the world and of thirty-one parts of the British Empire. It is difficult to speak in measured terms of that amazing experience. In spite of rain and mud, it was throughout a

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joyous festival of youth; it was indeed a fitting tribute to the man who had founded and fostered the Movement. His own work was recognized by the King who conferred upon him a peerage; after consultation with the members of the International Committee he decided to choose the title of Baden-Powell of Gilwell — an indication not only of the place the Training Centre had gained during its decade of life, but of B.-P.'s own estimate of the importance of training. The boys naturally expressed their admiration for their Chief in their own exuberant ways whenever he moved amongst them, but they also presented him and Lady Baden-Powell with a Rolls-Royce car and caravan — promptly christened the 'Jam-Roll'.

Amongst the many eminent visitors, the Prince of Wales naturally took the leading place, but no one was more popular than Mr. George Lansbury; he quickly made friends with the boys and at one camp helped spread the bread and jam, explaining that when he was a boy, 'they called this gravel rash'. During a Rally in the arena, he paid this tribute.

I am quite certain that in the days to come, in the days that he has yet to live and in the days that will come after, the name that will stand and be remembered in the world of the nations will be Baden-Powell. Nothing in the world can add, I think, to the wonderful work that has been done. He won't mind me saying, and his friends will not mind me saying, that the one thing that people like me hope and pray for, if we ever pray at all — the one thing we really hope for is that all these great movements of the world amongst young people, and especially this great movement, may in the future remove all man-made evil of the world, not the evil that we cannot help, but man-made evil, and will also establish the sort of relationship which pervades this place amongst people of all nations meeting together to enjoy themselves and to learn from one another how to live.

One of the most interesting tributes was spoken at a luncheon at which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster were present. The speaker was the Rev. T. H. Bateson representing the Free Churches, and he recalled his former association with B.-P. in India.

When in India our Chief Scout impressed himself upon the men of his regiment in a most marked manner — it was a regiment of clean livers and hard workers. I had then an opportunity of putting my finger on the pulse of the entire Indian Army, and I can say it was second to none there. What he did on behalf of his men to enable them to resist the temptations of the East, he came home and did here; and when I found what his Scout movement meant and was doing among boys of all classes and all creeds, I wrote to him — in 1909 — and

asked if I might help in some little way in a movement which was going to count for so much in social and world life. The fulfilment has been greater than the aspiration, and my friends say to me that Baden-Powell will go down to history as the man who did more than anyone else for the peace of the world.

At the final Rally, B.-P. seized again the opportunity of driving home to the Scouts the significance of the Jamboree. He symbolically buried the hatchet of war, and then passed down the lines of Scouts, radiating from where he was standing Golden Arrows — recalling the name of Arrowe Park — and as he did so he said:

From all corners of the earth you have journeyed to this great gathering of World Fellowship and Brotherhood. To-day I send you out from Arrowe to all the world, bearing my symbol of Peace and Fellowship, each one of you my ambassador, bearing my message of Love and Fellowship on the wings of Sacrifice and Service, to the ends of the Earth. From now on, the Scout symbol of Peace is the Golden Arrow. Carry it fast and far so that all men may know the Brotherhood of Man.

Besides being raised to the Peerage, B.-P. was honoured in other ways in 1929. The City of London conferred upon him the Freedom of the City, and at the ceremony he was naturally presented by the Master and Wardens of the Mercers, his own Company. At the luncheon, B.-P. called himself a 'cockney bred and born', and said that he had learned swimming in the Serpentine and had there caught his first tiddler. He referred to his days at Charterhouse while it was still in London and the annual fights with the butcher boys.

Mr. David Jagger was engaged to paint his portrait for the Mercers, and a second one for the Boy Scouts Association; in both he is represented in Scout uniform. The following year Mr. Simon Elwes was invited to paint another portrait for the Girl Guides Association. B.-P. when asked how he would like to pose for this, replied that he would prefer to be represented at work, and in explanation he wrote:

My suggestion that I should be 'doing something' when sitting to you has a twofold meaning underlying it. One (entirely selfish) is that it is difficult for me to sit still and do nothing when I have so much on hand to do. Secondly, I (in common with many others) feel that (though it is very usual with portraits) to hand down to one's successors the representation of a man staring vacantly into space with hands lying idle, does not give a true picture of an active worker.

XVII. THE CHIEF SCOUT: AT HOME

FEW men have lived such busy lives as B.-P., yet he never seemed in a hurry, and he always had leisure for friendship. This was in part possible because by the time most people were at breakfast he had already been at work for an hour or so. But he had early learned how to work at odd moments and in odd places. Thus during the Matabele campaign he noted in his diary to his mother, 'The above was written while we paused inactive on the field, waiting for the stretchers'. Journeys and waits at railway stations provided excellent opportunities for writing and planning. It was in this way that he was able to deal with an enormous correspondence. A reply to a letter would be pencilled on the back or on a blank space; comments on a report would be jotted down in the margin; a draft for a Foreword to a book — and he found it difficult to refuse such help although some abused his generosity — would be carefully revised until he was satisfied it met the need. There was nothing hurried about any of this occasional writing, as can be shown in many pages of his characteristic handwriting with their emendations and additions.

He once gave a list of the contents of a morning's letters and it well illustrates the variety of the appeals made to him — few of which he refused, though even he could not be in two places at once.

I am afraid I must appear to many Scouters to be very stuffy and unresponsive to their various requests, but I believe they would appreciate my difficulty and sympathize with me if they took over my postbag for a day.

As an example I jotted down this morning the subject of each letter in turn as I opened it. The list may amuse you.

1. A former Sergt. in my Regiment asks me to help him get work.
2. The Grammar School at R. invites me to give an address.
3. 48th Hussars want me to preside at Dinner.
4. A correspondent claims to have originated Scouting.
5. Request to advertise the S.A.C. Dinner.
6. An author wants a 'brief account' of my life.
7. County Commissioner wants me to approve a step that has been turned down by Headquarters.
8. Govt. Museum wants me to organize visits of Scouts and Guides.
9. Girl Scouts of America want my opinion on a Memorial.
10. Communist writes derogatory remarks on me.
11. Sporting Journal wants an article of 1,000 words.

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12. Invitation to visit Rosemary Home (the Scout Convalescent Home).
13. Drawing of a Wolf Cub wanted for making a statuette.
14. Editor of the *Scout* wants an article on Hobbies.
15. Blind Institute wants me to fill up a Questionnaire.
16. Newspaper wants an opinion on Military Procession for Armistice Day.
17. Suggestions wanted for raising funds for South African Scouts.
18. Rover asks advice about getting work.
19. School at A. wants me to present prizes.
20. Two requests for Autographs.
21. Chief Commissioner Wales suggests ten days' motor tour of Scouts.
22. Invitation to join in forming an Arbitration League.
23. Request for four drawings for Art Gallery.
24. Article for *Scouter* wanted to-morrow.

(So I send this in.)

Some of his best work went into his 'Outlook' in *The Scouter* (as the *Headquarters Gazette* came to be named). Here he was talking direct to his leaders, and he felt that to be amongst his most important duties. For thirty years he also contributed regularly to *The Scout*; here again he gave of his best. Naturally over such a long period there is some variation in quality, but he maintained a high standard; he never wrote down to boys or fobbed them off with hurried work.

He also did much journalism. This he found necessary as an addition to his income; however simple his own needs were, a growing family meant growing expenses, and his tours at home and overseas were not a charge on Scout funds; he liked to be self-dependent. In the earlier days of the Movement he did much lecturing; thus in 1912 when he toured America and went to Australia and New Zealand, he was able to report, 'From the proceeds of my lectures in America, I was able to defray the expenses of my journey; the proceeds of subsequent lectures which I delivered in New Zealand and Australia were handed to the Local Organizations to help their funds'. In later years, he covered expenses by writing. 'I suppose I shall have to write another book', he would say as he set out on one of his tours, and the material would first appear in various journals or in *The Scout*. One consequence of this method is that such books as *Scouting Round the World* (1935), or collections of articles as those in *Adventures and Accidents* (1934), tend to read disconnectedly. They served their purpose at the time, and made it possible for B.-P. to go far afield on his Scout missions of goodwill. To-day they help many to recall his visits, and so strengthen the unity of the Movement.

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By carefully organizing his time, B.-P. was able to enjoy brief holidays—and a holiday was as complete a relaxation as it could be made. Most of all he preferred the travelling holiday — the moving about from place to place. Here is an account of a caravan tour made the year following the Arrowe Park Jamboree.

The Chief Guide and I, with our youngsters, took a delightful holiday in August in 'Jam-Roll' (the Jamboree car and 'Eccles' the caravan) with six lightweight tents.

We wandered and camped in Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset and Devon, and we realized once again that England has beauties and interests quite as good as any you can find abroad.

Those splendid open downs of Marlborough and the Mendips with their wonderful ancient British relics, like Silbury and Avebury and Stonehenge; the cliffs and crags of the Cheddar Gorge and its stalactite caves; the lovely old-world villages like Sandy Lane and Lacock; the splendid Elizabethan great houses like those at Corsham, Montacute and Cranborne, with their treasures in pictures and furniture of bygone days; cathedrals like Wells, Exeter and Salisbury; and ruins like Glastonbury with all their glory and history; then the setting of the whole, in typical English scenery in August, could not be surpassed in any land.

Of course the weather wasn't all sunshine — it seldom is in the English August; but it was like shell fire, when you see it from indoors it looks bad, but when you are out in it you don't notice it so much.

And then when, after a few days of gale and rain squalls under leaden clouds, you get a glorious cloudless day, how much more fully you appreciate the sun and all his warmth and glory — especially when he dried your sodden dishcloths.

Indeed the glorious air of the Mendips was all the more exhilarating because it was not deadly hot. *

The whole outing was perfect, and what added to my particular enjoyment of it was — well, it is like the story of the two American ladies (N.B. told to me by an American) who motored through the country, both of them chewing gum heartily the while.

One of them, pouching her gum for a moment in her cheek, exclaimed, 'This scenery is perfectly lovely!'

To which the other responded: 'Yes — it sure *adds* so.'

But it was the gum which mainly appealed all the time.

So while I admired and enjoyed the scenery the thing which 'added so' to my enjoyment was the frequent sight of Scout or Guide Camps, and, best of all, of hefty sun-tanned Rovers in ones and twos hiking through the country.

One couldn't help feeling that if Scouting had done nothing else, it had, at any rate, encouraged the development of the out-of-door healthy man.

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But these fellows were all going a bit further and evidently drinking in the beauties and wonders of our country, developing clean healthiness of mind as well as of body, together with happy comradeships.

It was very good to see. Yes — ‘it sure added’!

I am confident that you Scouters and your Scouts little realize what a great good turn you were doing to me when you gave me ‘Jam-Roll’ and ‘Eccles’.

During such tours he liked to visit factories and workshops to see how things were made. It will be recalled that this habit went back to his boyhood days when with his brothers he went tramp-camping.

When he needed to get right away from everything and everybody, he would go off for a few days’ fishing: this for many years was his chief sport. He was never—apart from polo—a ball-playing man, and he needed a sport which he could enjoy alone, for there were times when he could only recover tone by being solitary. Thus he could write to a friend in 1925, ‘I am a different animal to what I was two months ago thanks to a severe course of fishing’. And in 1929 he wrote to an angler friend, ‘As to New Zealand, I shall be going there, via Panama, sailing early Feb. 1931, arriving early March. I don’t know how that suits trout fishing there—but I should indeed like to get a little if it is possible. Only I do like to do it alone. In X they would make up parties to go with me, which just destroyed the whole pleasure of it’.

An earlier glimpse of him as a fisherman dates back to about 1910. A correspondent writes:

My father met B.-P. on the banks of the River Dove when B.-P. was staying at the Isaac Walton Hotel; they were both fly-fishing and they exchanged compliments and ideas which led to a friendship. My father asked B.-P. what sport he had had and B.-P. said, ‘Quite good. I have caught 5 brace of nice fish’. My father said, ‘May I have a look at them?’ Whereupon B.-P. said, ‘I only fish for the sport of the thing, but always return the fish to the river so that they may enjoy a longer life’.

A fellow angler contributes the following note on B.P. as a fisherman:

I should say B.-P. was as good an angler as he was at most things. He preferred River fishing for Sea Trout or Salmon, and liked to be on his own, particularly on any river requiring more than usual care and courage.

His technique being what it was, he perhaps gave less attention to his technical appliances than is sometimes necessary in some Northern Rivers, and I can well remember an instance of him using a beautiful presentation rod and gaff, which had the misfortune to meet a 25lb. salmon, with the result that both gave way at the critical moment,

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and but for the services of a gillie of courage and resource, the salmon would have won!

I think his chief joy in fishing was that it took him away from the ordinary business of life more effectively than anything else, particularly when the formalities too often connected with sport were by-passed. He was always entranced with the beauty of River life, especially in the Highlands in the Autumn, with its gorgeous colouring.

Even the Boy Scouts had to give place to science and philosophy

when the day's work was finished on the river. I don't think he was ever so supremely happy as he was when wading deep and waiting for that electrical thrill of a taking fish. I am quite sure Isaac Walton never had a more devoted disciple.

However much he enjoyed his fishing excursions, or his travels, home always called strongly. No one who experienced the hospitality at Pax Hill can ever forget the cheerfulness and happiness of the home life he and Lady Baden-Powell had together created. An unending stream of visitors of all kinds passed through — distinguished men and women, old friends, leaders in the Scout and Guide worlds, Scouters and Guiders in need of rest; and, in the summer, campers pitched their tents and came to know their friendly hosts. There was no ostentation or ceremony, but a warm-hearted welcome for all.

B.-P.'s own habits were as simple as in his soldier days. He slept in a verandah room open all the year round to the weather; he was up early and off for a walk with the dogs, and if he were fortunate enough to have a 'free' day, he filled it with activity. Correspondence had to be dealt with, an article had to be written, or a few more pages of a book drafted. There might be reports to consider, or perhaps some new plan of campaign for Scouting to map out. Sometimes he would have an hour to spare for sketching and painting, or modelling. The garden was another source of pleasure, and visitors were called in to take their share of whatever needed doing — the trimming of a hedge, the making of a path, the planting of new trees, or the pruning of roses. Then in the evening would come good talk, the discussion of something read, or perhaps the showing of some films he had taken, for he became a keen cinematographer. All

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was done thoroughly, but with that ease which only comes of happiness shared.

The house itself was a museum of treasures; some were records of his past achievements and others gifts sent by admirers, but each had its story, and with B.-P. as guide, time passed too rapidly.

In such surroundings it was possible to glimpse something of B.-P.'s personality. Great movements are not created by average minds drawing up paper plans; they reflect the genius of the man whether it is a John Wesley, a William Booth, or a Baden-Powell. That genius is not one of intellect alone, but of the whole man, and B.-P. had it to an unusual degree.

It is difficult to describe, still less to explain, these things; only the effects can be noted. It was, for instance, quite impossible in B.-P.'s presence to think of him as the Founder, or the Chief Scout; such a way of regarding him was too cold and formal. Perhaps the only way of describing how he was regarded by those who worked under him—though even that expression seems wrong, for he inspired the feeling that one was working with him—is by the one word 'affection', and this can best be conveyed by a few incidents drawn from many written down by Scoutmasters who only met him one or twice.

The first record describes two incidents, one at a Rally, and the other during one of the week-ends when he camped at Gilwell Park.

Our Troop was given the privilege of marching past the Chief first, and afterwards he came round to see us separately. His first words were, after a good look at us, 'Well, you are an ugly looking lot'. He had a wonderful trick of taking the stiffness out of a rather formal or ceremonial occasion. At a camp-fire at Gilwell a Troop were to give a display of tumbling, and were wearing brilliant orange shorts. When the Chief arrived, everybody stood in silence, but he suddenly said to this team: 'Where did you get those lovely pants?'

On the following morning, he was wandering round the boys' camps with only his two dogs, and cine-camera, at about 8 a.m. He had just 'shot' a Scout who was lying in the tent with his legs projecting outside, when the boy sat up looking rather embarrassed. The Chief said, 'I've got *you* for life'. I was wondering whether I could get a 'snap', when up ran another Scout with a camera, so I dashed for mine. B.-P. stopped, and 'posed' and arranged his two dogs at his feet, but then found that he had his back to the early morning sun, so insisted on turning right round, so as not to spoil the picture.

The second recollection comes from a young Scoutmaster who some years previously was one of a Guard of Honour when B.-P. returned from one of his tours.

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The Chief was to land at Southampton, and the local Troops, etc., were lined up outside the Dock Gates to welcome him. As a callow youth of seventeen, I had to stand in front of our school 'contingent', and to my joy when he came along the Chief stopped, shook hands with me and began speaking. I found myself looking into those kindly eyes of his and telling him that before long I was to leave school, etc. etc. 'Well', he said, 'whatever you do, don't leave the boys', and he repeated seriously several times, 'Stick to the boys'.

Two incidents are recorded by a Scoutmaster who first met B.-P. in 1916.

The Chief and Lady B.-P. spent a night or two as my parents' guests during some Scout Rally. It was after lunch that I, aged five, and my brother, aged three, were brought in to pay our respects to the visitors. The Chief was in uniform and standing with his back to the fireplace. My stolid young brother, who at that age hated getting himself dirty, strode straight up to him and, placing a pudgy finger on one of his freckled knees, said in an accusing tone, 'What those dirty spots?' The Chief rocked with laughter, and then proceeded to hold us enthralled for some time with animal stories and the like. This first meeting with him made a very vivid and lasting impression on me, very young though I was.

I next recall the Friday evening of the 1937 Gilwell Reunion. It was fairly late when I had eaten my supper and washed out my billy-can, and I was walking up the drive towards the house in the dark, when I overtook two figures just inside the gates, and said 'good evening' as I passed them. In answer, a torch was flashed on my back and to my astonishment I heard a well-known voice say, 'It's Brown, isn't it?' I turned, and by the light of their own torch could see that it was the two Chiefs.

Now I had been introduced to him at the Reunion the year before, but had had the chance to say little more than 'how d'you do' to him, so that it is little short of amazing that he should have been able at once to put the right name to my back view and my voice. I then reminded him of my very first meeting with him, which he well remembered and laughed over again; and we had a long talk about the Jamboree in Holland, to which I had taken a composite Troop (or rather, half-Troop), consisting of Public and Preparatory School Scouts and town and village Troop Scouts, to which had been joined a very mixed half-Troop from a British school in Cairo. He was intensely interested to hear the experience of the S.M. of a Troop which had consisted of Egyptians, Greeks, Cyprians, Maltese, and English boys living in Cairo, besides boys of different ages and social classes from England, and to hear that no Troop could have worked more happily or more successfully together.

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- It was a grand meeting with them, in which I had them all to myself, and one that I shall long remember.

His memory for people and places was astonishing; another example is given in the following note from a Scoutmaster.

In the summer of 1925 two village boys who belonged to my just started small Troop at Drayton St. Leonard, near Oxford, were walking down the street at Dorchester during their school lunch hour; they had Scout buttonhole badges. A touring car pulled up near them on the kerb, and the man driving called to them and said, 'I don't suppose you know who I am'. When they replied that they did not, he said, 'Well, go and have a look on the front of my radiator'. There they saw a mascot with 'Presented to Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell on the occasion of their marriage'. They came back to the side of the car, and B.-P. shook hands with them, asked them how long they had been Scouts, whether they had been to camp yet, what Troop they belonged to, and many other questions. Of course they were thrilled, and for some time this chance meeting was the talk of the village. Over six months later I happened to have the good fortune to meet B.-P. for the first time, in Oxford, on the evening of the day on which he laid the foundation stone of Youlbury. When he heard I came from Drayton St. Leonard, he at once said, 'How's your Troop getting on? I was so glad to meet those two Scouts of yours last summer', and sent them messages of good luck.

This affection was not confined by any means to members of the Scout Movement. I have received a great number of letters from commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and from men who had served under him in India or South Africa, witnessing to the warmth of their feeling for him. 'A lovable and loving man' is the expression used by one Colonel, a former Adjutant in India, and it is repeated in other terms in tribute after tribute. One example which came under my personal observation is typical. In January 1934 B.-P. underwent a most serious operation, and for some days his life was in danger. The annual Scout Commissioners' Dinner was being held, at which his son, Peter, represented him. On my way, in Scout uniform, I was stopped by a raggedly clothed man; I thought at first that he was begging, but he asked, 'Can you tell me how B.-P. is? I was under him in South Africa'.

The Coming-of-Age Jamboree in 1929 had revealed as never before the depth of this affection, but even such a demonstration made no difference to his unassuming character. Nor did it mark for him the end of a road; it simply spurred him on to greater endeavour.

More and more he was able to leave the day-to-day direction of the

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Movement to the team of men he had chosen as his Headquarters Commissioners, though he was ever watchful of the progress made, and at times urged them forward with suggestions and proposals for development. From such men he expected constant service to the Movement and could express impatience if they became too satisfied. Thus in a note written at the end of 1930, he said:

I have just written to A and B *re* the elections to Headquarters Committee, urging them if possible to get rid of old duds — especially X — who fill up places where we ought now to be getting the best men we can, and young blood if possible. It is no longer enough to have idlers and effete on our board, when we've got to *lead* the Movement on up-to-date lines, under increasing expectations of the public, and in the abnormal conditions of the country. We can't afford to toy with the situation for sentimental reasons. Don't bother to answer this — but *consider* it.

He always placed more importance on people than on rules and regulations; he regarded it as one of his most important functions to seek out men who could bring lively personalities to the service of the Movement. A second sphere to which he devoted his thoughts was that of general policy, especially as far as it affected social problems and conditions. It was natural that from 1929 onwards, the question of unemployment occupied his thoughts. He felt that there must be some way in which Scouting could help — not of course in finding a solution, but in trying to prevent some of the rot which set in when youths were idle for months and even years on end. He followed his usual method. First he got together all the first-hand information he could and asked for suggestions from men in personal contact with the problem; then he drew up some tentative suggestions for action; these were submitted for criticism to men whose opinions he felt were valuable. After considering their comments, he drafted a list of suggestions for Scout Headquarters to consider and issue. Here are the main points of the plan he circulated to all his Commissioners:

1. The first effort of every Scoutmaster must obviously be to keep his 14-16 year old boys in his Troop and not allow them to drift away to join the unemployed crowd. This in very many cases will mean the introduction of greater variety in the Troop programme; and for preparing lads for occupation or employment it involves increased incentive and opportunity for taking up hobbies and handicrafts. We have to realize that an increasing number will be out of work but they should have at least hobbies to occupy their enforced leisure. They should be taught to rely on themselves and not expect amusement to be provided for them. This may involve more frequent Troop nights

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and the provision of tools and possibly workshops or allotments. More Troop nights will be possible if Rover Scouts come in to help the Scoutmaster by taking charge of the Troop on different evenings, and by showing an example of keen and interesting Scouting. Senior Scouts should be encouraged themselves to organize games, sports, hiking, camping, etc. As regards the provision of tools and workshops, materials, etc., here lies a definite job for members of Local Associations. The sites and materials might be provided by them and the work of building by the Rovers and Scouts themselves.

2. The next point for Scoutmasters and possibly Local Associations is to get hold of the unemployed boys in the neighbourhood, probably through co-operation with the local school authorities and Employment Exchanges, etc., and to bring them in as Honorary members of the Troop to participate in the Troop activities and comradeship.

If every Troop took on only five 'younger brothers' this would mean 55,000 unemployed boys coming at once under good influence instead of drifting towards uselessness or crime.

3. In view of the coming increase of unemployed boys which has to be faced we already need a big increase in the number of Troops to receive and take them in hand. The first step in this direction must necessarily be a campaign to secure more Scoutmasters and instructors in hobbies and games. There are thousands of young men in the country to whom it has never occurred that they can, and ought to, do something in the way of social service. An intensive campaign to secure them could best be devised by Local Associations both through press appeals and personal solicitation. The fish are there in the river right enough, but whether you are to catch them depends on whether you offer the right kind of fly in the right kind of way.

4. Training must be made available for new Scoutmasters. Commissioners are in a position to see to this; Local Associations can second their efforts, especially in regards to meeting places, books, transport and expenses.

5. For the provision of gymnastic apparatus, workshops, allotments, tools, and materials, etc., funds are of course essential. But funds only come when you have got something to show as a reason for them. Local Associations have a corporate responsibility in this matter. Show people what you are doing and what you have done and give them an idea of what you might yet do, and purse-strings will be loosened. Begging letters are of very little use compared with personal visits to explain. Here again is work for individual members of the Local Association. Ladies' Committees or public banquets in large cities, if adequately organized, can give valuable help in this direction.

More and more his interest was concentrated on the world-wide aspect of Scouting; health alone necessitated some limitation of his attendance

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at Rallies and other functions in this country and he wanted to feel freer to get into closer touch with the Movement beyond these shores. It was natural that the Dominions and the Colonies attracted him most, but there were also opportunities of making brief visits to European countries and America in the furtherance of the ideal of friendship between the boys of all countries as a basis for peace and goodwill.

At times he felt that he was not doing all he should to encourage the men and women in the Movements; he even went so far as to suggest that he should resign from being Chief Scout of this country and appoint someone else, while he himself would remain Chief Scout for the Movement outside Great Britain. The suggestion was received with such horror by the few who were consulted that he went no further with the proposal. But the fact that he could seriously think of such an idea indicates two things: his sense of duty was highly developed and he had no use for sinecurists; secondly, in spite of Jamborees and Rallies with their rapturous receptions, he did not realize how deep was the personal affection all Scouts had for him; he thought of himself as the Leader of a Movement in an almost impersonal way, and he argued quite simply that if the Leader could no longer do his job, then someone else should take his place.

XVIII. THE CHIEF SCOUT: ABROAD

As his seventieth birthday approached B.-P. raised the problem of a successor; in the Royal Charter of Incorporation B.-P. is mentioned as Chairman of the first Council, and no provision is made for the appointment of a Chief Scout. But the question had to be faced sooner or later, and he was not the man to shirk discussion. There were several possibilities: a Royal figurehead; an outstanding personality with experience of the Movement; a 'commission' of leaders; or his son. In 1926, when he was going out to South Africa, he jotted down his ideas on the subject; he made two points — if no suitable man emerged, then 'let the office lie dormant', and 'the mere fact of his [Peter] being my son will not be allowed to count'.

Four years later he again raised the question, and wrote, 'I would urge that the Movement should not be run by a Committee, as they would, in their turn, be run by a Secretary, who however capable, could not in addition to his other duties, supply the necessary personal touch and leadership which give the spirit to the Movement. . . . I am convinced that a Chief Scout (possibly with defined powers) is essential to the future success of the Movement'. In the letter from which this extract is made, the name of Lord Somers is mentioned for the first time as one of the possible outstanding men who could be considered.

The friends whom he consulted in this matter were naturally very reluctant to come to any decision; the mere thought of Scouting without B.-P. was distasteful, and in 1930 he was full of life and energy. So for the time being, nothing further was done.

B.-P.'s visits to foreign countries were seldom of long duration. His European journeys were usually for special purposes in connexion with Scouting. Thus in 1933 he and Lady Baden-Powell visited Rome and had an audience with the Pope — who was a warm supporter of the Boy Scouts — and B.-P. himself discussed the training of boys with Mussolini. The Balilla had replaced a vigorous Scout organization, and B.-P. was anxious to see for himself what was happening. The interest he showed was regarded by some opponents of Fascism with suspicion, but it was all part of that insatiable curiosity which possessed him and a determination to see things for himself and make his own judgements. He wrote the following account of the conversation with Mussolini.

When Mussolini had explained his reasons for the Balilla, and the principles of their training, which he said were modelled on that of

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the Boy Scouts, he asked for any criticisms. I suggested four, viz.:

1. His movement was obligatory, instead of voluntary.
2. It aimed at narrow nationalism instead of wider international good feeling.
3. It was purely physical, without any spiritual balance.
4. It developed mass cohesion, instead of individual character.

As regards 1, membership was imposed by authority, and was not the outcome of the boys' initiative.

Mussolini pointed out that every boy had to consult his parents about joining the Balilla. With the parents the force of moral suasion prevailed, which in Italian fashion he illustrated by placing his finger across his nose, and above it with his eyes he gave a cruel malevolent leer. Then squeezing the palms of his hands together he said: 'Of course, for the *parents* it is different. They feel the moral obligation for their sons to join the Balilla.'

Then, with a grin, which implied that if they didn't feel it they would be likely to feel something worse, he added that he did not recognize the importance of the boys' own initiative in the matter.

Regarding 2. He fully agreed that the development of an intense nationalist spirit was essential for Italians as a first step before they could consider the feelings of other nations. This might come in another generation.

Regarding 3. Courage, he said, was the only spiritual quality that was needed, and this could only result from confidence in their physical strength.

Regarding 4. He further explained that Italians were too divided up into sects, parties, classes and races, so that consolidation was necessary in order to make them a nation.

The results which one saw in the Balilla were mainly eye-wash of smart military uniforms, without inner discipline.

One difficulty of travelling on the Continent was that it was practically impossible to avoid demonstrations. An amusing account of an attempt at incognito travelling in 1928 is given by Lord Hampton, the Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts.

The Chief Scout and Lady Baden-Powell, with myself to carry the rugs and bouquets, were on our way to an arduous but exciting five days' visit in Hungary, where we were to see something of the Scouts and take part in the fifth International Girl Guide Conference at Parad. It had been arranged therefore that the journey itself should entail nothing more exacting than the necessary consumption of food, the usual spasmodic attempts at sleep and the watching of a varied and charming spring landscape. . . .

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It was at Linz that the first happy tragedy overtook the party. Dulled into that feeling of security from interruption which an itinerary carefully planned by Thomas Cook encourages, and possibly soothed by an excellent lunch, we were taking it easy in our several ways. I don't know what the Chief Guide was doing, but I do know that the Chief Scout was lounging in his shirt sleeves, and that I myself had abandoned the contemplation of the landscape, pleasing though it was, for a less strenuous form of exercise; and it was in this condition that we drew up at the platform exactly opposite a smart Troop of Scouts standing at the 'alert', with their right arms stretched out in salute. We had perforce, therefore, to make ourselves tidy in record time, climb down on to the platform and, with the whole trainful as interested spectators, return the compliment. It was rather a silent occasion. None of them could speak a word of English and our combined German didn't amount to much. But they were a keen-looking lot of boys under a capable-looking Scoutmaster and a smiling priest, and they had a nice little bouquet of gentians for the Chief Guide. Then we returned to the corridor, the Chief made a brief speech — kindly interpreted by a friendly fellow-traveller — and off we went again to the accompaniment of much hand-waving.

In the safe seclusion of the Chief's compartment we looked at each other, and made sundry calculations. How many times were we due to stop between Linz and Vienna, and, great heavens! what was going to happen when we got there? For we had learnt from our Linz friends that the details of our secret journey had been telephoned up the line from the Austrian capital. Naturally, all Scout people — and the Chief is no exception — like to be in uniform when they meet their brother Scouts in the mass, and the question arose as to whether it wouldn't be wiser to unpack there and then, change, and be prepared for any emergency. Unfortunately, so great had been my trust in the promised secrecy of our journey, that I had registered all my uniform through to Vienna, and I could hardly be expected to undertake a complete change of kit when I next met it in the midst of a seething douane. Nor could we hope that others would respect our incognito if we broke it ourselves. So we decided to remain as we were, and presently we began to slow down at Polten. Eagerly I scanned the platform. 'All clear this time,' I reported, but I spoke too soon; for there they came, doubling in single file down the long platform, to halt expectantly opposite our carriage. Another smart Troop, more salutes, more cheery Scout faces, another bouquet for the Chief Guide, just another little speech, and away we went again with the comforting thought that there was no further stop before Vienna.

As a matter of fact there was, but an unpremeditated one. Some twenty miles short of the capital there is a long, steep gradient over the hills. And there was our Orient Express, train-de-luxe, what-not,

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jewelled in every axle, hopelessly stuck until it pleased Vienna to send us an engine to shove behind.

However, it was quite pleasant up there amongst the blossom, and we received added comfort from the thought that we should arrive almost in the dark an hour late, and that any possible inquisitiveness on the part of the Viennese Scouts would have evaporated by that time. Nor apparently were we wrong. It is true that there were two Scouters on the platform when we arrived, but they wore their trousers long and had respectable bowler hats on their heads, only the little badges on their coat lapels betraying them for what they were. With their kind help, our baggage was collected, and they had thoughtfully provided two cars to take us and our belongings to the Hotel Kranz.

But what was this? Would the Chief mind going a little bit out of the way, as there were a few boys waiting to see him? Again we looked at each other as we took our seats; and as we went, there seemed to be an expectant note in the air. The crowds grew thicker. They seemed to be waiting for something to happen; and, as we drove under a great archway, the reason lay before us. There they were, fifteen hundred of them in two great lines four deep, stretching across the whole front of the old Imperial Palace. If the little country Troops had been mere interludes in an otherwise peaceful and well-ordered journey, this was something serious. Apparently the intention had been that we should remain in the car and merely slow down when passing the Scouts, but obviously this couldn't be done. And what a reception the Chief got! As we walked slowly down one side and up the other, every Troop in turn gave an extra special performance of their particular yell, cameras clicked — though it was much too dark for any successful result — introductions were effected and there were cheery smiles on every hand, not to mention yet another fine bouquet for the Chief Guide.

When we reached the cars once more an escort of some twenty cyclist Scouts formed up behind us and we drove slowly away down that friendly avenue, the Chief standing somewhat precariously on his seat, the cyclists spread out behind, and the whole fifteen hundred giving tongue to their Troop yells fortissimo. Out in the public streets we had to dispense with our escort. They wanted to come with us to the hotel, but we considered that the combined effort of watching the Chief and dodging each other might cause them to forget that they were not the only traffic on the street.

Even the otherwise sober and respectable Hotel Kranz had caught the infection. There was a Scout flag over the entrance, another half-way up the main staircase, and yet a third suspended above the Chief's bed.

It appeared that the guilty people were the staff of the Hotel Kranz, who telephoned Scout Headquarters to the effect that the Chief was going to spend a night there, and what were they going to do about it. They in their turn, with true Scout unselfishness, had notified other



1932



ON THE *CAIGARIC*, 1933
B.-P. and Lady B.-P. with Heather, Peter and Betty

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Troops up the line to be on the look-out, and hence all the business.

Did we regret it? There was, of course, the rude break into what we had thought would be a thoroughly peaceful journey; there was the terrible uncertainty of not knowing what in the way of Scouts we were going to meet next; there was the feeling of being indecently dressed when confronting the world-wide uniform in one's most comfortable travelling clothes. That it was worth while goes without saying. Worth while for the pleasure of seeing the boys, worth while for the pleasure of seeing the boys see the Chief; above all, worth while for, the still fuller realization of what our brotherhood means, and may mean.

But the next time the Chief wishes to travel incognito, a few fundamental precautions must be carried out. He must have a false passport all reservations must be booked in the name (say) of Mr. Jones, of Stepney Green, and he must wear smoked glasses and a false beard.

The Jamborees and International Conferences brought him into closer contact with Continental Scouting. In 1931 the Rover Scouts of twenty-two countries met at Kandersteg, Switzerland, where an International Scout Chalet had been opened in 1923. The sight of these young men—the products of Scouting—camping and climbing amongst the mountains, stirred B.-P. as few sights had done, and he expressed his thoughts in memorable words.

Up here among the Swiss mountains, in the green valley of Kandersteg, one is very remote from the fuss and hurry of the world. Yet, from where I sit in the flower-decked balcony of this Chalet, I can see the flags of twenty-two nations waving above the tents, and the camp fires of some three thousand young men gathered there.

Rover Scouts they are: a brigade, as it were, of storm-troops of the larger army of over two million Boy Scouts. Their arms are alpenstocks, their discipline that of goodwill from within; their service consists not so much in fitting themselves for war as in developing the spirit of universal peace.

The days are long over when Scouting was looked upon as a useful game for keeping English boys out of mischief; parents and public have come to see in it a practical process of education for the use of both sexes; with the wider growth of its Brotherhood abroad, its possibilities in the direction of human fellowship for developing the spirit of international goodwill are now becoming generally recognized.

To those who witnessed the Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead in 1929 the coming together of some fifty thousand boys of various nationalities was something of a revelation. But the Rover Moot, if it included smaller numbers, was not a whit less impressive, seeing that it showed not merely a mass of boys linked in friendly comradeship but a growing

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band of young men who, within the next few years, will be the men of affairs in their respective countries.

Here they were gathered in conference, devoting their hard-earned time and money to considering ways and means of developing Scouting generally, and their service for the community in particular. This they did in no spirit of unctuous priggishness or youthful superiority. Far from it; they discussed their subjects in all earnestness in the great conference pavilion every day, but in the huge Camp Fire circle at night they were the jolliest specimens of jovial boyhood that one could wish to see. Never, during the whole fortnight in camp, was there a suspicion of trouble or anything but cheery brotherly feeling among the many and varied elements which went to compose the gathering: Scandinavians, Roumanians, Japanese, Hungarians, Australians, Siamese, West Indians, East Indians, French, Cingalese, Poles, Armenians, etc., a polyglot lot, but good friends for all that.

To myself, possibly, the most inspiring part of their varied programme was when one saw the endless succession of these splendid specimens of the young manhood of all nations setting out in comradeship together with heavy packs on their backs and ice-axes in hand to tackle the neighbouring mountains. The Moot might have been held with greater convenience in any large city, but this valuable side of it, namely the breeding of mutual friendship in healthy sport, would have been lost.

Aye, and something more and above all price, namely, the higher tone of thought which could not fail to have inspired the least imaginative among them in those wonderful surroundings of mountain scenery. Here, among the eternal snows, face to face with Nature in its grandest and most sublime form, they must have felt themselves in closer touch with the Almighty Creator, and in a new atmosphere, far above the man-made jazz and vulgar squalor of the town. •

Yes, a wide and promising field lies yet before the Scout Movement.

Two years later, in the fateful year 1933, the Fourth World Jamboree was held at Gödöllö in Hungary, when the ill-fated Count Teleki, Chief Scout of Hungary, welcomed Scouts from thirty-two countries and from sixteen parts of the British Empire. The symbol of the camp was the White Stag of Hungary, and in his final words, B.-P. used this as his text.

My brothers, — Those of you who were at the last Jamboree in England will remember how the Golden Arrow was handed out to each country as a symbol of Goodwill flying forth to all the ends of the earth through the Brotherhood of Scouting. Now at Gödöllö we have another symbol. Each one of you wears the badge of the White Stag of Hungary. I want you to treasure that badge when you go from here

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and to remember that, like the Golden Arrow, it also has its message and its meaning for you.

The Hungarian hunters of old pursued the miraculous Stag, not because they expected to kill it, but because it led them on in the joy of the chase to new trails and fresh adventures, and so to capture happiness. You may look on that White Stag as the pure spirit of Scouting, springing forward and upward, ever leading you onward and upward to leap over difficulties, to face new adventures in your active pursuit of the higher aims of Scouting — aims which bring you happiness. Those aims are to do your duty to God, to your Country, and to your fellow men by carrying out the Scout Law. In that way you will, each one of you, help to bring about God's kingdom upon earth — the reign of peace and goodwill.

Therefore, before leaving you, I ask you Scouts this question — Will you do your best to make friends with others and peace in the world?

A new kind of peace mission took shape that year when B.-P. and Lady Baden-Powell sailed with a ship-load of Scouters and Guiders to visit the Baltic States and there meet the boys and girls and leaders of both Movements in a happy, holiday spirit of fellowship.

But what of Germany? It has been noted that one of the first foreign exchanges of visits was between the Wandervögel of Germany and Scouts of this country. The war inevitably meant estrangement and for some years afterwards development of good relations was naturally difficult. One problem was the rise of a number of youth organizations in Germany of different political colours; attempts were made to bring them together into one federation. These failed, but parties of Scouts visited Germany and were well received. Many felt that the situation was unsatisfactory, but the International Scout Committee felt unable to proceed until greater unity existed amongst the Germans themselves. The Austrian Boy Scouts were very happily working in harmony with Scouts of other countries and some of their leaders came over to Gilwell Park to be trained, for Gilwell had established itself as an international training camp very quickly, and its methods of training as laid down by B.-P. were rapidly being spread all over the world.

With the coming of Hitler, the German position changed. Gradually the Hitler Jugend superseded all existing youth organizations. The official handbook stated:

The Hitler Jugend is a component part of the National Socialist Party; its business is to see that the youth is brought up in the same spirit, and the hope of the party lies in those who from their early youth have cast in their lot with it. Not every Hitler Jugend boy need necessarily become a member of the National Socialist Party; he is under

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no obligation to do so, but if a boy has done his duty well in the Youth Movement, he may count on the doors of the party opening to him, at the annual ceremony on the 9th November.

There were many efforts made by various British organizations, schools and clubs to get into contact with the Hitler Youth, and every facility was given them by the German Government to do so. We may be inclined to think now — being wise after the event — that such efforts were misguided and that the British visitors were the dupes. But no one can question the earnest desire of the British to promote understanding and goodwill, and for that their efforts should be remembered with gratitude. Naturally the Boy Scouts were early approached by the German authorities to arrange exchange camps and visits.

In matters concerning foreign countries, B.-P. was inclined to leave decisions with his expert advisers, and when he raised the question of Germany, he received little encouragement. But he was not fully satisfied and in 1937 he wrote the following letter:

I think the time has come when we, in the British Movement at any rate, ought to do something to be friendly with the Hitler Youth.

They have been visiting and contemplate further visits to several of our Scout Troops and to schools, and our fellows have been visiting them in return. The Austrian Scouts and the Hungarian apparently had a good time with them in passing through Germany *in uniform* en route to the Jamboree (in Holland, 1937). And the Jugend themselves want to be friends with us.

B. is apparently their 'Minister for foreign affairs', and was originally a Pfadfinder Scout; he is in Ribbentrop's office, and is just now going through a course at the London University. As to him and Ribbentrop being spies, I don't see that this matters much to us, even if true. Neither they nor the Hitler Youth could do much to convert our boys to becoming Nazis. . . . I can't see any danger in their trying to convert our boys to Fascism even if some of the International Commissioners see danger of it in their own countries. . . . I have asked both Bromsgrove and Oundle, and they both agree in saying that apart from praise of Hitler, they made no attempt at converting our boys.

It makes us look a bit ridiculous if we decree against fraternizing while our boys are keeping up and extending friendship with the German boys through Scouts, school journeys, Gliding Club, Y.M.C.A. Camping Club (who held an International Camp at Wiesbaden last month attended by 3,000). It seems as if we at Scout Headquarters were being left behind, instead of leading the way, and our warnings to the Scouts are being unheeded.

What do you think?

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Soon after writing this B.-P. set off for Kenya, and before anything further could be done, the general position had deteriorated.

Outside the British Empire, B.-P.'s closest contacts were not with European countries but with the United States. From the time of his first visit in 1910, he took a keen interest in the progress of the Boy Scouts of America, and he held in high regard Dr. James E. West, the Chief Scout Executive, whose enthusiasm and great abilities built up the largest National Association in the world. In the official history of the American Boy Scouts (published in 1937) it is stated:

Our literature records our own debt to Baden-Powell and the ideas of English Scouting, which Wm. D. Boyce brought to us. The numerous visits of Baden-Powell, brought hither by generous Scouters, have been an inspiration and a challenge. Even as time stealthily creeps up to stalk the Chief Scout, the more than fourscore years have not dimmed his deep interest in youth — not alone in the British Empire, but youth everywhere.

XIX. THE CHIEF SCOUT : OVERSEAS

BADEN-POWELL was many times urged to write his autobiography; in 1923 he wrote in reply to one proposal, 'I have thought over your kind suggestion *re* writing my reminiscences — but I cannot feel inspired. I don't see that they have really any general interest except so far as they refer to the Scout and Guide Movements — and all this part is already well known'. However, some years later he was fortunately prevailed upon to write down the memories of what he called his 'double life' — the first as a soldier and the second as the founder of the Scouts and Guides. Anyone reading the book *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life* (1933) without knowing anything of the author, would get the impression that B.-P.'s life was a series of surprising chances; there is no hint of the hard work put into each phase of his career, nor of anything exceptional in his own abilities. One theme occurs again and again: he believed that the British Empire had a mission to fulfil; some may interpret this as a survival of the High Imperialistic period we associate with the Diamond Jubilee of 1897 and such lines as Kipling's,

For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown . . .
When the Widow of Windsor says 'Stop!'

But it would be as foolish to dismiss B.-P.'s views of the Empire by labelling them in this way, as it would to judge Kipling by his 'Widow of Windsor'. The views of the '90's broadened and deepened with experience and thought, for one of B.-P.'s notable characteristics was that he never became mentally set; his development was due not so much to reading — though he read widely — as to his contacts with men and women of all walks of life, for he put more value on experience, especially on varied experience, than on theory.

It has already been noted how quick he was to realize the possibilities of Scouting as a basis for goodwill between boys and girls of different nationalities and creeds. He concentrated more on the things which unite than on those which separate; he would study the causes of diversity, but he was convinced of the fundamental importance of cultivating in the young the feelings of kindness and helpfulness towards others; on such a basis alone he believed progress towards peace and happiness was possible. This comes out very clearly in his attitude to religion and Scouting. Almost the only angry letter drafted by him which I have read — and this is endorsed, 'Not sent, but I meant it' — was to a speaker at a Scouts'

Own who, with some Jewish Scouts in his audience, had given a specifically Christian address. To do so on such an occasion, was, in B.-P.'s eyes, to betray a trust, and to give needless offence with the risk of causing divisions.

His frequent charge, 'Look Wide!', was one of the many ways in which he urged Scouters to look beyond minor differences and petty wranglings and to concentrate on the greater vision. He was puzzled at the narrowness of outlook which resulted in cutting off the nose to spite the face; he found people so interesting that he would sometimes tolerate workers in the Movement who were misfits; but he saw something good in them; he recognized some useful quality which they could contribute to the common cause. It has already been pointed out that he was inclined to leave the solving of problems connected with foreign nations — such as Germany — to his expert advisers. But in matters connected with the British Dominions and the Colonial Empire he took a close personal interest, for he regarded the unity of the British peoples as of paramount importance, not only for its own sake but for the peace of the world. His many visits overseas were directed towards this ideal.

It was indeed fortunate for the Scout Movement that he was fond of travel and never lost his keenness to see people and places. Few men of his time travelled so widely throughout the British Commonwealth. Wherever he went, he took note of things to be praised and also of weaknesses; little escaped his attention when he was watching a Rally or inspecting a Troop. His reports were consequently always helpful, for he offered practical suggestions for improvement. He was eager to find ways of linking up the Dominions with Great Britain; he constantly urged boys here to think of the opportunities overseas of building up happy homes and careers for themselves; many a boy craving for an open-air life wrote to him for advice and in reply was told of the possibilities of farming or perhaps of one of the Constabulary Forces; the Buckhurst Farm experiment had been intended in part as a training ground for boys who wanted to settle overseas, but the war cut that short. After the war, steps were taken to put Scout Migration on a regular footing and a department was set up in 1922. During the first ten years of its existence 5,000 Scouts were sent out to the Dominions; then economic difficulties decreased the opportunities. This work was very much in the mind of B.-P. and he helped it forward in every way he could. A message to a party of Scouts going to Australia may be quoted as an example of the advice he gave them.

Some fellows seem to think that by going to Australia they will find a country in which they are bound to get on after they have failed in England. It is true that Australia has more room for men and opens

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out greater possibilities for them; but it means just as hard work there to gain success as anywhere else. The waster in England will be a waster in Australia. The fellow who is a hard worker and can stick it out through difficult times until the sun shines again is more certain to succeed in Australia than he would be in England.

So when you get there don't be rebuffed by difficulties or disappointments. They are bound to come now and then; but be determined to stick it out and see the bad time through and you are sure to come out on top in the end.

The great thing is that, being Scouts, you are not going to a land of strangers; you will find brother Scouts there ready to give you the hand of friendship and helpfulness when you want it.

I urge you to remember the old saying 'Once a Scout always a Scout' and to stick to and carry out the Scout Law as well as you can, even when you are grown up and working far away from Scouting influences. We shall all be glad to hear from you as to how you get on and your news will be helpful to other fellows wanting to go out there.

In the meantime from my heart I wish you God Speed.

In his report on the tour of 1912 to the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa he set down the ways in which he thought Scouting could be of value in the Dominions.

Education for good citizenship through character training.

Development of the Marine Service through Sea Scouting.

Preliminary Training for the Cadet Service in discipline, etc.

Extinction of Race Feeling between Boers and British boys in South Africa, French and British Canadians in Canada.

Promotion of Imperial Brotherhood among the rising generation Overseas.

Promotion of International Peace through the brotherhood of the Scouts in all countries.

This extract is of special interest as it was written only four years after the Movement had started; it already showed that widening of vision which came so quickly when the idea of Scouting spread beyond these shores. The fourth item in this list was of special interest to B.-P.; nothing so displayed his desire for promoting unity as his efforts to bring together in Scouting the various national elements within the Empire.

It was a French-Canadian boy who was the first Scout in a Dominion to greet B.-P. outside Great Britain, when he visited Canada in 1910 with two Patrols of Boy Scouts.

Some Canadian Troops are microcosms of the varied races of the country; thus one Toronto Troop has boys of fifteen nationalities. Here,

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then, B.-P. could see Scouting doing its share in the development of Canadian Nationhood.

Australia and New Zealand present no such diversity of racial origins, but there, as always, the presence of B.-P. was a tonic and an inspiration. Before going on his 1931 tour he sent some suggestions which are of interest.

My object is to meet members and workers of the Scout and Guide Movements, and secondly, in some cases, South African veterans and Regiments affiliated to the 13/18th Hussars. But I cannot undertake to inspect any youth organizations other than the authorized and registered Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

I have already received from Australia and New Zealand generous civic honours both in the shape of presentations after the Boer War and receptions when I visited the Dominions in 1912. I would ask, therefore, to be excused any such functions this time, other than the few already accepted.

Rallies should not be formal parades, but preferably demonstrations of Scout activities — the more original the better. I can best judge of the Scout spirit of the Scouters and Patrol Leaders by the performances of the boys themselves. I don't want to see stiff imitation military parades which allow no initiative to Scouters or Scouts and which give a false impression to the public of our methods.

Where I am to address an audience of grown-up people, I would ask that no young people be admitted. It is impossible to address both effectively.

Knowing from experience the generous way in which presents are forthcoming on such occasions, the Chief Guide and I wish to say that we fully recognize the kindly feelings of our comrades without any need of gifts to prove it.

I hope you won't think me awfully discourteous and unresponsive in stating these restrictions, but I want to have your sympathy and help in the matter. I know only too well the limits of my powers (Don't forget, as some do, that I am in my seventy-fourth year!) and I am only anxious not to disappoint expectations or to cancel engagements owing to breakdowns, as happened more than once on my South African tour.

A quotation from the *Sydney Morning Herald* must serve as one sample of many thousands of reports which marked B.-P.'s tours. Here a visit to a camp is described.

With an agility that would put to shame many men of half his age, Lord Baden-Powell descended steep tracks, clambered up rocks, walked along paths above which rain-wet scrub hung heavily. With the eye of the pioneer he looked appraisingly at camps and fireplaces. He saw packs and spare clothes folded neatly underneath tents. He saw

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bridges of sturdy workmanship, steps cut in rocks, swing gates made of rope and small tree stems. He saw a water system that would have done credit to a Board of Works engineer. He saw camp sites levelled out in the face of a steep hill, and protected from the winds of winter and the heat of summer by a thick mantle of trees and scrub.

The sun was setting when he arrived. As he went from one to the other of the forty-eight different camp sites, here and there fires glinted through the gathering gloom, blue smoke curled into the still air. And the smell of frying sausages was wafted through the bush. Billies of boiling water bubbled merrily. Thick slices of bread were toasted at the end of sticks held by brown little hands. Smiling boyish faces shone in the flickering light of fires.

It was all delightfully informal. Many of the Scouts seemed unaware that the Big Chief was among them. 'Hey, Jack, I dodged you!' yelled one youngster from the top of a rock to a mate who chased him. They did not see the keen-eyed Big Chief watching them from a path above them. 'Hey, Jacky, you can't cat . . .' Suddenly he saw Lord Baden-Powell — stopped in the middle of a word, and came as nearly to attention as he could on his precarious perch.

In the centre of a large cleared space stood a heap of firewood. He was asked to light it — around it, later in the evening, was to be a 'wood badge' investiture. Now no Scout must use more than two matches in lighting a fire. B.-P. took several and in the end had to invoke the aid of a *Herald* representative's copy-paper. At that moment the Chief Guide appeared.

'I took more than two matches,' said B.-P. shamefacedly.

'Awful!' replied the Chief Guide, and B.-P., true Scout that he is, did not excuse himself by saying, as he could have said, that the laying of the fire was not his doing, nor did he blame the dampness of the wood.

In a very happy speech, Lord Baden-Powell said that when he had seen the Scouts marching on Friday and Saturday, he had had just a doubt whether they were not too much 'parlour Scouts' — but the visit to the camp had impressed him with their knowledge of woodcraft and the true Scouting attributes.

Two countries presented special racial problems — India and South Africa, and it was fortunate that B.-P. had lived in both for long periods and so could discuss the difficulties with first-hand knowledge.

Boy Scout Troops had early been formed in India amongst the white boys, but for some years there had been no official recognition of Indian Scouts. The Government of India was approached for its approval, but no encouragement was given. In 1918 B.-P. wrote to a Scoutmaster who had been in Ceylon and had transferred to India where he proposed to

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develop Scouting amongst the Indians. The following extracts give B.-P.'s point of view.

I am very glad to hear that you have been able to make so promising a start with the Boy Scout Movement for Indian boys, and I sincerely trust that it will be as big a success as it has been in other parts of the Empire.

My reason for not promoting Scouting amongst Indian boys hitherto has been quite misrepresented. It is not true that I was against it in principle — quite the opposite — I was against starting it without trained Scoutmasters, as our experience elsewhere has shown us that in the hands of well meaning untrained leaders the Movement generally gets into difficulties, gets off on to wrong lines, bores the lads, and dies a natural death.

I wanted it to have a fair start but, owing to the war, the large proportion of our officers in the Movement were called to other service, leaving it in the hands of a small and temporary acting staff so that it was impossible to do more than keep the existing Troops going. We had no experts available for training new Scoutmasters.

Now that you have come from Ceylon to India and have so kindly offered your services to organize the training of men interested in the Indian boys I have every hope that this branch can now develop on to a successful footing.

I am extremely sorry that my use of the word 'native' in my letter should have been misunderstood, but it is twenty years since I was in India and at that time the word meant nothing derogatory. Native cavalry and native infantry were official terms. I had been on active service with both branches and commanded a brigade of native cavalry, and I learned to appreciate their sterling qualities, and therefore I never attach any kind of disparaging meaning to the title of 'native' — personally I have the very highest regard for the Indians and for the services they are rendering as loyal fellow subjects in this war.

I look forward to paying a visit to India and to seeing your Indian Scouts as soon as I possibly can after the war is over.

It was not until 1921 that he was able to set off with Lady Baden-Powell for a tour of India. By then a number of unofficial Scout organizations had sprung up, and B.-P. hoped to bring them together. Just before sailing he wrote the following letter to Sir Rabindranath Tagore who at the time was in England.

I am sailing to-day for India on a mission which I hope, from reading your interview with Dr. Fort Newton, is one that you will approve. I do not know to what extent you may have studied the ideals and progress of the Boy Scout Movement, but it is largely a natural growth — a *movement*, not an *organization*. It has overrun the

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borders of country, class and creed, and is already establishing itself as a brotherhood among the young in every nation on the basis of their common membership of the human family. Its aim is happy efficiency for the service of others. Its handbook is mainly the Book of Nature. It is on that basis that I hope to help it to become more widely extended in India especially, since it appears to me to second your own idea of a true league of humanity. Already the Movement numbers well over a million members and it is continually growing. While I promote it among the boys, my wife is doing the same for the girls.

I am only handicapped in my advocacy of it among my fellow men in India by the fact that personally I carry rank through having been a soldier. This naturally makes those who do not know me suspicious of my intentions. If you would care to look into our aims and methods and realize from them that my object is very closely allied with what you suggest, then I hope I may have your support, by letters or otherwise, among your friends in India.

The aim of the tour was achieved, and B.-P. was able to report after a meeting at Madras when the various organizations gathered, 'We who had sat down to the talk as a meeting of representative heads rose at the end of it a united band of brother Scouts'.

One of the most interesting incidents of the tour was when Mrs. Annie Besant publicly made the Scout Promise in front of B.-P. when the Boy Scout and Girl Guide organizations she had formed were recognized. B.-P. was criticized by some at the time, for only a few years previously Mrs. Besant had been interned, and on her release had been elected President of the National Congress. To one critic (who had threatened to cut off his subscription to the Movement) he replied:

Mrs. Besant had in her Nationalist Movement some 25,000 Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. There were in addition to hers, some five different organizations of Scouts in India apart from the authorized one, and though a Conference had been held at Madras of all these, they could not see their way to coming into the one organization.

It was for this reason that I went to India.

I found Mrs. Besant anxious to bring about a better understanding, and it was largely thanks to her lead in the matter that the various organizations, with two small exceptions, agreed to come in. Mrs. Besant herself as head of the Indian Boy Scouts Association took the promise of the parent Movement on parade before them all and this brought not only her own Movement but others to amalgamate with ours. I gave her the title of 'Honorary Commissioner', as giving her some sort of position with her Scouts in place of that which she had to vacate on the absorption of them.

As ever he was more intent on finding common ground on which all

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could meet than hunting for reasons against coming to an understanding. It was indeed no small achievement to have brought together the various Indian Scout organizations, and it was undoubtedly his influence which was the deciding factor in a difficult situation. Fortunately the Chief Commissioner in India, Sir Alfred Pickford, a member of the Indian Legislative Assembly in 1921, was the right man to carry on the good work. Later when he came to England, he was to prove one of the outstanding personalities of the Movement.

B.-P.'s interests in India were varied. Thus the Scouts of the Kalimpong Himalayan Home under Dr. Graham treasure a portrait of B.-P. which he gave them during his visit in 1921. On it he wrote:

As topmost Troop in India — on the map, I see,
Be topmost also in your Scout efficiency.

When in 1922 General C. G. Bruce was passing through with the Mount Everest Expedition, he brought to the School a message from B.-P. with whom he had travelled in the Himalayas when both were serving officers. The message read:

Scouts! General Bruce and his party will pass near you on their way to try, once more, to climb Mount Everest. I know they will have your warm interest and admiration and good wishes on their Scout-like adventure. They are tackling the biggest mountain in the world with cheery pluck and determination. They have already tried various sides of it in vain, but they mean to try again until they succeed.

I hope that you too will imitate their example. Whenever a difficulty comes in your way, even if it be the biggest difficulty in the world, tackle it cheerily and pluckily, and if you can't get over it one way, try another and stick to it till you are successful.

Best of good wishes and good camping to you.

Another school which captured B.-P.'s interest was that founded by the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe at Srinagar, Kashmir. This pioneer's work showed just that touch of originality which would naturally appeal to B.-P. Those who have seen the Reports of the school will appreciate the following remark:

I have just received with great joy your pamphlet with its wonderful Heath Robinson-ian design of grinding grit into boys. This book is hardly one's idea of an Annual Report of a Mission, though it is a fine example of what such a report should be in humour and interest.

I should like to congratulate you upon it and also on the wonderful progress you have made with your grit-grinding machine and the results you have already achieved.

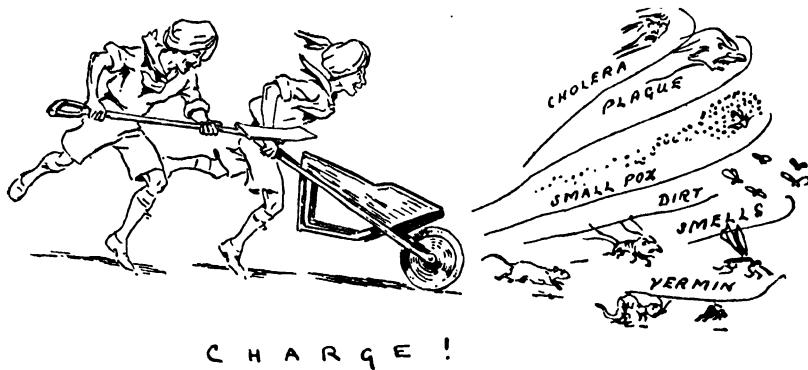
Go on, and my best wishes go with you.

Another side of Indian work which inevitably attracted B.-P. was the

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Village Uplift movement associated with the name of F. L. Brayne. In July 1928, he wrote:

Thank you so much for letting me see the draft for your new chapter on Village Uplift in India. May I say that I heartily agree with the ideas that you put forward.



I can of course only speak with any authority on the points in which Scouting comes in. At the same time having lived ten years in India at various intervals during the last fifty years, I am able very cordially to endorse your plea for the average schoolmaster to be encouraged to develop health of body, mind and spirit of the children not merely as auxiliary to his scholastic teaching but as its primary aim.

In the present state of the development of rural India your estimate of the possibilities of Scouting *where it is properly carried out* is most encouraging, and when your book is published (or before), I should much like to quote your remarks as giving a standard for all our Scouters and Guiders in India to work up to.

As Rover Scouts come more generally into being in India — with their obligation of rendering self-sacrificing service to the community — they might be valuable agents for your scheme if each group could take a village in its charge.

I am sending for your information a report recently issued of rural education in Burma and the use they are making of Boy Scout methods there.

Time proved how valuable the Indian Scouts could be in this work of helping villages to appreciate the importance of elementary hygiene and cleanliness.

The colour problem in Empire Scouting presented a difficulty for which there was no simple solution, and B.-P. was too much of a realist

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to suggest drastic measures which might all too easily have created further obstacles to goodwill. One method he advocated is given in the following extract from a letter written in May 1930.

We had a most thoroughly enjoyable trip to the West Indies and what I hope was also a useful one, because the colour question is very varied in the different islands there and in places where the bar was very pronounced we started the idea of parallel movements for the natives so that at least they might get the benefit of the training even under slightly altered conditions.

South Africa again presented a different kind of racial problem, and here B.-P. felt closely concerned, for that country meant so much to him in happy memories of the most active part of his life. His first visit after the war was made in 1925 when he was under doctor's orders to take a holiday! At that period the racial question did not acutely affect the Boy Scout Movement, and he was able to hope that goodwill would prevail over prejudice.

He and Lady Baden-Powell and the three children left for the Cape in September 1926, and while the two Chiefs were touring the country, Peter, Heather and Betty went to school. Here is one glimpse of a family Christmas spent in a bungalow at Gordon's Bay.

I write this on Christmas morning, when my thoughts run to you all at home.

In the early, early dawn I woke with a feeling of 'Where am I?' The sea was washing among the rocks just below my window, a pink glow was in the sky, and joyous voices were shouting to each other in a strange tongue.

The voices were those of a passing party of Dutch young men and maidens, rucksack on back, going out camping.

From my bed I look out over an expanse of calm sea under a cloudless sky to the distant outline of Table Mountain, twenty miles across the bay. His upper heights are glowing red in the rising sunlight, while his base is still in the violet shadows of night.

My first step is to make a hurried sketch to catch the quickly changing hues of dawn. My second to grab a peach from the basket, feeling it almost a sin to break into the lovely bloom and to exchange the delightful scent for the luscious flavour. But the deed is done all the same.

Peter and I have had an argument, as to whether in dealing with these peaches you eat them or drink them, but we agreed that in any case you need a basin of water and a towel handy!

Presently the bumping of feet and the hushed chatter of small voices in the neighbouring room of our shack shows that the youngsters are awake, in fact very wide awake, to the fact that it is Christmas morn.

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And though there are only sprigs of sugar-bush in place of holly on the walls, and though there are no chimneys for Father Christmas to enter by, still, stockings have been hung up in all good faith—and the presents are there.

In a few minutes we are all assembled on one broad bed in a state of tense excitement and feverish unpacking of many parcels.

Later in the day, cooking the Christmas dinner absorbs the time and inspires the ingenuities of each of us. Apart from Peter, who fancies himself as chef in the department of fried eggs, Heather and Betty also do their share, even though it involves standing on a chair in order to reach up to the kitchen range.

A few short extracts from B.-P.'s report give his impressions.

Perhaps I ought to have known, but I certainly did not realize fully what a re-visit to my old haunts meant. It was not merely the enthusiastic crowds of Scouts and Guides that one met, but at every place one came to there were ex-members of my old force, the South African Constabulary, to revive old memories. Then there were the members of the Mafeking garrison now scattered and living in different parts of the country.

There were old friends of the times when I lived at the Cape; and everywhere, especially among gangers on the railways, were old comrades, disreputable-looking old rascals, some of them, who had served with me in Matabeleland, or in Zululand, in the days of long ago.

And those who could not come to see me (and some came many hundreds of miles to do so) all wrote to me and required answering, and you may imagine what that meant—with no office, no secretary, beyond a hard-worked wife with a pocket typewriter in the train!

The doctor intervened when B.-P. once more suffered one of his relapses from overwork.

Under doctor's orders I was not allowed to go to South-West Africa, and the Chief Guide went there in my stead, another three thousand miles over very hot desert country. Meantime I, in more cowardly fashion, took a few days off in the beautiful Maclear country—trout-fishing.

The atmosphere and scenery of this district were exactly like those of Cumberland: a grand sheep country in a grand climate. A delightful farm was offered me at a rockbottom price. I was sorely tempted to buy. Had I had the wherewithal I should probably now be a South African citizen. Indeed, if I were only a young man starting out in life—but that's another story.

His final review once more refers to the racial problem.

The main thing that strikes one, and it strikes one hard, is the

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exceeding kindness and hearty welcome accorded to us by our brothers in South Africa.

In this coming back as I have done, after an interval of fourteen years, for my eighth visit in the course of forty-three years, it is intensely interesting to note the growth and development that has gone on of the country, its people and its resources.

From my standpoint I am able, better even than many who live among the changes, to visualize what developments the next forty years may bring. Evolution is going on. This country is no longer a British colony taken from the Boers, but a new nation forging itself out of the elements of both races; so the changes will be very big, but whether they lead to success or disaster will depend almost entirely on the character of its then citizens.

Having also seen something of the quality of the boys and of the Scouters who are training them, I am filled with hope, and can realize all the more fully the immeasurable value which Scouting and Guiding can have.

Therefore, I have urged Scoutmasters not merely to go narrowly, according to the letter of the book, but to study and search out the weak points in the character of the boys and to see where, through Scout methods, they can remedy these, and energetically to infuse the qualities that will be needed to help the new South African nation successfully to find itself.

The family was home again in April 1927, and in a note to a friend B.-P. wrote:

It is good to be back, and on such a typical spring day as yesterday was — with the scent of wallflowers and primroses, and the rooks cawing, and the trees budding — so English after the glaring hot sun and hard outlines of South Africa. But all the same we loved the warmth and brightness of it all and were — all five of us — awfully sorry to leave it.

Seven years later B.-P. with Lady Baden-Powell and their daughters set off for a World Tour. This was a formidable undertaking for a man of seventy-seven, but Australia called him as the Scouts were holding a Jamboree there at the end of December 1934. The desire to renew touch with Scouts and Guides elsewhere extended the tour to Canada and the United States. On his return, B.-P. published an account under the title *Scouting Round the World*; this was written for boys and is a series of yarns about places visited and things seen, packed with those odd bits of information which boys enjoy. Here is a short specimen of his style of writing for boys. He is describing a visit to Thursday Island in Torres Strait.

Right up above the Rabbit's Ear (Cape York) of Australia you will

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see on the map what appear to be a number of flies. Those are small islands — some inhabited, some not. In the middle of these is Thursday Island. It is a hilly, stony island covered with small trees, and it has a township of between 100 and 150 bungalows, shops, and offices and two churches.

When we arrived the bay, which forms the harbour, was full of smart yacht-like luggers. They were the great pearl-fishing fleet which makes its headquarters there. Pearl shells, even if they contain no pearls, are valuable and are gathered from the bottom of the sea by what are called 'Skin Divers' because they go down in their own skins and not in diving dress.

The shells are cleaned, the oysters being preserved for food, and the shells packed in sacks and sent to Japan to be made into buttons — so they tell me, but I can't believe that so many buttons can be made or needed, or could command such a price, for one ton of shell — that is about seventeen sacks — is valued at over £80.

As we steamed up to the pierhead we found it lined with a 'Posse of Welcome' of a hundred and eighty Scouts and sixty Girl Guides — but they were in brilliant colours, the Scouts wearing scarlet kilts instead of shorts. It was a great change from what we were accustomed to, but quite a good one.

The natives of these islands are quite a different race from the Abos of the mainland. They are bright, intelligent fellows and they make excellent Scouts. But they are not accustomed to wearing trousers or shorts, their national dress being a lava-lava or kind of loose kilt of linen. So the Scouts, who are bare-footed, wear a scarlet lava-lava. Scout belt, shirt, and neckerchief, a staff, but no hat because they have fluffy, wiry hair and a hat would not stay on.

There was a small Troop of white Scouts and Cubs in ordinary regulation kit and a native Troop of Sea Scouts, also in regulation kit. The Sea Scouts were the best I have ever seen for size and strength. Great hefty fellows they were, all over 6 ft. high and strongly built.

The voyage out was by way of Egypt, Ceylon and Malaya, and this gave the two Chiefs opportunities for seeing Scouts and Guides of such diverse nationalities as Egyptians, Copts, Armenians, Palestinians, Arabs, Greeks, Somalis, Jews, Tamils, Cingalese, Chinese, Indians, Burmese, Malays, Japanese, Javanese and the Islanders of the Torres Straits.

The Jamboree at Frankston near Melbourne brought together Scouts from India, Ceylon and Malaya, from Pacific Islands like Fiji and Nauru, from China, Japan and Java as well as from France, Great Britain, the United States, and New Zealand.

In his report, B.-P. wrote:

In Australia it was only natural that some anxiety should be felt

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before the assembly came into camp at Melbourne, as to what sort of reception the coloured folk might get in a country where the Asiatic question had from time to time caused considerable discussion. In the event, there was no kind of doubt about the kindness of the welcome accorded to them. Among their white brother Scouts, the coloured visitors were received with the same cheery hospitality which the Australian Scouts extended to all; while by the public they were given the fullest measure of applause when parading or performing in the arena. I am bound to say that on their part they largely reciprocated and earned this goodwill through their own cheery courtesy, their smartness and their discipline. Their efficiency in woodcraft was put to an exacting test when the camp was assaulted one night by a tornado of wind and rain, but early morning inspection of the camp showed that without exception they had learned their business, for although the contractors' marquees were flat on the ground, not a Scout tent was down, and in spite of the soaking rain, breakfasts were cooking on glowing fires in all the camps.

Apart from its varied and interesting displays and impressive discipline, an outstanding feature of the Jamboree was the 'mixing' of these boys of so many races in real mutual friendship for one another. This gave one visions and hope of what may be possible as they grow to manhood and increase in numbers.

There were, of course, many of those human incidents which did so much to endear B.-P. to all whom he met. One may be given out of thousands; a Scoutmaster relates the following:

The Chief had been riding round the camps and, as he returned up the road, it occurred to me that if we could get him to pose for a photo beside our gateway it would make a wonderful souvenir for all Troops in our District. Well, nothing venture nothing win so, adopting a traffic-cop air, I placed myself in the centre of the road and made my request. Smilingly the Chief complied, and soon some thirty or forty cameras were using up spools of films on him at full speed. In the rush I nearly got left, but managed to secure a photograph.

Just beneath the Chief's horse in this snap you can notice a man's foot encased in plaster. It belonged to our District Commissioner, 'Boss' Currey, who had the misfortune to break a bone early in the camp. Some of the boys had, in sport, autographed the plaster bandage. During the photo episode the Chief noticed these autographs, and chipped 'Boss' on being an autograph hunter — autograph hunting was the curse of this Jamboree, and the Chief had publicly dubbed autograph-hunting Scouts as 'Cissie Scouts'. 'Boss' retorted that he wished he had the cheek to ask the Chief for his! With that, I and another Scouter hoisted 'Boss' on to our shoulders and there he was, head down, legs waving wildly, the bandaged foot under B.-P's nose,

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while someone dug up a pencil and we secured the only official autograph of the camp.

On the return journey the party visited New Zealand, then crossed the Pacific, calling at the Cook Islands on the way to San Francisco and Vancouver. At Victoria B.-P. was the guest at a luncheon given by veterans of the Matabeleland days, of the South African war, and of the South African Constabulary. He always enjoyed such meetings, with the lively memories they evoked of the past.

During the crossing of the Dominion, Scouts and Guides assembled wherever possible, to see the Chiefs. At Toronto 14,000 Scouts and 8,000 Girl Guides rallied to give them a great welcome. B.-P. was particularly impressed by the work of some of the Prairie Parsons whom he met. He wrote about one of them:

He has come 275 miles with a party of Scouts and Guides from his parish to attend our Rally. The parish covers 8,000 square miles. The Scouts number 84, and the Girl Guides 98, but they are scattered over wide distances, and so work entirely as Lone Patrols, which he and his wife, as Guider, visit periodically in his 'rectory' (a Ford car).

Once a year the whole Troop gather to a central spot to camp, and once a year both Scouts and Guides gather together with the members of the Local Association to a banquet. The Guides bring the salads and the Scouts bring the poultry. The youngsters sit down to their feed, waited upon by the Committee, and then the functions are reversed. After the banquet each Patrol gives some sort of entertainment which it has previously prepared. Thus the whole district is brought together, which had never been the case before.

Most of the Scouts are 1st Class and there are several King's Scouts among them and all wear Scout uniform paid for by proceeds of plays performed by two Patrols. Yet many of them had never been in a town, or even on a railway, and none had ever seen a play!

The Scoutmaster and his party were delayed on this occasion in getting to our Rally because the ferry over a big river was not yet working owing to the floating ice, so they had to do an extra 120 miles to come round another way; and in addition they found difficulties with the snow.

The Scouter always carries food and blankets in his car because very frequently he gets held up by snow-drifts and blizzards. He has been at it ten years and loves the life!

Possibly nothing pleased him more than being able to include in his report the following paragraph:

A further sign of confidence in the Movement, and an important step in its progress, has been accorded by His Eminence the Arch-

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bishop of Quebec, the Cardinal Villeneuve, in forming the recent alliance of the French Catholics in Quebec with the Boy Scouts Association. This cannot fail to meet with the approval of His Holiness the Pope, as being in accord with his encyclical urging all Christians to co-operate in resisting the forces of irreligion and in further accord with His Holiness's intimation to me that he wanted to see all Scouts working in unison as a family together.

Another advance to unity had been achieved.

His fifth and last Scouting visit to Canada ended a quarter of a century after the first French-Canadian Scout had greeted him at Quebec.

XX. THE LAST YEARS

THERE was not much time for enjoying home on B.-P.'s return in 1935, for the Rover Scouts were holding a World Moot on Ingarö Island in the Stockholm archipelago, and so he set off to Sweden to greet these young men of many nations and to encourage them to further endeavour.

More and more he was feeling the urgency of the times; his messages constantly stressed the need for greater understanding and goodwill amongst peoples, and each Moot or Jamboree marked for him a further achievement in the race against time and jealousy. So he wrote of this Moot:

In these woods on Ingarö Island are collected some 3,000 Rover Scouts (that is Boy Scouts of over 17) coming from 26 different nations. They are camping together with the one main idea of making personal friendships with one another, so that the brotherhood of Scouts shall be something more than a mere name. By making personal contacts with their peers of other countries they may get to know something of their character, their national conditions and problems, and thus to develop a closer understanding and sympathy with them.

These young men have been brought to realize that within the next few years they will be among the men of affairs responsible for the fortunes of their respective countries. They see how at present the world is torn by unrest due to apprehension and uncertainty as regards the future, and to national fear and suspicion of rival countries; that all this leads to selfish individual effort on the part of each nation to protect its own interests as far as it can, whether in commerce, or industry, or by armament.

So this gathering at Ingarö, though it may appear to the ordinary onlooker to be a mere joy camp of a cheery lot of red-blooded youths, has in fact a serious side to it and one which is fully and inwardly realized by the lads themselves. Like their generation generally, they know that they are up against two great specific dangers — the danger of unemployment and the danger of War.

One incident was symbolic of his own career: a former Commandant of the Scandinavian Corps which had fought for the Boers against Britain in the South African War in 1900 presented him with the medal commemorating their action.

Later in the year the call of South Africa came — a very difficult one to resist; a Jamboree was to be held at East London, but, more urgent

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still, the racial problem was acute and B.-P. felt he must do all he could to prevent separations and disagreements. He wrote apologetically:

I notice that one correspondent has remarked that 'during one of his brief visits to the United Kingdom' the Chief Scout did so and so.

Yes; it does look rather that way, and I must apologize for my frequent absence from the Old Country — but there are reasons. For one thing, the Old Country is not the only country in the world, and I am supposed to be World Chief Scout. The world is rather large in size, and it takes time to get from end to end of it.

Then, don't forget it, I have in all probability but a short time longer to live, and naturally I have to hurry if I am to get my share of the job done in time. So there you are!

I plead guilty to running away from my work in the United Kingdom, but Britain is, after all, only one of the many centres of Scouting in the world to which I owe allegiance. At the same time, these all look to her for guidance and example, as the mother of the family. So in pleading guilty to running away from my duties here and lumping the work on to your shoulders, I earnestly hope you will bear this in mind, and 'keep the home fires burning' with added brightness so that progress here will inspire similar development abroad. It is a burden which your shoulders are strong enough to bear. Your hearts are in the work, and I know that you will carry it out with zest and with success while I am away.

So there you are! I ask your forgiveness and your help.

When he sailed from England, he left behind him a Deputy Chief Scout—Lord Somers—who had shown as Governor of Victoria, and later as Acting Governor-General of Australia, a practical interest in Scouting.

In South Africa the colour difficulties are far from simple; it is not a clear-cut black and white division, for there are in addition to the native black races, the 'coloureds' or those of mixed breeds which number three-quarters of a million, and a fourth group of Indians of whom the majority are in Natal.

His mission was successful. After a meeting in Durban in February 1936, which lasted two and a half days, the Council of the South African Boy Scouts Association agreed to the formation of three parallel organizations: Pathfinder Boy Scouts for the natives; Indian Boy Scouts; and Coloured Boy Scouts. These would be self-governing within a Federation, and so ensure that the general principles of Scouting would be carried out, and prevent any misleading perversion of the accepted methods; 'each section shall pursue its separate path along its own racial lines'. This was in keeping with the view of policy stated by Lord Lugard and accepted by the Council as a guiding principle.

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Here then, is the true conception of the interrelation of Colour; complete uniformity in ideals, absolute equality in the paths of knowledge and culture, equal opportunity for those who strive, equal admiration for those who achieve; in matters social and racial a separate path, each pursuing his own race purity and race pride, equality in things spiritual, agreed divergence in the physical and material.

B.-P. unfortunately went down with malaria, and was thus hindered from doing all he would like to have done, but he was able to tour some of the well-remembered places, and his eye for scenery was certainly undimmed, as this note on the Victoria Falls testifies.

Livingstone and Cotton Oswell saw this same phenomenon eighty years ago, and heard the roar when they were yet ten miles from it. 'Moos-i-tunya' the natives called it, 'The smoke that sounds'. Both explorers were sick with fever, and had to be carried away south again without seeing the wonder of the Falls themselves. That joy was postponed till a couple of years later.

But for us to-day it is open to all to see. Too much so to my mind. Thirty years ago I came here to stay in the few huts which formed the lodging for travellers, and to wander through the tangled bush where still the hippos, buck and baboons abounded, and suddenly to find oneself faced with a wall of falling water over a mile long and hurling itself with deafening roar into the dark misty depths of a great chasm 370 feet down under one's feet.

To-day man has done his best to mar the majesty and mystery of it all by erecting a most up-to-date hotel (whose luxury I am none the less enjoying!), laying down paths, and putting up sign-posts at every turn, and running trolleys to the various viewpoints, and so on. Still, in spite of all these artificial tinkерings, the natural grandeur of the Falls is too powerful to be really affected.

To see them at closer range as I did last night under the light of the full moon, is an experience that is far, far above any emotion that can be evoked by man's effort even in a Cathedral service, however impressive.

He sent this message to the Scouts at the end of his visit.

On leaving South Africa (and I hate going away!) I want you to keep two points in mind and to carry them out as well as you can.

The first point is to make friends with Scouts in other places just as those of you did who were at the East London Jamboree. And I want you to keep up those friendships when you grow up because at present there are too many quarrels and jealousies between the people in South Africa, and therefore the country does not get along so well as it should. But if you, when men, play together like a team, to make the country great and prosperous you will do a big national service. It will be a

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game. So play in your place, play fair, and play flat out for your country and not only for yourself — your country will then win through to success.

The second point I want of you is to go in for more Camping and Hiking. By so doing you will make yourselves healthy and strong, and also you will be doing things for yourselves, such as carrying your kit, making your shelters, cutting your firewood, cooking your grub, and all the other little chores about the camp. In this way you won't be like some South African boys who are helpless without a native boy to do such things for them, they 'Pass the Buck' and 'Leave it to George' as your American cousins would say.

Life in the bush brings you in touch with the wonders and beauties of Nature, the birds and the animals, the plants and the views, so that you become their comrade as being put there by God the Creator.

The chief event during B.-P.'s few months in England during 1936, was the marriage of his younger daughter, Betty, in September; soon afterwards she left with her husband for Rhodesia where her brother, Peter, was already settled. Thus there was now a strong family bond added to the memory of old days in Matabeleland. Later in the year B.-P. with Lady Baden-Powell and their elder daughter, Heather, sailed for India. The Scouts of that country were going to hold their first All-India Jamboree at Delhi; the significance of such an event could hardly be exaggerated and B.-P. was eager to be present to show his approval of this demonstration of unity within the Movement.

On that occasion 4,000 Scouts from all parts of the country marched past the Viceroy and their Chief. B.-P. in speaking to the boys urged them to carry the brotherhood of the Movement with them into manhood, so that they might see India united and taking her rightful place among the nations of the world.

His report brought out the importance of this Indian Jamboree.

The Scouters played up well; the Scouts, full of enthusiasm, showed themselves smartly turned out, efficient and disciplined. The usual differences between provinces, races, religious castes and classes were forgotten in the general spirit of brotherhood which pervaded the camp. All co-operated to show the public what Scouting means, rather than to prove one lot as superior to another.

Wild Baluchis met quieter Bengalis, the Nagas (sons of the head-hunters of Assam) chummed with the boys of Bombay, the Pathans of the Punjab with the Burmese. It was a wonderfully mixed pudding, but full of plums.

A cavalcade of national characteristics in national dress, and the camp fires brought out many interesting and distinctive features of the

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different races represented. In particular the drums fascinated me. No contingent had drums alike, and all seemed equally moved and inspired, though in different ways, by their drum music. It was a fascinating study.

However, this is a digression; what I want to say is, that the Jamboree was an undoubted success from every point of view.

Then I paid casual visits here and there in Northern India to Scout District gatherings, such as those at Peshawar, Lahore and Jaipur, and also to outlying rural Troops in Muttra, Nowshera, etc., and others in most unexpected places on the frontier, like the Khyber Pass, Kulu, Swat Valley, etc.

As he began his soldiering in India, so he ended it there, for his regiment, the 13/18th Hussars, was stationed at Risalpur, and he spent his eightieth birthday with them. Once more he wore his Hussar uniform at a Ceremonial Parade at which he presented new drum banners. 'I felt forty years younger on the spot,' he wrote. 'It was for me my last mounted parade.'

On the homeward voyage the Chiefs inspected Scouts and Guides at ports of call; every voyage they took, indeed, was an occasion for such meetings. An account of one at Malta will give some idea of what B.-P.'s coming meant to these young followers.

'The *Maloja* is stopping here!' Again and again this message was passed round Malta, until every Scout and Guide knew that the *Maloja*, with the Chief Scout and Chief Guide on board, was going to stop there after all. On Tuesday morning, April 6th, the first intimation of such a happening was received at 10 a.m. Then telephones began to buzz, people talked of it in the streets, and by noon the whole island knew. At 7 p.m. the Island Commissioner broadcast his final instructions for the following day. Everyone was eager to help, and the school children were given the whole afternoon off. The Deep Sea Scouts obtained shore leave straight away for the following day. A large contingent of Scouts travelled over from Gozo and all were on their toes. The idea of meeting and seeing the Chiefs again thrilled these Scouts afresh.

As the ship slowly steamed into the Grand Harbour an order for three cheers was given, but the Scouts lining the breakwater, the lower barracca, and fish market, etc., were not content and gave six ringing cheers which were heard almost all over the island. Hoarse with shouting and tingling with pride, the Scouts presented a very smart and uniform picture while the Chief inspected them. He looked very well and spoke in his usual strong voice, complimenting them on their turnout and efficiency, and added, 'The whole show was very well

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managed, considering they only had twenty-four hours' notice of my coming'.

Descriptions of such scenes could be repeated a thousand times.

A heavy programme faced B.-P. on his return to England. He attended the St. George's Day Service for Scouts at Windsor. Then followed the Coronation when the Scouts won praise for the way in which they organized the sale of the Programme, and the Rover Scouts for the work they did in helping to control the crowds. But he was quick to notice deficiencies and did not scruple to record the lack of smartness shown by some Scouts.

Floppy hat-brims, odd extra clothing worn outside the Scout shirt (instead of extra underclothing beneath it), general 'sloppiness' and even smoking were observed in some quarters, and naturally detracted from the general effect of smartness and efficiency.

These isolated cases did not reflect very well on the Scouters concerned, for one saw only too plainly, through the boy, the habits of the Scoutmaster.

Poor Scoutmaster! It is rough on him. But there it is. Where he leads, his boys follow.

In the Coronation year he received the Order of Merit and so became one of a small band of distinguished men; the fact that Wolseley, Roberts and Haldane — three of his mentors — had previously received this rare distinction, must have pleased him. The French President conferred on him the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

Then came from America the award of the Wateler Peace Prize for 1937 — a fitting recognition of the work done by the Scout and Guide Movements to promote goodwill amongst the peoples.

He still used his pen steadily and one of his articles occasioned the following letter written to one of the small girls of Lucknow days — now an ageing lady.

9 June '37

MY DEAR MARY,

Yes, it was an amusing incident where the Press reported that I had signed Princess Elizabeth's book at Windsor: in reality she asked me whether it was I who wrote every Saturday in the *Daily Mail* as she had kept my story about pigsticking, and to prove her words she produced a cutting of the *Daily Mail* which she had in her dress! That was what we were examining together when the Press snapshotted us.

Yrs

CHARLIE B.-P.

There was one slight setback to all this. On his return from India,

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B.-P. had made some remarks to the reporters which, torn out of their context, gave offence to some Indians and there was a movement for separation. B.-P. wrote the following letter to the Chief Scout Commissioner of India, Nawab Sir Muhammed Ahmad Said Khan, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

24th June, 1937

MY DEAR NAWAB,

I have seen some far-fetched statements urged against me in certain Indian newspapers which have evidently been accepted by many people as true, without having heard the other side of the case.

It happened in this way:— That when explaining the aims and methods of the Scout training to a meeting of Press men, I pointed out that in view of the impossibility of seeing into the future in these very difficult times for the world, education of the oncoming generation in character, health and unity was essential to form a strong nation and as the best insurance against disaster. I said that this was as necessary in India as it was in England or in Africa and in other countries that I have visited. In India this statement was seized upon and made to imply that I was deliberately insulting India and accusing her people of want of character. Nothing was further from my intention and I am exceedingly sorry that anyone should have found in my remark a meaning which I never intended, and should have felt hurt by it. I have spent over ten years in India among the happiest in my life, and have a great admiration and affection for the country. Was it likely that I should come out and visit the Scouts in my 80th year except with the motive of goodwill and admiration for the country?

In the course of my description of our methods of training in the Scout Movement I told how the key-note of our training in character was development of the sense of Honour. Incidentally I added that in India in trying to describe this virtue to the boys we had encountered a little difficulty in the fact that we could find no word in Hindustani that actually stood for Honour in its best sense. This again was understood as meaning that I did not consider Indians to have a sense of honour, which is far from my belief. But on this interpretation of my remark, certain speakers have been urging Indian Scouts to break the Promise they had made 'on their Honour' and to leave the Movement in spite of its valuable education for them and its effect in putting Indians on an equal footing of brotherhood with the youth of other nations of the world.

To me it was unbelievable that my remarks could be understood in this light when I have been working for over twenty years in trying to give young India the joy and good comradeship of Scouting, independent of all political, religious or military aims, for no other object than their own good. I am extremely sorry that this should have given

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any anxiety to those good men, the Scouters, who have worked so hard and successfully, in building a strong and sensible citizenhood for India.

Yours sincerely,
BADEN-POWELL.

That, and the public explanations, did much to allay ill-feeling, but harm had been done.

In August the World Jamboree was held in Holland at Vogelenzang, when 28,000 Scouts of thirty-one nations camped together. Once more the youth of the world gave a message of hope, but it could be but a faint beam in a darkening sky. At the conclusion B.-P. gave his last Jamboree message; all there must have realized that the sands of his life were running out, and his final, 'Now good-bye. God bless you all' was charged with a deep emotion of affection which made itself felt throughout the vast assembly.

The Emblem of our Jamboree is the Jacobstaff. This was the instrument by which the navigators in old days found their way across the seas. Let it also for us to-day be an instrument of guidance in our life. It is the Cross which for all who are Christians points the way; but it is also a cross with many arms; these are held out to embrace all creeds. Those eight arms, together with the head and foot of the emblem, remind us of our ten Scout Laws.

Go forth with this emblem to spread the spirit of goodwill. . . .

Now the time has come for me to say good-bye. I want you to lead happy lives. You know that many of us will never meet again in this world. I am in my eighty-first year and am nearing the end of my life. Most of you are at the beginning and I want your lives to be happy and successful. You can make them so by doing your best to carry out the Scout Law all your days, whatever your station and wherever you are. I want you all to preserve this badge of the Jamboree which is on your uniform. I suggest that you keep it and treasure it and try to remember for what it stands. It will be a reminder of the happy times you have had here in camp; it will remind you to take the ten points of your Scout Law as your guide in life; and it will remind you of the many friends to whom you have held out the hand of friendship and so helped through goodwill to bring about God's reign of peace among men.

Now good-bye. God bless you all.

A Scouter who was present records his impressions in these words:

A poignant memory is August 1937 when he made that moving speech that closed the wonderful Jamboree in Holland, the finest show Scouting has yet had, in my opinion. That speech certainly got home

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to everyone. It was so inspiring, yet so pathetic, as if he didn't think he'd ever see another Jamboree and he was passing the torch on to someone else. I was standing in the Press enclosure with the late Bishop of Jarrow. Never have I seen a man so moved as Dr. Gordon on that afternoon. When B.-P. finished he turned round to me and said: 'I wonder if he'll ever realize what he's done for the youth of the world. These thirty odd thousand boys here — here is peace on earth.'

In September the two Chiefs camped at Gilwell Park for the annual reunion of the trained Scouters: it was an event which he never missed unless out of the country or ill. There was an unusual note of strong criticism in his speech: far harsher than the few remarks which had caused such trouble in India!

With modern developments one form of education is now pervading the whole world.

This form of education comes out of Hollywood. The cinema is the common instructor for every country from China to Peru, for young and old alike. All receive through it the same lesson. Without the trouble of learning the lesson is hurled at them on the screen. It teaches, and the new generation are fully imbibing the love of sensation, notoriety, noise, and speed — through mass suggestion.

Ably seconded by some sections of the Press, this training is drowning that of the schools, and our young people, like those of other countries, are becoming imbued with the herd instinct.

Hundreds of thousands of men and boys shriek together while hired men play football for them.

Hitler knows full well the power of huge pageants for hypnotizing his people.

Mass-suggestion is robbing men and women of their individual self-control and the power of initiative. They do not think, they just rush with the rest. And so it is with nations, preparing themselves in readiness to fight — for no reason — like women painting their finger nails, for no reason, but because everyone else is doing it.

It is a mad world.

In October he was present on board R.S.S. *Discovery*, Captain Scott's old ship, to meet the Duke of Kent when the ship was handed over to the Boy Scouts Association. This was followed soon afterwards by a pleasing ceremony when at a gathering of Scouters and Guiders a Silver Wedding Present was made to the Chiefs. Soon after he sailed once more for South Africa; he had hoped to see how the various Scout organizations were settling down in the Federation, but his strength failed him and instead he went to Kenya and rested for the winter at Nyeri; the country so suited him that they decided to build a cottage which was named 'Paxtu'

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as an offshoot as it were of Pax Hill, Bentley. There was, however, one outstanding incident when Peter Baden-Powell, his wife, and son, Robert, came down to meet the boat at Beira.

The Chief Guide had already stayed with them in their charming home at Inyanga, but this was my direct sight of what she had described to me as the finest baby in the world.

When I asked the little imp if this description was true he, with a self-conscious grin, rammed his fist down my mouth, as if to say, 'Oh, go on!'

Even now he felt he must apologize for being unable to do much for the Movement, and he wrote to his Scouters:

I feel most thoroughly ashamed of myself for evading my share in our game. I feel like a footballer who has had to fall out owing to a 'stitch' in his side, leaving the rest of the team to carry on with extra hard work owing to his defection. But I hope to recover my second wind before long. I have been more than fortunate in falling into the hands of two exceptionally competent doctors here, and in a place which could not be improved upon as a rest cure by any spot in the whole world. My 'stitch' has been diagnosed as the result of long over-running my powers, and cannot therefore be cured in a day; so I have to go slow for some time yet.

My shame and regret is the greater because of the host of kind messages I have received from brother Scouts to which I have no chance of replying beyond saying here, with wholehearted gratitude, THANK YOU.

It is no hardship to live this peaceful verandah life in this sunny flower garden, with its glorious outlook across forty miles of forest to the snowy peak of Mount Kenya; but my enjoyment of it is tempered by the fact that I came here to Africa to see how Scouting is panning out, especially among the natives; and also, being in the heart of the big game country, I had intended, when not actually busy with my rod among the trout, to do some wonderful stalking of elephants and rhino with my camera. And what has been the result!

Here I am reduced to stalking and swatting flies on the rare occasions when they visit my bed. No doubt a grand sport in its way, but —!

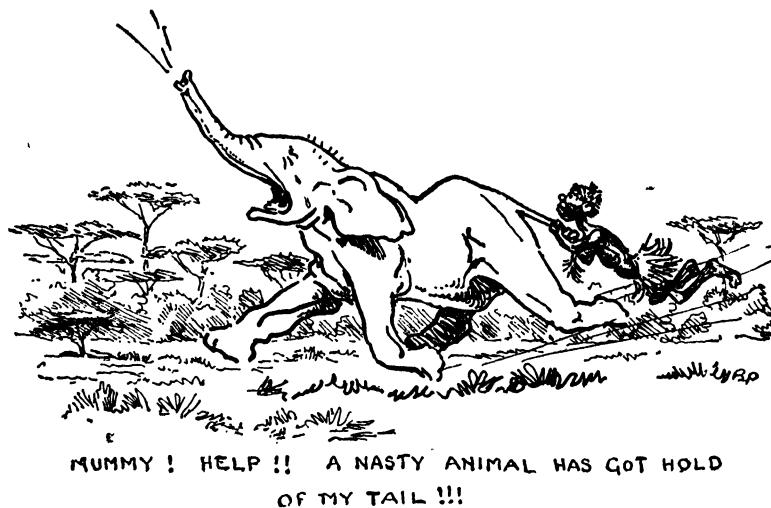
When the doctor asked me my history of the past twelve months and heard the recapitulation of my programme in India, the Coronation, the World Jamboree, our Silver Wedding, and the Scout rallies en route to Africa, he remarked something to the effect that if I was eighty-one and had not learnt sense by now, I deserved all the ills that fell upon me.

I had to acknowledge, and he was to some extent mollified, that last year marked a climax, a consummation of all that I had hoped for in

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the Scout Movement and the happy outcome of twenty-five years of married life, with grandchildren in being; thus, though I had lived two lives — one as a soldier, the second in Scoutdom — I was now beginning my third volume, the nature of whose contents would largely depend on the condition in which the doctors turned me out! !

During 1937 an appeal had been launched for a Boy Scout Fund to



safeguard the Movement. This was well in hand when B.-P. returned in May 1938, but he was a sick man. A traveller on the same boat has said what a deep impression was made on him by the gatherings of Scouts and Guides who assembled on the quaysides to pay tribute to their Chief: they had been warned that he was too ill to see them, but they were content to see the boat which was taking him back to England.

In August he accompanied some Scouters and Guiders on a cruise to Iceland, but he was unable to land, and later he and Lady Baden-Powell left England for the last time to set up a winter home in Kenya. His days were pleasantly occupied — sketching, reading, going out on expeditions to see the wild animals, gardening, and of course letter writing. B.-P. was an industrious correspondent; his friendship once given was not allowed to rust.

Thus a note to Mr. Cyril Maude describes the 'shack'.

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Paxtu, Nyeri, Kenya Colony
10 Jan. '39

MY VERY DEAR CYRIL & B,

We've often been thinking of you and your sweet Home and wondering how you have fared during the awful winter they have been having in England (though of course you will deny that any of it was felt in Devon!)

All the same, we sit here in incessant sunshine (with showers to water our garden) and never since we came, four months ago, have we failed to have brilliant sunshine for our breakfast in the verandah. I enclose a photo of the shack we had built for us and we find it in every way excellent. Sitting-room in centre with the whole front open, with folding glass doors. On each side of it a bedroom with dressing-room, bath, cloak-room, etc., and servants' pantry at the back, with a covered way to the hotel 200 yards away, whence come all our meals. We have hot and cold water laid on, with electric light and heating, a delightful garden (much grown up since the photo) and a glorious view across the forest and plain up to Mount Kenya with its snowy top.

We love the place: Heather is coming out to join us by air, for her Easter holiday, and Betty is joining us this month, also by air from N. Rhodesia with her husband and baby, so we shall have quite a family gathering!

I only wish you two would fly out and join us! Best love from both,
Yours ever,

B.-P.

We are both very fit, but I am not able to do any active work at present, so we don't propose to go home this year. I find the Scouts are going ahead far better without me!

But in addition he wrote many letters to Scouters all over the world; no letter or report must go unacknowledged. Here is a typical letter to an old supporter in Quebec.

Paxtu, Nyeri, Kenya Colony
12th April, 1940

MY DEAR COLONEL,

Your letter of the 22nd February came as a delightful surprise, a charming birthday gift to us, conveying, as it did, a full and interesting account of our long and happy connection, through the S.A.C. and Scouting, with you and Canada; and then bringing us the continued good wishes of our brother Scouts in Quebec.

Such a message, coming to us, as it does, in this out-of-the-way corner of the Empire, is of greater value than if we were sitting in Headquarters at home. So we are doubly grateful and appreciative of it.

It has been most gratifying to see that throughout Canada this spirit

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of keenness and comradeship is so much alive to-day, and that now we have over one hundred thousand Canadian Scouts.

I have watched all through, with great interest and content, the closer attachment that the Catholic Scouts of Quebec have shown to the parent Movement. If you have the opportunity, please give my cordial and respectful greetings to the Cardinal.

Thank you again so much for so kindly thinking of us, and for reviving so many happy memories in one's mind.

I hope that you are keeping fit and well. At any rate it is great to see that your interest in Scouting is just as vivid and strong as ever.

Good luck to you! Bless you!

Yours ever,

BADEN-POWELL

This loyalty of B.-P. to his friends and fellow-workers is well expressed in the following note from an officer who had served under him in India:

His friends of course must have been as the sands of the sea. In his last letter to me written from Kenya early in 1940 he apologizes for its brevity but says he has over 80 letters besides hundreds of cards that require answers, yet he gives me all the news of his family and of several mutual friends out there. I do not know if I was especially favoured, or if so why, but I always marvelled that, among his world-wide activities, he could find the time for private letters; but one of the characteristics of B.-P. was that among his multitude of young friends he never forgot his old ones.

Sometimes there were expeditions to observe the habits of animals, for B.-P. had planned to paint a series of pictures showing the wild beasts in their natural surroundings. One interesting encounter is recorded by him.

An hour later we had chosen a spot for our usual picnic lunch. It was high up, at 8,000 feet, on a spur of the Aberdare Range overlooking a vast panorama of hill and dale.

Sunshine and cloud shadows rang a continual change of light and colour across the scene.

Presently the empty solitude was broken by the figure of a man, striding over the down, and a white man at that, with his terrier. Soon it was evident that we were his objective, a fine typical specimen of a settler, in shirt and shorts, eyes and teeth shining bright through the tan of his face.

'Can I be any help to you?'

We hastily explained that he could help in disposing of our food and drink with us, but otherwise we were not, as he had supposed, held up by a car mishap.

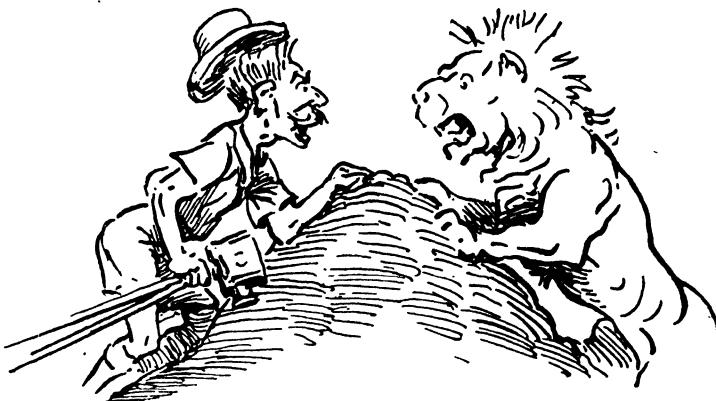
We found that he lived close by, and that the crop of pyrethrum which

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we were admiring was his. Altitude and plentiful rain were necessary to it, and it got these all right up here.

'You are well away from wild animals here, I suppose, though you have forests in your valleys?'

'M'yes. Elephants only come occasionally; but there are buffalo and



leopards down there — plenty of them. By the way, aren't you B.-P.? My name's Gibbs. I was brought up at Gilwell, where my grandfather lived.'

So in a few moments, up on that hill-top away in Africa, we realized that the world is not so very large after all; and, with anecdotes of his childhood in the old place with its ghostly passages and its charming gardens, we were 'Back at Gilwell, happy land'.

Amongst other occupations he produced three books for boys, mainly about animals, *Birds and Beasts in Africa* (1938), *Paddle Your Own Canoe* (1939), and *More Sketches of Kenya* (1940). These contained many of his sketches of men and beasts in colour and in line, and there is a pleasant vein of happiness running through the pages as he talks of his pet hyrax, or the antics of the birds as he watches from his verandah, or of beasts farther afield.

Some notes of one expedition give a delightful picture of the good days which he was able to enjoy from time to time. The writer of this account had taken the party, consisting of B.-P., Lady Baden-Powell and her niece Miss Davidson, to a camp of his 54 miles from Nyeri to see buffalo, as B.-P. was intent on making a picture of the beast.

As we lunched in the shade of a big candelabra euphorbia, up against which tents were being pitched, B.-P.'s eagle eye spotted that the boys were putting in the pegs on the lee side first, and then my new staff

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further distinguished themselves by so mixing the poles that the ridge pole of their verandah projected naked for about a foot, while that of my smaller tent was wrinkled all along the top. Of course it *would* happen when he was with me, and I was properly roasted about it.

After a rest, and then some tea, we sallied forth in the car to see the sights. . . .

As we topped the next rise there were two big rhino staring at us close on our left, looking enormous against the sky as they stood on slightly higher ground. Not being quite sure of their intentions (who is where rhino are concerned?), we kept the car moving slowly until they trotted off and vanished into a big patch of thornbush.

A furlong on we crossed the lip of the rise, and B.-P. exclaimed in delighted tones, 'And I thought I was never going to see the veldt again!'

Neither that day nor the next did they have any luck, though they saw many antelope and other animals. Then on the third day:

Back to camp where two local men arrived to say that they had found a big herd of buffalo on the far side of the Rupengazi, so in the afternoon we drove down to a drift where we hoped they might re-cross for the evening feed. We lay on a shady knoll and nothing happened while B.-P. sketched a curiously twisted tree which afterwards formed part of his buffalo picture, and I watched astonished at the sureness and speed of his work. I think one of the most amazing things about him was the firmness of his drawing at over eighty years of age.

I felt gloomy that night for the next day was our last, but that very great man spotted it out of his kindness and was very cheerful, talking of all the animals they had seen and how much they had enjoyed the trip, trying to mitigate my disappointment over those most retiring buffalo.

Then the next day they were rewarded by the sight of a herd of some 200 buffalo.

The coming of war, though expected, was nevertheless a hard blow. His thoughts must have gone back to those Jamborees when boys of so many nationalities had come together and made friendships. But he had seen too much of life and had drawn so much wisdom from it, that he did not despair of his work being utterly frustrated. So he could write to his Scouters:

I have been pruning roses in my garden here in Kenya. Not a very high-class job of service in war-time! I am not proud of it, but it is all that I am allowed of out-door exercise, by my doctor. At any rate, pruning has its moral for us Scouters. I had cut some of the plants to such an extent that I feared I had overdone it and possibly had killed

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them, but not a bit of it. With our alternate sunshine and rain, they are all sending out fine, strong shoots and are coming to bloom better than ever, thanks to the operation.

So it will be in our Scout rose garden. The war has pruned our Movement by taking away the Scouters and Rovers, and has scattered many of the Scouts as evacuees in various parts of the kingdom. In other countries the pruning has been even more drastic. In many cases the Nazis have pruned the local bushes down to the very ground, and have tried to replace them with other plants, such as Hitler Youth and the Balilla. *But the roots are still there!*

When the Spring-time of peace returns, in God's good time, the plants will put out their new shoots in greater strength and profusion than ever, and, vitalized by the test they have gone through, they will very materially help to restore the glory of their respective national gardens.

Though the war may have killed very many of our dear comrades and companions, it has not killed all, and it has not killed the spirit. You Scouters and Scouts who still live will carry on that same spirit, and will now develop it with all the greater force when you realize that you are taking up the torch which was dropped by those who have been struck down.

Few of those comrades of ours could have foreseen that within a short time they would be fighting and giving their lives for their country, but we do know that through 'Being Prepared' as Scouts they were the better able to face their fate with courage and good cheer. As your tribute to their memory it is open to you to make goodwill and friendship for brother Scouts abroad your aim more directly than ever before.

As the months passed so his strength began to ebb.

Many kind friends have written to me in the terms of Longfellow's brawny blacksmith, 'Under the spreading chestnut tree', with his slogan —

Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose.

That's all very well. The repose will come before very long. But in the meantime he doesn't mention the waking interval between the end of the work and the oncoming sleep.

So here I lie idle, watching others doing my work, without lifting a finger to help them.

The great consolation, however, is that they are young, keen and energetic, devoted to the welfare of the Movement, far better able than I to steer it through present difficulties, and having a wide outlook which enables them to recognize and grasp the opportunities which

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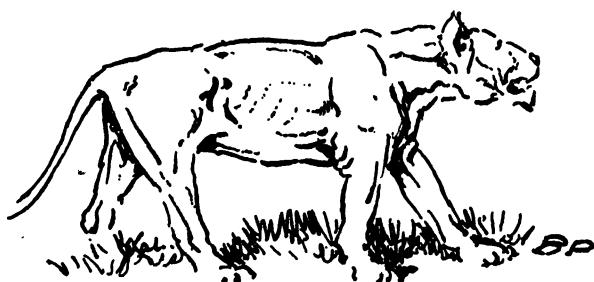
will come, for making the Movement of yet greater national and international value in the organization of peace after the war.

With great content I leave it all in their hands; and to them I whisper 'God bless you and prosper your efforts'.

In 'the waking interval' many pictures must have passed through his memory: Charterhouse and the butcher boys of Smithfield; Lucknow and the North-West Frontier; holidays in Kashmir; pigsticking achievements; his first landing in Natal half a century past; Malta; spying adventures in the Balkans; Swaziland and Dinuzulu; pioneering in Ashanti; Scouting in the Matoppos; Mafeking and the S.A.C. Then the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides — the long procession of boys and girls, men and women, who had found health and happiness in camp, on the mountains and in journeying to other lands; boys and girls of many colours and creeds; others in strange places — lying in bed crippled yet happy in being Scouts and Guides; in the Welikada prison in Ceylon; in Borstal Institutions in England; in Leper Colonies; in Indian villages bringing a message of cleanliness and health; in far away Alaska and in the islands of the Pacific.

Few men have had less need for regret; he had founded well and truly and his work lives after him..

He died on 8th January 1941 and they buried him at Nyeri in view of Mount Kenya. It was fitting that those who bore him to his last rest in the land he loved so much were Soldiers and Scouts, White and Black.



A P P E N D I X A

O R D E R S A N D D E C O R A T I O N S

1901 Companion of the Order of the Bath
1909 Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath
Knight Commander of the Victorian Order
1910 Order of Merit of Chile
1912 Knight of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem
1919 Knight of the Grand Cross of Alfonso XII. (Spain)
1920 Grand Commander of the Order of Christ. (Portugal)
Grand Commander of the Order of the Redeemer. (Greece)
1921 Baronet
Storkos of the Order of Danneborg. (Denmark)
Order of the Commander of the Crown of Belgium
1922 Commander of the Legion of Honour. (France)
1923 Grand Cross of the Victorian Order
1927 Order of Polonia Restituta. (Poland)
1928 Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George
Order of Amanulla. (Afghanistan)
1929 First Class of the Order of Merit. (Hungary)
The Order of the White Lion. (Czechoslovakia)
The Order of the Phoenix. (Greece)
Peerage
1931 The Grand Cross of the Order of Merit. (Austria)
1932 Grand Cross of Gediminus. (Lithuania)
Grand Cross of Orange of Nassau. (Holland)
1933 Commander of the Order of the Oak of Luxembourg
The Red Cross of Estonia
Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword. (Sweden)
1936 Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. (France)
1937 Order of Merit

H O N O R A R Y D E G R E E S

1910 LL.D. Edinburgh
1923 LL.D. Toronto
LL.D. McGill, Montreal
D.C.L. Oxford
1929 LL.D. Liverpool
1931 LL.D. Cambridge

A P P E N D I X B

BOOKS WRITTEN BY B.-P.

1883 Vedette
1884 Reconnaissance and Scouting
1885 Cavalry Instruction
1889 Pigsticking or Hoghunting
1896 The Downfall of Prempeh
The Matabele Campaign
1899 Aids to Scouting
1900 Sport in War
1907 Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa
1908 Scouting for Boys
1910 Scouting Games
Yarns for Boy Scouts
1913 Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas
1914 Quick Training for War
1915 My Adventures as a Spy (*The Adventures of a Spy*)
Indian Memories
Young Knights of the Empire
1916 The Wolf Cub's Handbook
1917 Girl Guiding
1920 Aids to Scoutmastership .
1921 An Old Wolf's Favourites
What Scouts Can Do
1922 Rovering to Success
1927 Life's Snags
1929 Scouting and Youth Movements
1933 Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life
1934 Adventures and Accidents
1935 Scouting Round the World
1936 Adventuring to Manhood
1937 African Adventures
1938 Birds and Beasts in Africa
1939 Paddle Your Own Canoe
1940 More Sketches of Kenya
1941 B.-P.'s Outlook: (*Posthumously published*)

APPENDIX C

LAST MESSAGES

The following messages were found amongst B.-P.'s papers after his death.

To Boy Scouts:

Dear Scouts,—If you have ever seen the play '*Peter Pan*' you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech because he was afraid that possibly when the time came for him to die he might not have time to get it off his chest. It is much the same with me, and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days and I want to send you a parting word of goodbye.

Remember, it is the last you will ever hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life and I want each one of you to have as happy a life too.

I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can *be useful* and so can enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try and leave this world a little better than you found it and when your turn comes to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have *done your best*. 'Be Prepared' in this way, to live happy and to die happy — stick to your Scout promise always — even after you have ceased to be a boy — and God help you to do it.

Your Friend,
BADEN-POWELL

To GIRL GUIDES:

My Dear Guides,—This is just a farewell note to you, the last that you will have from me. It is just to remind you when I have passed on that

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your business in life is to be happy and to make others happy. That sounds comfortable and easy, doesn't it? You begin making other people happy by doing good turns to them. You need not worry about making yourselves happy, as you will very soon find that that comes by itself; when you make other people happy, it makes you happy too. Later on, when you have a home of your own by making it a bright and cheery one you will make your husband a happy man. If all homes were bright and cheery, there would be fewer public houses and the men would not want to go out to them but would stay at home. It may mean hard work for you, but will bring its own reward then, if you keep your children healthy and clean and busy they will be happy. Happy children love their parents. There is nothing can give you greater joy than a loving child. I am sure God means us to be happy in this life. He has given us a world to live in that is full of beauties and wonders and He has given us not only eyes to see them but minds to understand them if we only have the sense to look at them in that light. We can enjoy bright sunshine and glorious views. We can see beauty in the flowers. We can watch with wonder how the seed produces the young plant which grows to a flower which in its turn will replace other flowers as they die off. For, though plants, like people, die, their race does not die away but new ones are born and grow up to carry on the Creator's plan. So, do you see, you women are the chosen servants of God in two ways: first to carry on the race, to bring children into the world to replace the men and women who pass away; secondly, to bring happiness into the world by making happy homes and by being yourselves good, cheery comrades for your husbands and children. That is where you as Guides especially come in. By being a 'comrade', that is, by taking an interest in your husband's work and aspirations, you can help him with your sympathy and suggestions and so be a guide to him. Also, in bringing up your children by strengthening and training their minds and characters as well as their bodies and health, you will be giving them to the better use and enjoyment of life. By giving out love and happiness in this way, you will gain for yourselves the return love of husband and children, and there is nothing better in this world. You will find that Heaven is not the kind of happiness somewhere up in the skies after you are dead but right here and now in this world in your own home. So guide others to happiness and you will bring happiness to yourselves and by doing this you will be doing what God wants of you.

God be with you.

BADEN-POWELL

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TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC:

My life has been an intensely happy one, not only in my own home circle but also in the world outside it.

I would like, before I go home, to say how grateful I am to hundreds, aye thousands, for kindnesses they have rendered to me. I have been deeply touched from time to time by that jolly goodwill which I have met with from brother Scouts and from fellow subjects of all stations in life throughout the Empire. Nor has this goodwill been confined merely to fellow countrymen, for men of other nationalities have given me their friendliness in the same way.

It has been due not to anything that I have done for them, since in a great number of cases they have been entire strangers to me, but it has been the expression on their part of the kindness that lay in their character. It has helped very largely to making my life the happy one it has been and for that reason I do hope that that same kindly spirit will be inculcated and developed still more widely in the next generation so that more lives will be made the happier and the practice, not merely the precept, of the Christian ideal of peace and goodwill among men may become general.

Looking back on a life of over eighty years, I realize how short life is and how little worth while are anger and political warfare. The most worth-while thing is to try and put a bit of happiness into the lives of others.

Bacon Powell & Selwyn

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